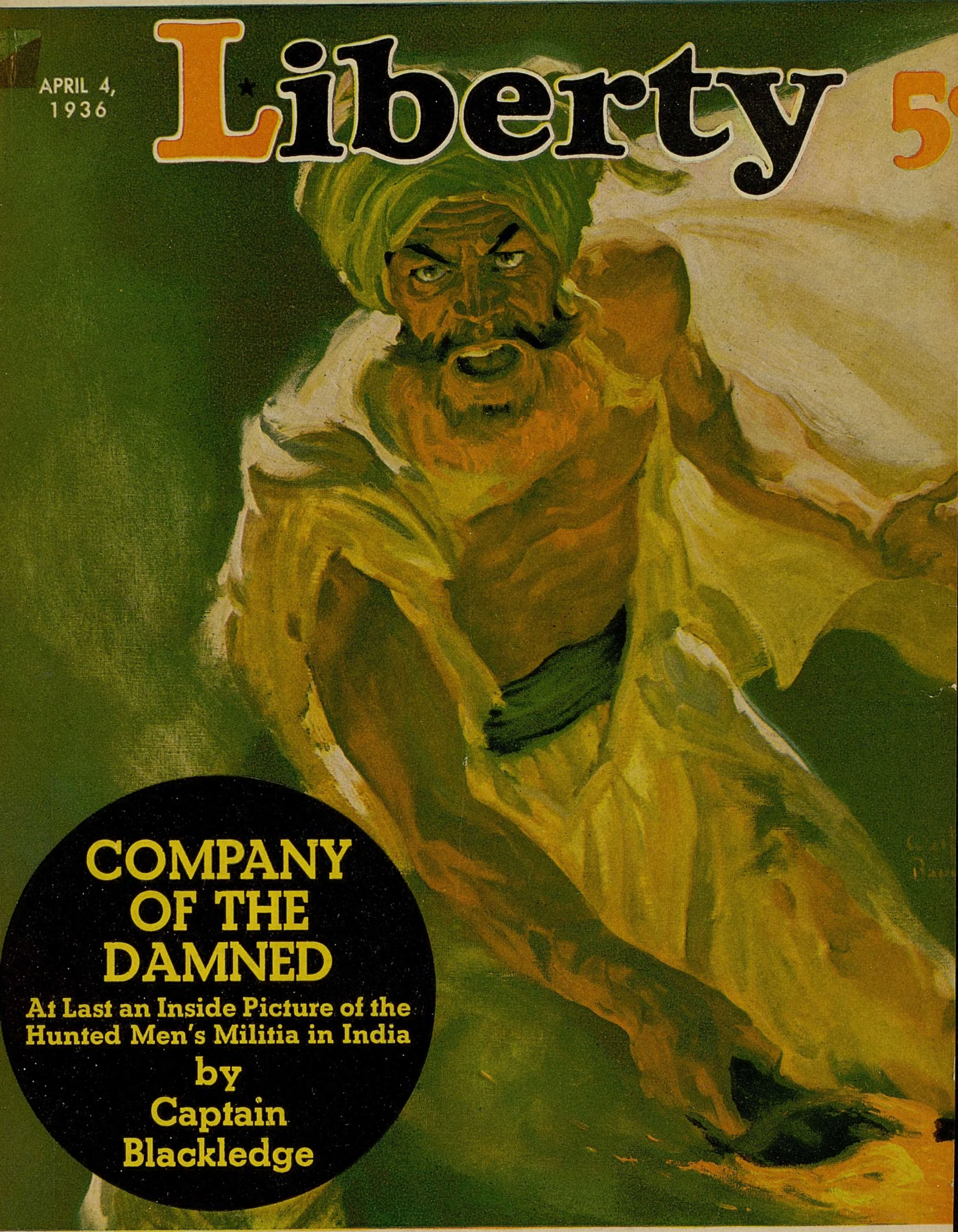
SECRETS OF NEW YORK'S HOMICIDE SQUAD

A TRUE CRIME STORY COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE BY **"OLD-TIMER"**

APRIL 4,
1936

Liberty

5



COMPANY OF THE DAMNED

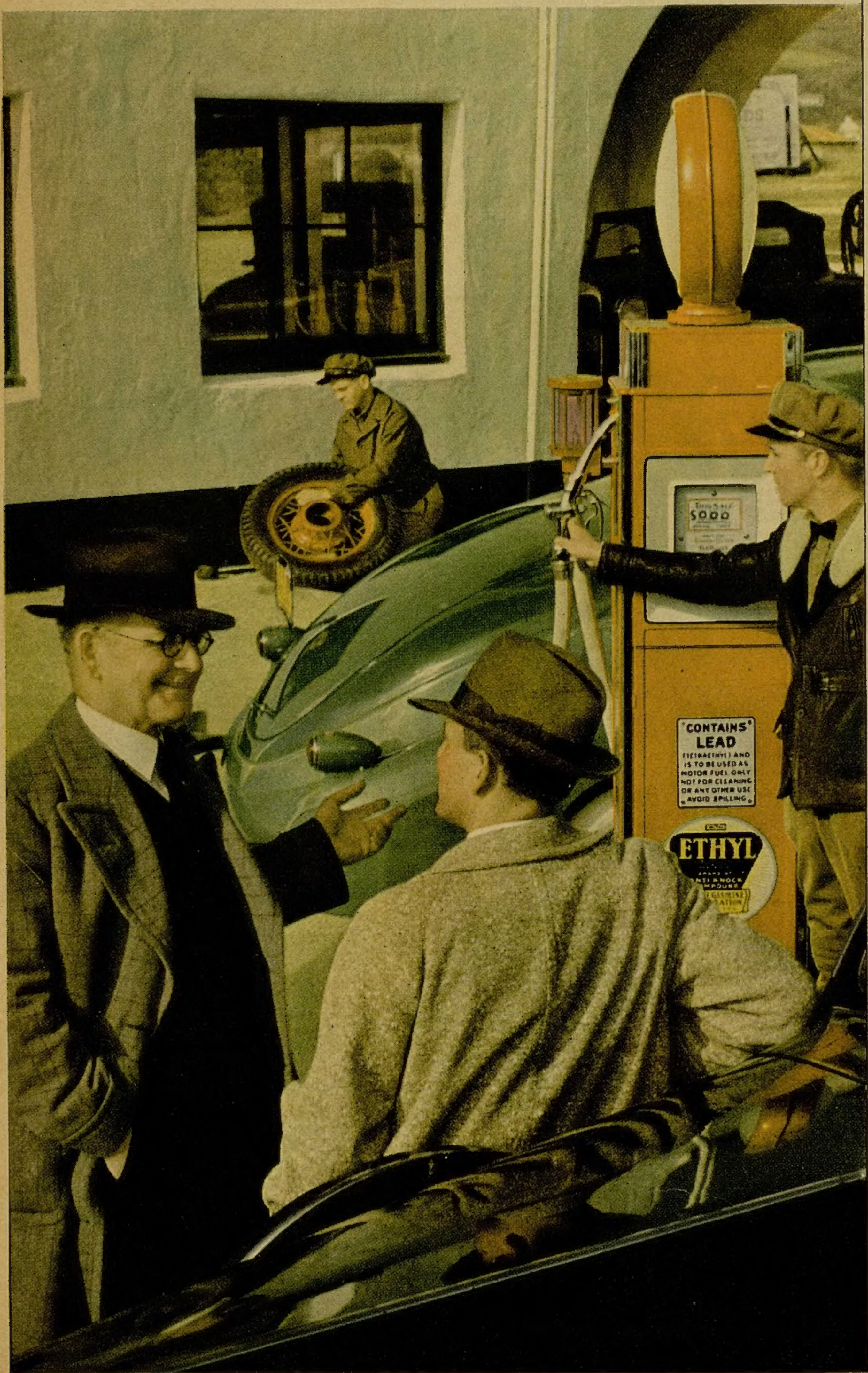
At Last an Inside Picture of the Hunted Men's Militia in India

by
Captain
Blackledge

"Take a doctor's advice, son:

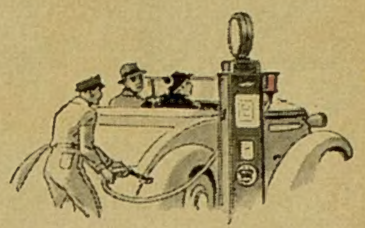
the cure for compressionitis is Ethyl"*

*COMPRESSIONITIS: The common complaint of most cars. *Symptoms:* That knocking sound, accompanied by power loss and waste of gasoline. *Cause:* Failure of gasoline to stand up under the compression of modern engines. *Cure:* See column at right.

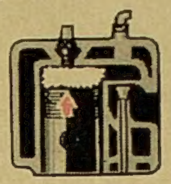

"CONTAINS" LEAD (TETRAETHYL) AND IS TO BE USED AS MOTOR FUEL ONLY NOT FOR CLEANING OR ANY OTHER USE AVOID SPILLING
ETHYL

WHAT EVERY CAR-DOCTOR KNOWS

—in 37 seconds!



Your car cannot run without gasoline. Your engine develops power only by compressing and "firing" gas.



The more your gas is compressed before it is "fired," the greater the power each cylinder develops. ("Knock" indicates power loss and waste of gas.)

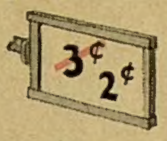
To make gasoline withstand higher compression, most oil companies now add anti-knock fluids (containing tetraethyl lead) made by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

Special gasoline for *highest* compression and best car performance is sold at pumps marked "Ethyl."

At the "Ethyl" pump you get:

Enough fluid to bring out all *the power of the high compression engines of modern cars—and to put new life in older cars.*

✓✓ *Gasoline whose all-round quality is* doubly checked*—by the oil companies and the Ethyl Gasoline Corp.—at the refinery and at the pump.*



Down to 2c a gallon over regular gasoline—and 'way up above it in anti-knock value.

Get more power from each gallon of gas you buy! Make the most of your car investment!—

NEXT TIME GET ETHYL

DANDRUFF BETRAYS YOU!

. . . get rid of it easily, pleasantly, at home

Annoying, unsightly, unhealthy dandruff—how it repels others. How quickly it betrays you as a careless person.

Why put up with this offensive condition when full strength Listerine is so effective in treating it. Users are enthusiastic about Listerine's results.

Simply douse Listerine on the scalp full strength and massage vigorously. Within a short time you should see marked improvement.

This is not a matter of opinion, it is a matter of test. Specialists in the field of dermatology, treating people between the ages of 15 and 62 for dandruff and itching scalp, by the use of Listerine with massage every day for fifteen minutes, found that many patients showed marked improvement the first week or two.

You can readily understand why Listerine is so effective. Listerine first attacks pityrosporum ovalis, the bottle bacilli, now believed by dermatologists to be the cause of dandruff. Next it loosens and washes away the unsightly scales and flakes. It relieves the raw, irritated scalp itself. This soothing action is due to boric acid which Listerine contains.

If you are troubled with dandruff or burning, itching scalp, by all means start using Listerine at once. It makes your scalp feel like a million and really goes to work on dandruff as few preparations do. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE

Relieves burning, itching scalp

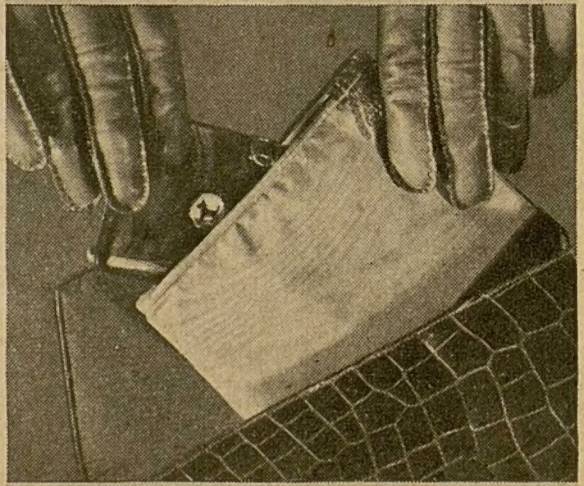
NOTHING LIKE IT TO CLEANSE THE SCALP, WOMEN SAY

WOMEN!

FREE with purchase of large bottle of Listerine—Moire silk cosmetic bag in choice of colors, rubber lined, glider lock

At your druggist's while they last

This offer good in U.S.A. only



Fits into purse. Keeps powder, lipstick and other cosmetics in one place.

APRIL 4, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 14

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
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What the Workers Want

BERNARR MACFADDEN

THE workers of this country have enjoyed a standard of living far above that of any other country. One does not have to be an intellectual genius to determine the source of these superior privileges.

Practically half of the riches of the world have come to us because our form of government was such that it encouraged individual genius. Dormant talents were aroused. Dreams were made to come true through the enthusiasm and inspiration that come to freemen who find a sphere in life that arouses fervid, keen interest. When you love your work you put your very soul into it. It becomes a game that is stimulating and sometimes thrilling.

What the workers of this country want is not a New Deal but a Fair Deal and a Square Deal. That means they should have a fair share of the profits that they assist in earning. And by far the majority of employers recognize this principle and adhere to it with reasonable accuracy. Naturally, there are some chiselers who take every possible advantage of employees, and if there is any way of dealing with such situations without making restrictions and creating precedents that bring evils far worse than the defects they try to remedy, such measures should be adopted. But remedying such defects by legal measures presents almost insurmountable difficulties. If we could ban unfair competition without creating a monopoly, which is far worse, it would be worth while.

And a similar situation exists with many evils that we would like to remedy through legislative enactments. If the employer can be controlled through legislative measures, it is only another step to controlling employees.

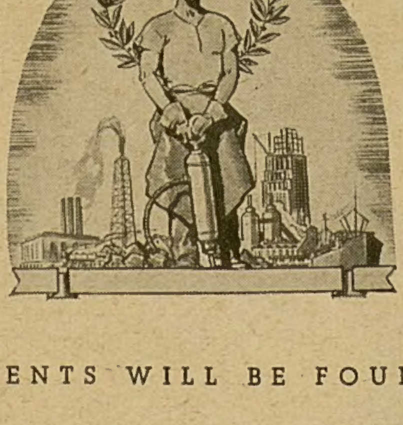
Every citizen of this country wants to be free, unhampered, to plan his own destiny. Every intelligent worker looks forward to the time when he can become his own boss, when he can have a business of his own; and it would certainly be a tragedy if such a reward for hard work should be denied to him.

You can't hamper and restrict business and expect it to grow and prosper. You cannot restrict workers and expect them to develop skill and efficiency which is essential to their advancement.

Some time ago I suggested, in an article written in reply to one by President Green of the A. F. of L., that workers be allowed a certain percentage of the profits of a business over and above a designated amount — in other words, make them really partners in the business.

An employee who has made his place in an organization through long years of careful attention to the duties assigned to him automatically becomes an important factor in that business. There may be times when capable workers are discharged; but such a procedure is against the interests of any business unless a reduction of employees is necessary because of a depression or other disastrous causes. The job of an employee who depends on his salary every week is more important to him than even the success of the business is to the employer. The employer usually has a surplus or something to fall back on in the case of failure. But the employee has only his job. To be sure, if he is an expert in any particular trade or some field of business activity in which there are large business interests, he can usually find a similar job in some other organization.

But the present tendency of trying to remedy all our troubles through legal measures is to be deplored. The ups and downs of business must be expected—they cannot be avoided—and any artificial measures adopted to remedy such situations can only lead to disaster. Business must be allowed to gradually climb out of the financial rut in times of depression, and the process cannot be hurried.



The greater the inflation of values, the more prolonged the depression which automatically follows.

We cannot avoid the evolvement of this economic law.

And when government tries to bring prosperity through legislation, such measures only serve to prolong our difficulties.

Bernarr Macfadden

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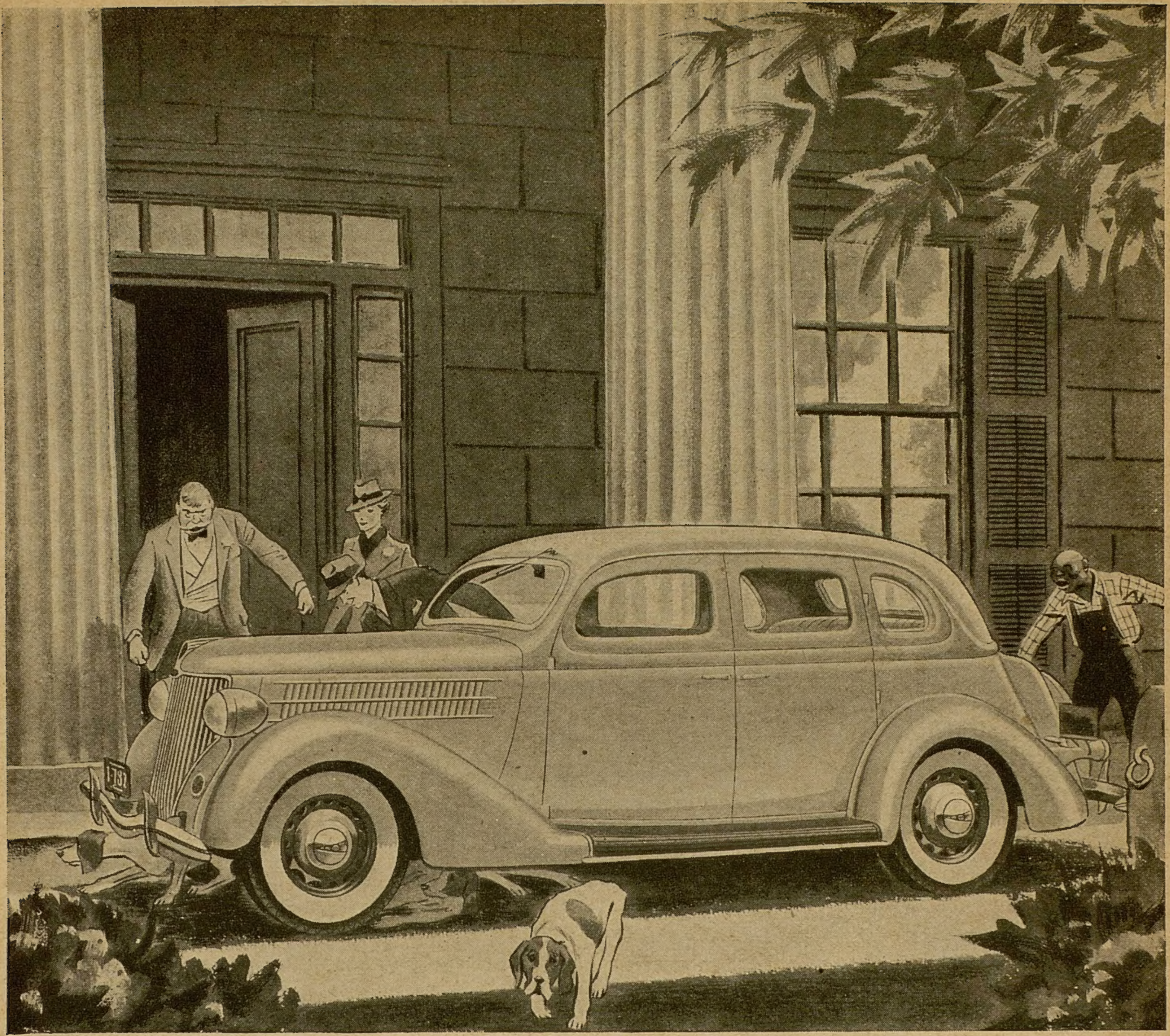


Years of Good Service

The Ford V-8 is made to stand up under long, hard service. . . . Ford cars are constantly being subjected to the severest tests it is possible to make—in laboratory and factory and on the road. Wherever parts are made by one group of men, another group is bent on destroying these parts—trying to find flaws—trying to break things down. . . . The Ford policy is never to be satisfied with the work of today. Tomorrow must bring a better way. Nothing just good enough ever gets the go-ahead in the Ford plants. . . . It costs more to make a car like this—costs us more for materials and machines and inspections. But it means better service to car owners—has built the Ford reputation for reliability. . . . Each year the Ford gives you more in value and costs less to run. Records show that today's Ford V-8 is the most economical Ford car ever built.

FORD V·8 FOR 1936

$25 a month, with usual down-payment, buys any new Ford V-8 car on new UCC ½ per cent per month finance plans

PALMOLIVE IS GIVING AWAY

20 FREE TOURS OF EUROPE

(OR $20,000 IN CASH)

100,000 OTHER PRIZES

20 WINNERS WILL SAIL ON MAGNIFICENT NEW CUNARD WHITE STAR LINER

QUEEN MARY

Leave New York July 29th, return Sept. 4... Visit 15 European cities—with all expenses paid and $300 "pocket-money" for every winner!

PALMOLIVE
PALMOLIVE

Palmolive, the beauty soap made with Olive Oil, announces this thrilling contest . . . so simple and easy anyone can win! Read details here!

IMAGINE the thrill you'll get . . . if *you* should be one of those twenty prize winners who will sail for Europe, July 29, on the "Queen Mary"! There's no reason why you shouldn't be, in a contest so easy and simple as this!

And there's one thrilling prize that's *sure* to be yours. For with Palmolive Soap you're sure to win a more alluring complexion.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

Just write a short letter starting, "I like Palmolive Soap because . . . " and send it to us along with the black bands from three cakes of Palmolive (or reasonably accurate copies).

So, right now, before you forget it, get those 3 cakes of Palmolive. Then give your complexion a real beauty treatment.

First, massage Palmolive's rich, velvety lather thoroughly into your pores. Then rinse well with warm water, followed by cold. Do this faithfully night and morning. See how quickly your skin shows a marvelous improvement!

HOW PALMOLIVE PROTECTS SKIN-YOUTH!

Because it is made with olive oil, Palmolive has a special *protective quality* all its own. It protects those natural "youth-giving" oils which nourish the skin and prevent its becoming dry, rough, old-looking. And nature herself quickly begins to bring back that soft, smooth, "dewy" look of youth!

No wonder famous beauty experts here and in Europe advise Palmolive Soap. No wonder women everywhere say, "We *know* Palmolive is best, because it is made only with olive and palm oils."

SO HURRY . . . SEND IN YOUR LETTER!

Don't put off sending your letter! Do it this very day! And remember. You don't need to have literary ability! Just tell us in clear, simple language why you like Palmolive.

HERE ARE DETAILS OF THE TRIP!

The tour includes England, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland. A thrilling 38 days, seeing Europe entirely at *our* expense.

First-class accommodations aboard ship and throughout the tour. Hotels, meals, transportation and scheduled entertainment all paid for. Railroad fare to and from New York also paid. And $300 "pocket-money" to spend just as you please! A representative of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet will accompany the winners throughout the tour.

What a prize to win . . . and *so easily!* Read the rules below and enter today!

100,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES!

In addition to the 20 free European tours (or 20 cash prizes of $1,000 each), there are 100,000 other prizes! 100,000 beautiful complexion brushes, worth $1.00 each! That gives you 100,020 chances to win! Remember, too, that with Palmolive Soap you are sure to win a lovelier complexion!

HERE'S HOW TO WIN!

1. Any man, woman or child is eligible to enter (except employees of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., their advertising agency, and their families).

2. Here's all you do. Just write a short letter starting with the words "I like Palmolive Soap because . . . "

3. Entries will be judged on clearness, sincerity and interest. Literary ability is of no value. Submit as many entries as you like.

4. Each entry must be accompanied by the black bands from 3 cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies).

5. Print your full name and address on *each* entry; also name and address of dealer and clerk from whom you bought Palmolive Soap.

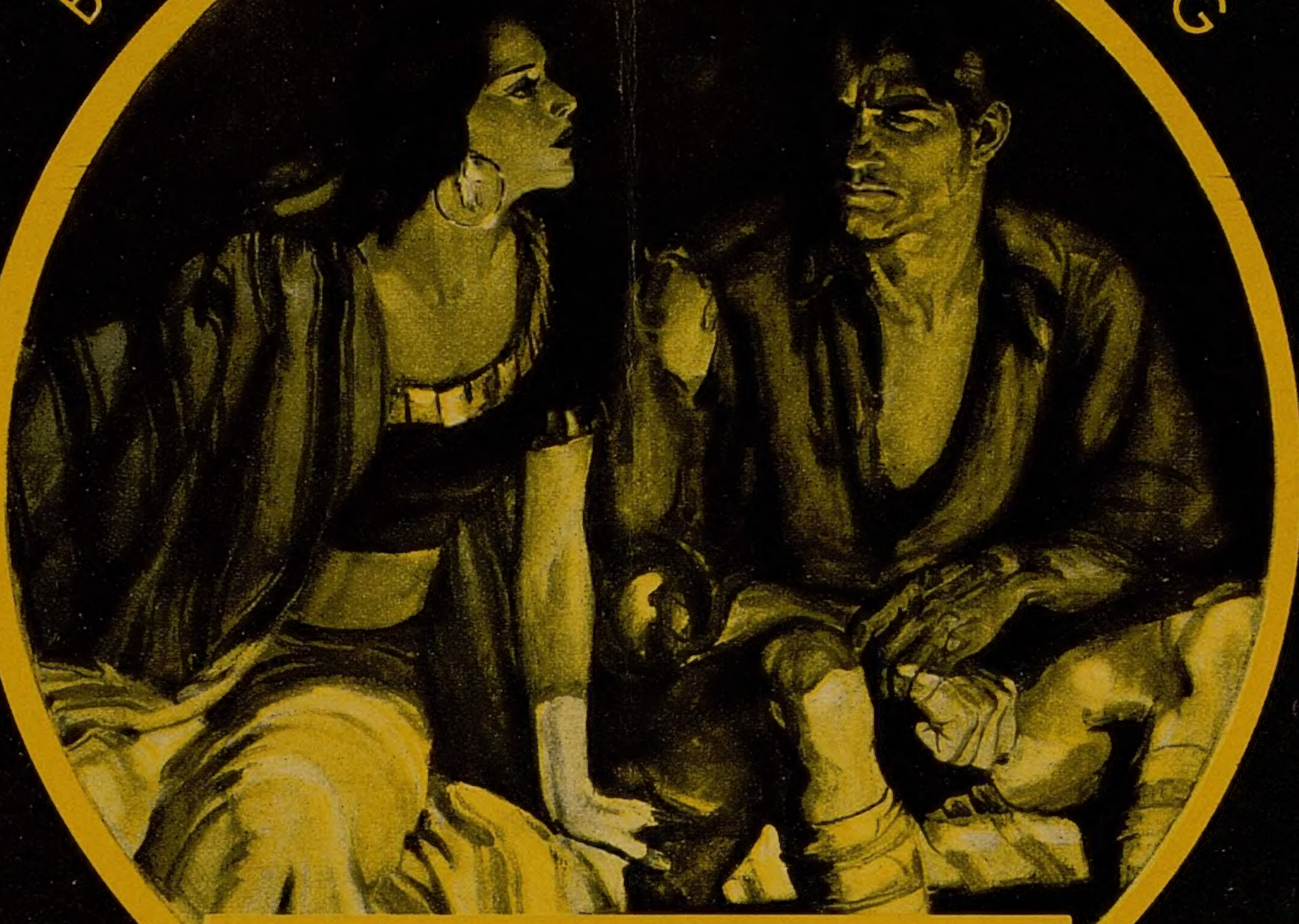
6. Mail entries to Palmolive, Dept. M-41, Jersey City, N. J.

7. Contest closes June 15, 1936. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of that date.

8. Judges' decisions are final. In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Entries become property of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, TO KEEP SKIN YOUNG AND LOVELY!

BEGINNING



"WHY SHOULD I NOT KILL YOU NOW?"

COMPANY OF THE DAMNED

At Last an Inside Picture of the Hunted Men's Militia in India . . . A Stirringly Vivid Narrative of Torture and Terror, Dark Intrigue, and a Woman of Mystery

by CAPTAIN
W. J. BLACKLEDGE

Author of Hell Riders, Marching Madmen, etc.

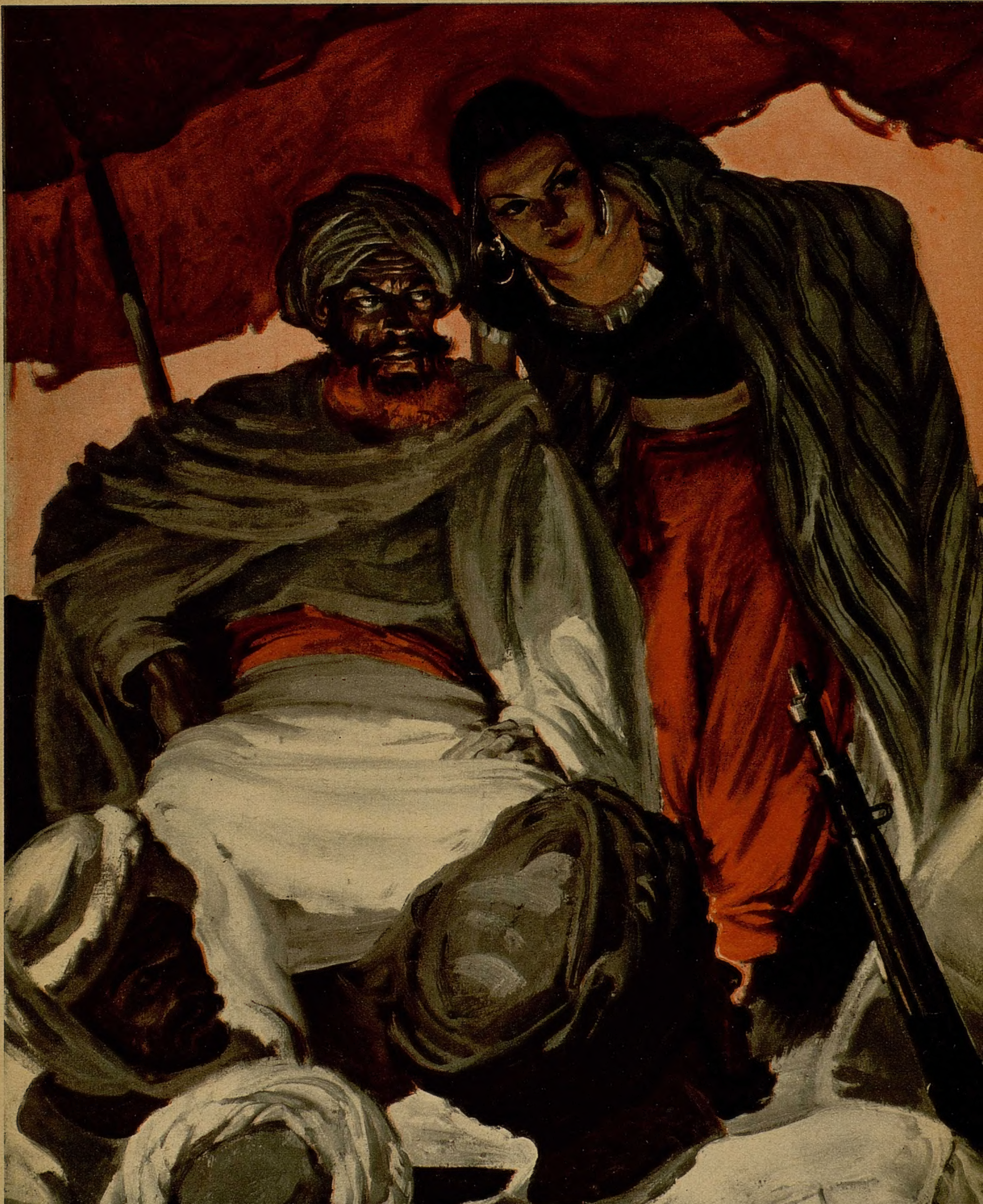
READING TIME
31 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART ONE—IN THE MAD FAKIR'S CLUTCHES

I START without preamble, and with an episode that has burned itself into my memory. I was sweating with fear. Since this is a confession of things experienced during twenty months with the famous "Hunted Men's Militia," let me confide the state of my feelings during a typical experience.

I did not find it easy to keep my nerve while tied to a stake, and that stake planted firmly on top of an anthill, the great red ants swarming up my legs, crawling nearer to the more vulnerable parts of my person.

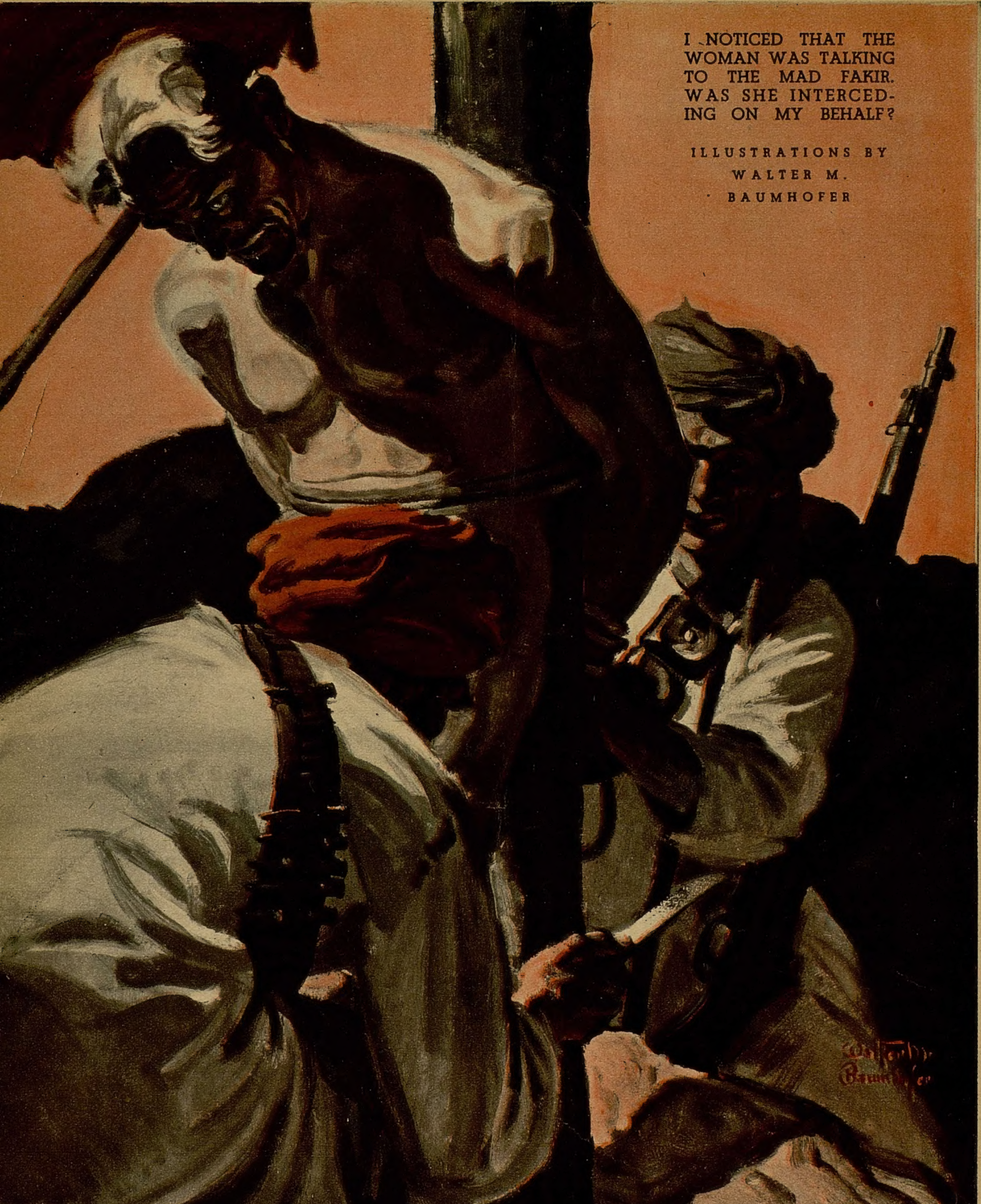
The yelling natives who danced around me were intent upon making me squirm. For the first hour or two I had been able to stand it with a fair show of nonchalance. There was a sickening irritation as the crawling things began to nip, a shivering and a flesh-creeping in spite of all one's efforts to remain stolid. The irritation increased slowly, insidiously. The crawling hordes were advancing. I found myself thrusting with the surface muscles, tightening and relaxing the flesh, as a horse will against the persist-



ent flies. The muscular actions were involuntary. I could not stop them.

I had been stripped of all clothing. I stared straight ahead, not daring to look down upon limbs fast turning crimson as the massed army of ants surged upward. Their progress was damnably slow. I did not mind about my limbs so much. I was concerned about my face, and more especially about my sight.

The more they advanced, the more the natives yelled and danced about me—women as well as men. It seemed that the whole of the tiny village hidden away in the mountains had assembled to shriek with glee as the sahib



I NOTICED THAT THE WOMAN WAS TALKING TO THE MAD FAKIR. WAS SHE INTERCEDING ON MY BEHALF?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

was tortured until he cried out for mercy or went mad.

Seated on a raised dais about fifty yards away was Be-akle Lenhai, the Mad Fakir, the demented devil responsible for my horrible predicament. He was rocking, hugging himself with mirth. He it was who had started all this trouble on the northwest frontier of India.

He was well named. Be-akle means witless. He was the maddest thing this side of Gehenna. He was waging a holy war. His native magic had brought the fiercest of the Mohammedans to his biddings. His avowed object was to raise by fire and sword a new Moslem Empire. Men gathered to his aid as he advanced across the moun-

The Khyber Pass. "Hunted Men's Militia" guards its opening, grim gateway to India from the wilds of Afghanistan.

tainous no man's land that lies between Afghanistan and the North-West Frontier Province. He pronounced terrible curses on all who attempted to thwart him, his favorite being, " May you perish by fire! " He advanced along a trail of burning villages, wrecking, plundering, violating.

He was the wild fanatic who was to descend from High Asia upon the plains of India and sweep away the white infidels. Once across this no man's land, he would head a gigantic wave of turbulent tribes down through the thirty miles of rocky defile that is the Khyber Pass, and so on to India. If he were not checked. And checked he had been on several occasions—driven back into his mountain fastnesses by the one force he dreaded: Hunted Men's Militia.

I, Digger Craven, second in command of that daredevil outfit, was the first of its officers to fall into his hands. I knew that when the ants had done their damnedest, he would start the fire at my ankles. " May you perish by fire! "

His eyes were glistening. Mad he undoubtedly was. Otherwise he would have been dead long before. The Moslems the world over, and more so in that wild region, respect the brother whose mind is deranged. Yet there was some method in his madness. It was the hot season of the year, the time of the year when fighting is the only industry in the wild regions beyond the Pass. So he was gathering an ever-increasing army of Waziris, Mahsuds, the Madda Khel, and all the rest of the ragtag and bobtail of tribes.

And all that stood between him and the northern mouth of the Khyber Pass was Hunted Men's Militia—the well-deserved nickname of the Kurram Militia, an adventurous band of native soldiery with native noncoms and but half a dozen sahibs to control them. They were irregulars, some claiming unbroken descent from the warriors who fought the armies of Alexander the Great, the others just hard-bitten children of a mixed refugee parentage of Afghans, Mongols, Afridis, Pathan deserters, and heaven knows what. The company was made up of the worst native elements—cattle thieves, outlaws, bandits, deserters from the clans, and deserters from the army proper. Its duty was keeping order in that desolate no man's land beyond the northwest frontier of British India.

IF only I could get one hand free! Just to scratch at these nipping devils! My eyes smarted with the irritations. Tears mingled with the sweat. I was not blubbering. But it was damnably humiliating.

And then, as I continued staring straight ahead, desperately trying to keep my mind off the gnawing red ants, a woman walked into my line of vision. She was different. She was without veil. What was she doing in this Godforsaken spot?

She took her stand by Lenhai's side, staring curiously at me. The thoroughbred woman of the Hills has remarkable eyes of a sapphire blue. But the eyes of this woman were purple-black, her face a pale oval with darker shades about the eyes and the soft column of throat. Her voluminous *burka,* or cloak, had fallen back, revealing the black hair plastered down the sides of her small head Madonna fashion. For the rest, she was dressed like the Hill women —a three-quarter-length tight-fitting jacket of green velvet and baggy trousers of scarlet silk tight round the ankles.

By the side of the towering Lenhai she looked slim, slight, small-boned—but there was the devil in her smoldering black eyes. Who was she? Was she the power behind the throne of Lenhai?

Would it be of any use yelling to her? It was a forlorn hope. But my whole body was creeping and shaking by this time. I yelled at the top of my voice, so loudly that I was heard above the din and racket of the dancing Hill folk:

" You are no Moslem woman of the Hills! Does it please you to watch while I am humiliated, eaten alive? "

I shouted in English. Most of the mob did not understand. At all events, it had the effect of checking the orgy. They stopped and stared toward the woman whom I had addressed in the tongue of the Feringi.

As for the woman, she stared coldly, a suggestion of a smile curving her thin lips. There was a weird silence for several seconds. Involuntarily I squirmed. Sweat dripped from every pore even as the little red devils bit and bored. For now they had reached my neck and I was shaking my head to keep them down. My actions raised a laugh that spread into an uproar. They were at the corners of my mouth. I knew that if they got to my eyes I should be reduced to gibbering terror. And that would be one real triumph for these guffawing swine.

BUT one thing I noticed through all this increasing agony: The mystery woman was talking earnestly to the Mad Fakir. Was she interceding on my behalf? I prayed as they talked. I prayed as I fought against the creeping red army that now threatened to choke me, blind me. They were filling my nostrils—no matter how hard I exhaled.

A sickening terror engulfed me. I spewed violently. I should have gone right out then, I guess, had not some one come along with a heavy broom of twigs and started to sweep the filthy creatures from my body.

Then the cords were cut and I was dragged clear of the anthill. I began to put on my clothes. Armed Pathans stood by. The woman was watching from a few yards distant. Her face was expressionless—except for the smoldering eyes.

" I couldn't begin to express my thanks—" I began.

" Don't trouble," said she. " There may be worse to come."

She spoke in English with an accent that had nothing to do with the Hills, nor with India beyond the Pass. That set me puzzling. Where had I heard that peculiar accent before? This was no native of the East. At all events, she had given me a breathing space.

The ants had left their mark—or marks. It was like a terrific intensification of prickly heat. I itched to claw at a hundred places at once. Nevertheless, I was suddenly filled with hope, with the belief that I still had a chance.

Every village in the Hill country is walled and fortified. One would need to be something of a magician to get clear of the walls, seven feet thick, and patrolled night and day by Hillmen armed to the teeth.

I lay in my stone cell and pondered. The only opening besides the door was a circular one high up in the wall. The only piece of furniture was a charpoy, a bed made of a wooden frame with cord laced across. I upended this by the wall. It put me six feet up, but even then I could only just get my head to the aperture.

The light was still good. I could see across the courtyard of this cluster of buildings. Beyond was the village proper. The natives were back at their daily tasks. Veiled and heavily cloaked women, with gaily trousered

IT IS ABSOLUTELY FORBIDDEN
TO CROSS THIS BORDER
INTO AFGHAN TERRITORY.

At the Afghan frontier begins a no man's land that travelers enter at their peril. Keeping order beyond this signboard is a duty for desperate men!

legs, shuffled through the dust of the highways. Stalwart Pathans strode hither and yon, heavily armed.

I measured the loophole. It was just possible that I could squeeze through. There were armed men patrolling beneath. At sunset they would bow their heads to the dust in supplication to Allah. Then I would take a chance. I must not let this night go by without trying. God knew what was awaiting me on the morrow.

With the setting of the sun, however, the great door was suddenly thrust open and that strange woman entered.

She locked the door behind her. I was too taken aback to speak. Her face was as expressionless as that of a Chinese. Only her eyes were alive.

"Digger Craven," she began, "you want to get back to your company of killers, don't you?"

"Where did you get hold of my nickname?"

"Never mind that," she said. "Would you like to walk out of this village a free man?"

"That hardly needs answering. Who are you?"

"Mahrila is my name. That is all you may know. In exchange for a little information you will be escorted to within safe distance of your camp. Lenhai has promised that."

"What on earth is there that I can tell you?"

She very soon made herself clear. Apparently there was quite a lot I could tell—the strength of my company of irregulars, the numbers and dispositions of the garrisons along the Khyber Pass, the recent movements of troops on the frontier, the strength and type of arms, the secret of the ammunition dumps, the strength of the new flying unit; and what exactly was this automatic gun that had recently appeared at the frontier?

All of which was very interesting. Only a magician or the G. O. C. could answer such questions. And so I told her.

She was convinced that I was feigning ignorance. Wasn't it worth telling in exchange for my life? Or did I prefer a slow torturous death? I protested—and wondered where the devil I had heard that accent before. It wasn't French, nor German, nor Italian.

"What are you doing in this Pathan country, Mahrila?"

"I belong to this country."

"You don't. You are not a Moslem—or you would be at prayers now."

"What does it matter? I'm offering you release in return for a little information. Are you going to prove yourself as big a fool as you looked on that anthill?"

I WRIGGLED. A thousand sores were pricking.

"What do you suppose I got you out of that plight for? Merely because you are a white man? Tcha! Stop playing the fool. Lenhai has less patience than I."

"I am not a staff officer. I know nothing of these things."

"But you are an officer of the Kurram Militia. You must know something of them."

And so it went on for the better part of an hour.

"You came here secretly with your native servant," she said. "Why?"

"You know why," I snapped. "I came to find out just what Lenhai was doing with this clan. The fellow has become a dangerous menace."

"You're just a spy!"

"Don't be theatrical. You know what the Kurram Militia is. Now be sensible and show me how I can get out of this fort."

TURKESTAN
AFGHANISTAN
KHYBER PASS
PESHAWAR
TIBET
BALUCHISTAN
DELHI
INDIA
ARABIAN SEA
BAY OF BENGAL
CEYLON
MILES

India, where British rule is ever menaced from the northwest—via the Khyber Pass.

"On condition that you give me what I ask of you."

"For heaven's sake, woman! I haven't any information to give. Don't you realize that if Lenhai is allowed to carry on he might well start an ugly war?"

"But of course. That is what he intends. And once his plans are complete, all the armies of the British on the frontier will not stop him."

She did not, I thought, possess those eerie-looking orbs for nothing. Probably she was just as mentally deranged as the Mad Fakir himself. Certainly she looked capable of anything. But what possible interest could she have in this Moslem's holy war?

Suddenly she swung round, stared hard with her smoldering eyes.

"If what you say is true, you are of no use to us. Why should I not kill you now?"

"What good would that do? And what d'you suppose I should be doing while you were using that knife of yours? That pretty neck shouldn't be difficult to twist. The advantage would be mine—since you are between me and the door."

"Maybe Lenhai will persuade you to talk tomorrow."

She jumped to her feet and went hurriedly out of the cell, bolting the door. I had missed the opportunity to make a getaway while the guards were at prayer.

AND now darkness had descended, but light from a torch in the courtyard came in sufficiently. Again I climbed to the opening in the wall. There were two guards patrolling beneath. The situation looked hopeless. Maybe if it had not been for the ghastly sores gnawing at me from head to foot I should not have made the attempt.

I moved round gingerly on my perilous perch on the charpoy. The drop would be about ten feet—a mere trifle. Out I went, feet first, hung by fingertips for breathless seconds—then dropped. There I crouched, panting. I'd hardly made a sound. A dozen yards away the two guards stood chatting. A murmur of sound came from beyond the courtyard wall. If I could scale that wall, I'd have more than a sporting chance.

It could be done, providing I crept round the prison walls and kept out of the light thrown by the torch. I began, inching my way. Reaching an angle, I was out of sight of the guards. They seemed to be satisfied to patrol within a few yards of the cell door.

Clearing the intervening space, I crouched under the courtyard wall. It was ten feet high and spiked. Still the two guards patrolled up and down. I slipped off my belt, threw it over a spike, began to haul myself up.

A shot rang out. It hit the wall close to my ear. There was a yelling and scampering of feet. Hot lead spattered around me as I struggled upward, tearing my legs on the spikes. Something pierced my arm like a sizzling hot needle. Stopped one? But I was over and had tumbled to the ground in a heap before my shouting pursuers had reached the wall.

The shoulder burned and ached. There was no time to heed such things. The shadows of night, however, were all in my favor; the village had no street lights. A few torches lit up the bazaar quarter. I gave it a wide berth. The tortuous alleys afforded plenty of cover.

Soon the whole place was roused. I was in a spot. The village wall, seven or eight feet thick, would be crawling with snipers.

I flattened against the wall of a house as a great giant of a fellow came tearing round the corner. He pulled up sharply. I lifted my foot to his shin. We went down together. I had to keep him quiet. My elbow was under his chin. I worked like a madman, pounding him. He beat the dust with his one free arm, tried to wrap his legs around me. But I had his gun and was using the butt to smash him into silence.

The next moment I felt myself lifted in the air. I came down with a crash. He continued to throw me about, even though he could not raise an alarm, since his face was a bleeding pulp and his jaw broken. I bent back one of his arms, farther and farther, heard the sickening crack.

Still we fought on. My thumb all but broke on the leathery texture of his neck. I was sticky with blood—his as well as my own. We both became pretty well spent, pawing stupidly, clutching less and less firmly. I dared not leave him while he showed any fight at all.

CAPTAIN W. J. BLACKLEDGE

has known the Kurram Militia twenty years—ever since he saw World War service in India. As he told in Marching Madmen, his own story, he served also in Mesopotamia.

God! How beastly it all was! I trembled with rage because I had not the strength to lift the gun again and finish him. I lay on him, the dead weight of my body slumped over him in exhaustion. Just how long I remained there, and why we were never discovered, I cannot say. I was dimly aware that the night was advancing. The cries of the searchers, the scurrying of feet grew gradually fainter, died away.

And now I was in greater peril than ever. I must get clear of the village before the dawn came up! But I could not rise. Hours passed while I lay crumpled over that stinking carcass. Again and again I tried, crawling a few inches, slumping to regain breath. The Pathan lay still. Dead? I never knew.

Up on my feet by the wall. Then a staggering sort of run—only to pitch headlong into the dust. Whither? I had not the foggiest notion. Up and down, with but one idea—keep moving, keep moving. Had I gone forth with all my faculties fully alive I should probably have stumbled into some one. It seemed that fate was on my side in that last desperate effort.

Breath hiccoughing in sobs. A deadening pain up the wounded arm. Things to remember whenever the long, long hours of that ghastly night are recalled. Other memories are of those darkened streets that wound endlessly, of sudden alarms as I snuggled into the dust, my nose within a few inches of passing feet—the feet of giant Pathans and their womenfolk drifting back to their homes. They seemed pretty certain that I could not leave the village, that I'd never get beyond the fortified walls, even in the darkness.

Then silence. The village slept. Toward dawn I was recovering sufficiently to gain some sense of direction. And I had the gun and cartridge belts of the Pathan I had killed. My one desire was to get down into the valley, find a cave, and sleep. How I longed for sleep!

THE wall. Figures patrolling. It would be easy enough to reach the top, for there were steps at intervals. But how get by these armed patrols? There was one squatting on his haunches immediately above, his back toward me. If I brained him with the gun, how long would it be before he was discovered and I followed?

I had the solution of that difficulty. He must not be discovered. I crawled up the jutting steps slowly and painfully—reached the topmost one, my chin over the rim. On the right and left were dim figures moving, heard rather than seen. But the squatting figure little more than a yard away never moved. I squatted too, gathering energy for the effort.

An unforgettable moment. I heaved myself up cautiously, the gun barrel gripped in my hand. The fellow turned a split second too late. The butt crashed. He gave a choking sort of grunt and crumpled up. A swift glance to right and left, then I was dragging him across the top of the wall. I tumbled him over, heard the soft bump of his fall, and flopped down on top of him.

The drop took the breath out of me. But soon I was up and off at a staggering run, heading blindly into the darkness. I was still stumbling over the stones when the dawn broke up the black dome of the heavens. The village was a mere smudge away up on the hillside. I knew this gully. It was the identical one through which a treacherous native servant had led me. I passed the very cave in which I had lain hidden while he had gone off as a decoy to lead the Mad Fakir back to me. But he had turned traitor. He had brought not only Lenhai to my cave but a score of armed Hillmen as well.

The plan had been, of course, that the Mad Fakir should be induced to visit me alone, by the pretense that I had brought valuable information about Hunted Men's Militia. The scheme had flopped horridly. Hence my capture and subsequent torture.

Now probably this cave was the last place they'd look for me, since I had already been caught there; but I gave it a wide berth just the same. I plodded on, careering crazily along the broken bed of the gully. The sun was splashing the heavens with color. Back in that village the hue and cry would be on. A raging thirst was added to my other aches and pains.

I KNEW by the sun that my direction was right. There wasn't a sound in that grim valley, except the stubbing of my clumsy feet against the flints. Then I pitched forward, lay still for a timeless period. Presently I began to crawl. I'd seen a ledge of rock that looked as if it contained water. It did! That water might have been alive with germs, but it was heaven-sent nectar to me! I lay drinking and bathing while my spirits rose. I could go on again now. I went, refusing to give in to the creeping sensation of numbness. Arms hung like dead weights. Only my legs seemed to move. Lurching, stumbling, pitching. Then the black-out. . . .

I was not conscious of anything for the remainder of that day. I know that I awoke once and the whole world was dark. Night again, I thought feebly, and wondered just where I had fallen. From then on, a fitful sleeping and dreams. Always when I awoke and opened my eyes the world was black, and for a space terror walked the brain. I fancied I must be blind. Why was it always dark? It was many hours before I realized that I must have crawled into the inner recess of a cave in the mountain side.

I groped my way around until I came to a shaft of light. Then I knew. Proceeding cautiously, I came to the cave's mouth and broad daylight. Whether I had been in that cleft one day or two I could not say. I was considerably refreshed. The flesh wound had crusted over. The ant bites were not nearly so troublesome.

I crawled out and gazed up and down the valley. It was a dead world. There was not a sign of life anywhere. So I had escaped! How long would it take the company to locate me? They had not had the remotest idea as to the direction the boy and I were to take. The whole thing had been carried out with the utmost secrecy. It was only after much persuasion that the colonel had permitted me to undertake the job at all.

The rank and file of Hunted Men's Militia was as ferocious and wild a mob as any border country could muster. But it was rare that we found a traitor among them. Once they had adjusted themselves to our apology for discipline they were loyal almost to a man. I could have staked my reputation on that native boy, for we had been on similar stunts before.

How long since I left the camp? More than a week, I judged. At any rate, there was nothing for it but to make my own way back. If I kept going in a southerly direction I was almost certain to hit a caravan road and maybe a friendly caravan loping toward Peshawar.

I started out once more, and struck a caravan trail at long last. It must then have been well past noon. I came upon a water hole and sat down to refresh myself. I had no intention of falling asleep. But it is fatal for a weary man to sit drowsing in the sun.

I awoke with a jerk and leaped to my feet. Instinctively I struck out at the great hulking Hillman who had awakened me. He grabbed my arms, pinned them to my sides, and held me thus. We stared at each other for long seconds. He looked a typical Hillman—six feet of brawn and muscle, heavy bearded jowl, turban, long tight-fitting coat, rough blouse, cummerbund, and baggy breeches.

"Now, just where in hell did you spring from, buddy?"

This must be a delusion, I told myself. He was addressing me in English—English with American idioms and an Irish drawl!

"Say that again!" I gasped.

He grinned, showing two rows of even white teeth, big like tombstones in the black scrub of beard. He repeated the question, his gray eyes twinkling.

"It's a long story," I said. "Just where did *you* spring from?"

"That's simple enough," he laughed. "I'm trekking from Afghanistan to India. Been visiting Kabul. That's my caravan over there."

I swung around, stared hard. There, not fifty yards away, was a camel caravan, complete. Funny. I'd been too sound asleep to hear it approach. I started laughing like a hysterical schoolgirl. This was too much for my mental equilibrium!

The Irish-American, Barney Binns by name, gave me a blessed lift to Peshawar. There Colonel Strong, the commander of our native levies, came to my bedside in hospital and took notes of every detail of my experience. He was impatient to have me get out and lead him and the company to that fortified village. So was I.

But, once on the trek again, it was not so easy. Mine had been a blind escape at the dead of night. I could lead the company up to a certain gully. Beyond that—direction was on the knees of the gods. I rode on the colonel's right at the head of the column. On his left rode Binns, who was with us in the guise of a correspondent; he was in fact a world-wandering author of some distinction. He had just visited—after many months of wangling—the forbidden cities of Afghanistan. It seemed he had learned much concerning Lenhai's source of supply of arms. Whatever it was, he had wangled again and was now one of us with Hunted Men's Militia.

HE soon proved himself. We had been trekking for about four hours, under a pitiless sun. Suddenly a shot rang out and ranged over us.

The colonel yelled an order and the whole ragged column dived for cover behind boulders. Apparently Binns was not used to orders. He dismounted, threw his reins at me, and scampered up the hillside toward the spot from which the sniper's bullet had been fired.

"Come back, you fool!" bawled Strong.

A hail of lead crackled through the heat haze. Binns ducked as swiftly, lay under a jagged crag, grinning. The closest shave I'd seen for some time!

Then the sniping stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and he made as if to leave his hide-out.

"Stay where you are!" called the colonel.

Being more Irish than anything else, he didn't stay. He came running crazily downhill, fell, sprawled, rolled, then scurried like a hare toward the cleft in which we were sheltering. A roar of musketry burst out. He tumbled in on us—unharmed.

"Of all the mad blighters!" snorted the colonel. "Why I had you come along—"

"But, look, colonel," laughed Binns, his gray eyes twinkling. "What did I tell you, O *bara sahib!*"

We stared at the spent bit of lead in his palm.

"You're right, Binns," admitted the colonel. "That was never fired from a Pass rifle."

IN that wilderness beyond the frontier there is a big demand for guns of any kind. The Hillmen have taught themselves to bore rifle barrels and make breechblocks. Hence the "Pass rifle"—crude, but effective in their hands.

Binns's contention, however, was that the Hillmen were not using Pass rifles any more. They were handling modern rifles of an improved German type. The Mad Fakir was able to supply his men with these.

"And they're not coming over the frontier, chief," opined Binns. "They're coming in the other way—from the north, by way of Russia."

"Russia!" I cried. "Good heavens!"

"What are you talking about, Craven?"

I stared at the colonel. "That woman, sir—Mahrila! I couldn't place her accent. Now I know."

The colonel nodded sagely. "First, Bolshevist gifts of rifles—by the ton, I shouldn't be surprised. The propaganda will follow. The woman is a Russian agent. I'm obliged to you, Binns. This puts a much more serious complexion on the Fakir's activities. Wonder if it's true—this story about his having ten thousand men."

His face looked grave as he peered over the boulder toward the hillside opposite. He had vowed he would get Lenhai. The Mad Fakir had sworn he would kill Colonel Strong, set fire to him, then destroy the company.

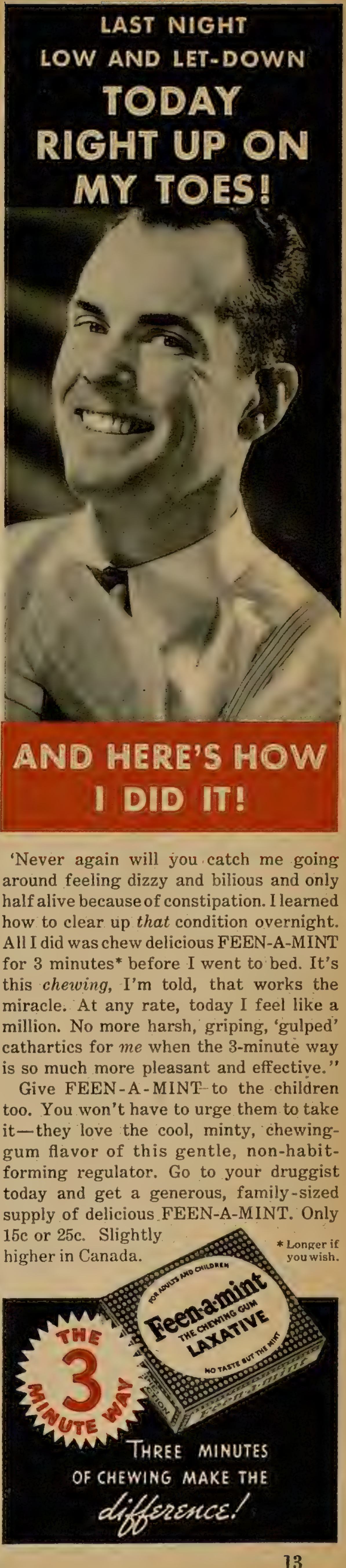
The sniping stopped. Colonel Strong turned and signaled. Automatic guns were brought up. We sprayed the breastworks behind which the snipers lay hidden. Catching the glint of a rifle snout, we sent it shattering skyward. The owner of the rifle came hurtling down the hillside; lay still.

"Say, chief," said Binns, "we could rush 'em!"

"Think so?"

The colonel's dry tone betrayed his amusement.

Now we had all four gun crews in action. We kept them going until well past noon. Suddenly the snipers' fire ceased. So did ours. The valley be-



LAST NIGHT
LOW AND LET-DOWN

TODAY
RIGHT UP ON
MY TOES!

AND HERE'S HOW
I DID IT!

'Never again will you catch me going around feeling dizzy and bilious and only half alive because of constipation. I learned how to clear up *that* condition overnight. All I did was chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes* before I went to bed. It's this *chewing*, I'm told, that works the miracle. At any rate, today I feel like a million. No more harsh, griping, 'gulped' cathartics for *me* when the 3-minute way is so much more pleasant and effective."

Give FEEN-A-MINT to the children too. You won't have to urge them to take it—they love the cool, minty, chewing-gum flavor of this gentle, non-habit-forming regulator. Go to your druggist today and get a generous, family-sized supply of delicious FEEN-A-MINT. Only 15c or 25c. Slightly higher in Canada.

* Longer if you wish.

THREE MINUTES
OF CHEWING MAKE THE
difference!

came deathly quiet. No sign of life in that shimmering heat haze. Hunted Men's Militia, a company totaling nearly three hundred men, lay crouched behind boulders as if dead.

At length the colonel murmured an order to take out a scouting party. I picked half a dozen men. Binns insisted on joining us. We emerged into the gully in extended order, began to climb the hill. Nothing stirred up there. Binns appeared to be enjoying himself. He carried a long-barreled Mauser pistol.

It was a creepy business. When within twenty yards or so of the first hide-out I ran forward, leaped the little enclosure, and found four dead Hillmen. It was much the same story in all these breastworks; we had shot them to a standstill.

"*Sahib! Sahib! Sahib!*"

One of the sepoys came running up. He was waving what looked like a tobacco pouch of transparent skin.

"*Dekko, sahib!*"

"I am looking, you rascal."

This particular native had a name. It meant "Eater of Women"; he was irresistible when there were native girls around. I thought at first he was merely exhibiting his loot. Then I saw that this was no native article. He had taken it from one of the dead Pathans.

The skin pouch contained a fold of thick foolscap. It had been carried by an airman flying over these hills, and it announced in Pushtu, Urdu, Hindustani, and other languages that a ransom would be paid for his rescue. Airmen flying over these dangerous areas were accustomed to carrying such notes; men and machines forced down had been saved as a result. The tribes were sometimes content to exchange the note for gold.

"That means some guy has flown over here not long since?" Binns inquired.

"Yes. But this never fell from his plane. He'd have it fixed securely to his person."

"He came down?"

"Made a forced landing somewhere. What the devil was this native doing with it? He couldn't have been on his way to a British post. We caught him sniping."

"Yeah—and where is the guy, and where's his machine?"

"That's what we've got to find out. Come on!"

We doubled down the hillside back to the column and reported the find to the colonel.

"I've never known these Hillmen to ignore a ransom before," he mused. "Seems pretty clear that somebody is supplying them with ample funds and arms. It's what I've suspected for months. Lenhai has a strong backing. All right, Craven. Go ahead with your boys and scout. March!"

Binns went ahead with us. There was not a sign of life anywhere. Those snipers had dropped out of the blue. Night fell and we pitched camp.

We were up at sunrise next morning and drew further ahead of the column, eager in the search for something that would establish the evidence of a plane. We topped a rise that gave us a view miles around.

SUDDENLY the native scouts were racing down the hillside, yelling and gesticulating with their rifles. I called to them to halt, but the rascals ran on, tumbling and slithering down in a shower of loose flints.

What had they spotted? I swept the gully with my glasses, trying to follow their direction. Then I saw away over on the other side of the valley a vague outline of some rock structure, a sort of blockhouse or disused fort set in the breast of the mountainside. There was no sign of life about it.

The morning air was suddenly rent by the scream of bullets. In that hollowed ravine they whined like whip thongs. The scouts had dropped for cover before I had time to yell an order. I swung round. The company tailing us was hardly discernible. If I fired a signal it would attract the attention of those bandits in the fort over there. Better to use the scouts to decoy. When the company came up, the colonel could maneuver his men and surround the fort.

"I've a strong feeling," I said to Binns, "that those wallahs are a part of the band we fought yesterday. We've got to take some of them alive. They may be useful. Just cut back to Colonel Strong and report."

Binns turned round without a word and hurried back the way we had come. I sat down behind a boulder. It was not easy to measure distances with the naked eye, and we had got farther ahead of the column than I had imagined; they were nearly an hour in coming within hailing distance. Meanwhile I saw Binns join with them. They halted. I could follow the colonel's orders as he brought the men up into column of route, then divided them—four platoons. These were now marching off in different directions, one platoon crawling up toward me with the colonel and Binns at the head of it. They covered the last few yards very cautiously, on all fours.

"All right, Craven," said the colonel, as he sank down beside me. "Binns has explained the situation. Good work, you fellows." He was scanning the country with his glasses. "Pass the word along to your boys to keep down under cover until the order is given for the charge. We'll hang on here until we see the other platoons heading for the fort. Then we'll charge and keep 'em occupied while the others close in on 'em."

WE had to wait the whole of that blessed morning. The others had been instructed to creep around, make a detour, so that the company could approach the fort from all sides. By noon the sun was blazing down upon us. We lay gasping. The bandits potted incessantly. But my six scouts down there never showed themselves.

"Keep your gun crew ready, Craven."

"Yes, sir."

"Shall need 'em to cover our advance."

"Very good, sir."

Unmistakable movement came at long last. We could discern creeping figures descending from an eminence above the fort; we saw others crawling between boulders and patches of scrub, advancing from right and left flanks. Now was the moment for our platoon to charge down to where their scouts lay, and on up to the fort—thus drawing the bandits' fire.

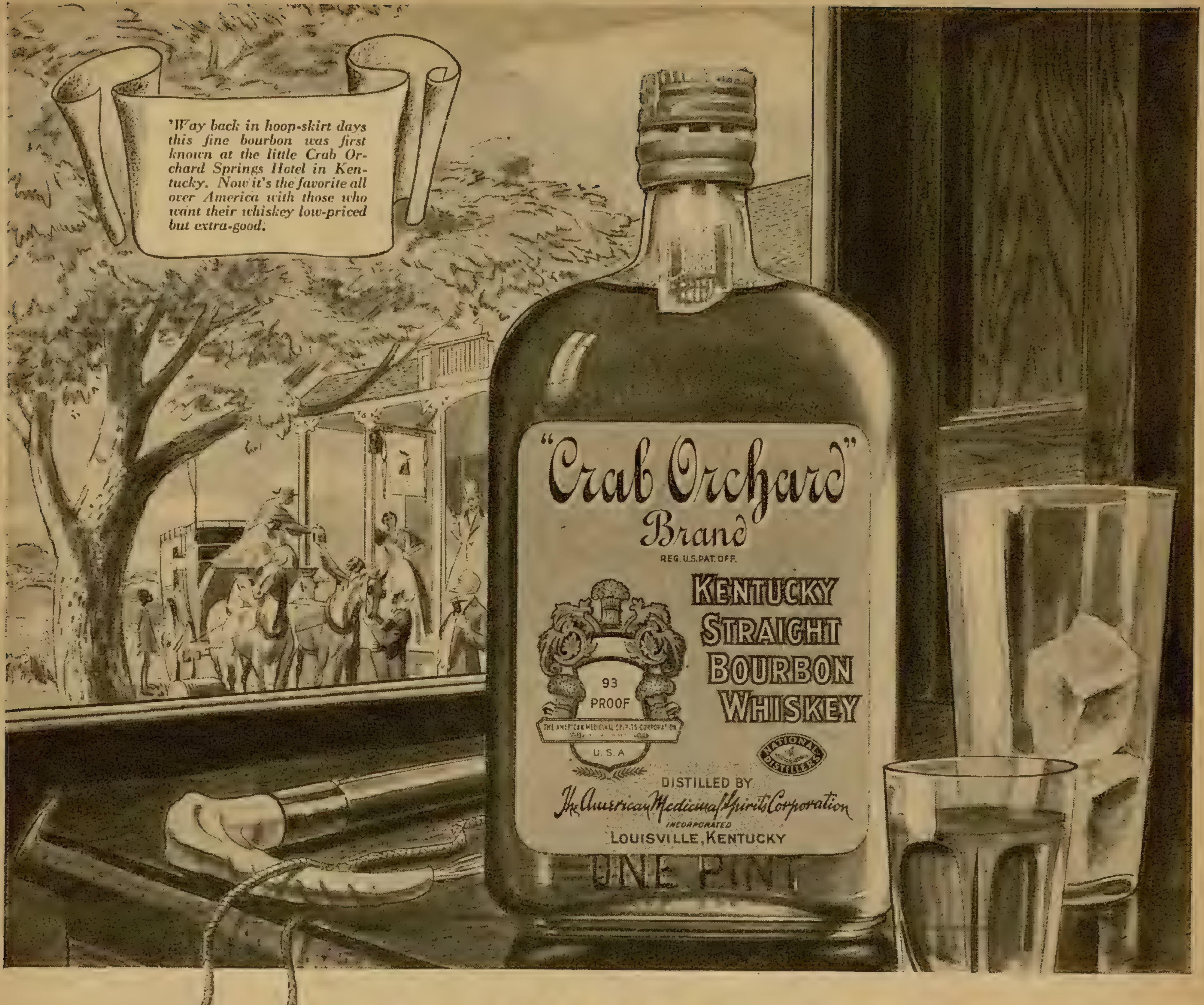
Colonel Strong leaped to his feet and yelled the order, and down we scampered. It was fun! It was madly exhilarating after the long hours on that oventop. The boys rushed down that slope as if ten thousand devils were after them. The ravine was alive with the hoarse bawling and screeching of blood-lusting maniacs.

As we crossed the gully and began to climb, the colonel's signal blew for machine-gun action. I yelled to the gun crew. They dropped their burden, but instead of assembling the gun they ran on with their comrades, mouthing their battle cry. Discipline had gone by the board.

Binns came up breathlessly and dropped down beside me. We got the gun fixed up and while he fed the belts I manipulated the firing button. In a few minutes the firing from the fort began to slacken. Most of our boys had dropped for cover as soon as they heard the machine guns. Some of them were within fifty yards of the wall. And now our four machine guns were in action, firing from all sides a hail of lead at that mystery enclosure of mud and stone. Suddenly a white flag was raised above the wall. Our guns stopped, and we stared at it.

We stared even harder at what followed. The bulging turbans of two of the bandits rose into view, and it was seen that they were hoisting something up. The head and shoulders of another man appeared. He was wearing a flying helmet. It was the aviator! As he was lifted farther up, we saw that his arms were bound behind his back and there were rope shackles about his middle.

What was to be the fate of this captive aviator? How was he to be extricated alive from his position of deadly peril between his ferocious captors and the machine guns of the Company of the Damned? Next week Captain Blackledge will tell you—and will picture a fearsome riot in the Khyber Pass around the escort of a mysterious boy prince! Wild Irish Barney Binns will "go native" among Lenhai's bloodthirsty conspirators! The Mad Fakir himself will be discovered inside the border, in Peshawar! As for the beautiful and sinister Mahrila, she will be made prisoner—and the consequence will be murder!



'Way back in hoop-skirt days this fine bourbon was first known at the little Crab Orchard Springs Hotel in Kentucky. Now it's the favorite all over America with those who want their whiskey low-priced but extra-good.

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A GOOD GUIDE NATIONAL DISTILLERS TO GOOD WHISKEY

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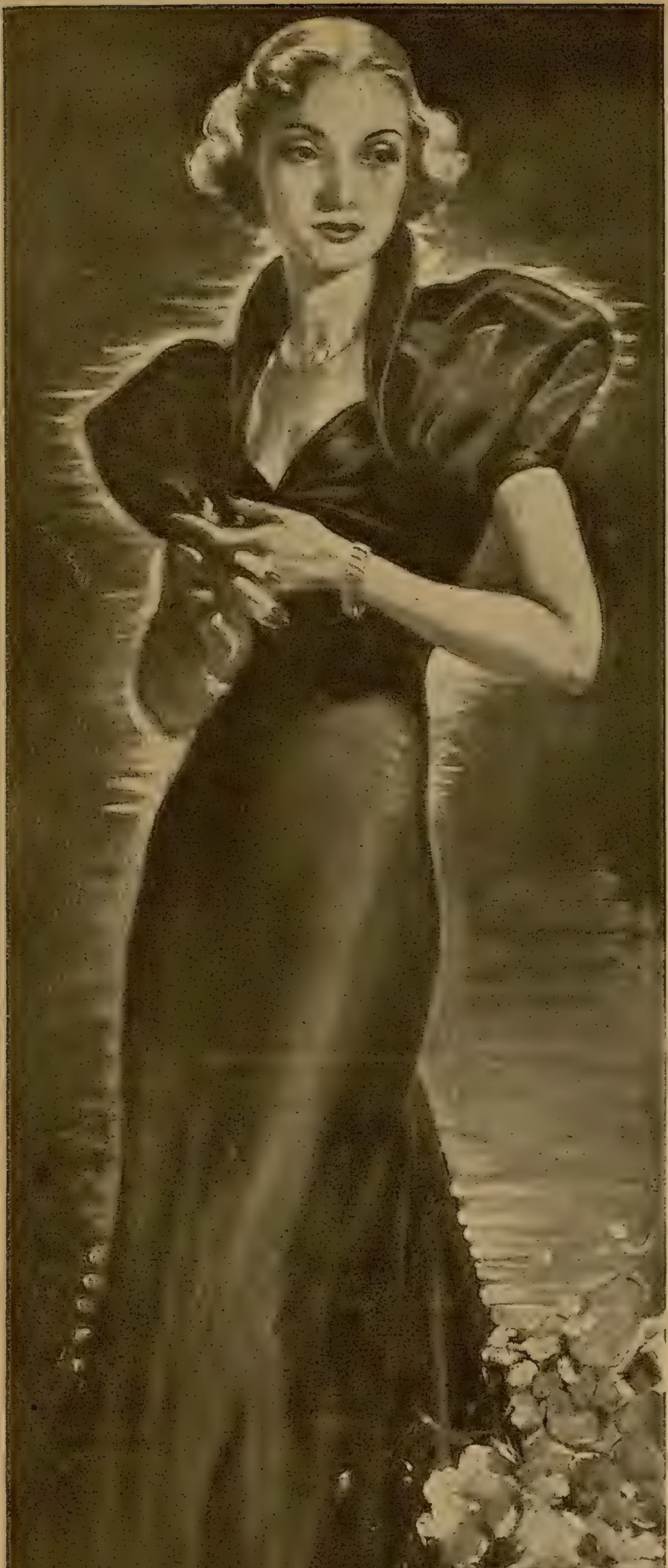

She came down the staircase directly into the living room.

Spring AGAIN!

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IT commenced between bridge hands in Evelyn Burney's scarlet-leather-and-chromium game room of a rainy Saturday afternoon. It purported at first to be no more than a joke.

"Let's marry Jill off to Stephen Howland," Evelyn had proposed. The only reason, even, that it happened to be Jill was because she was the only unmarried one of the four who had been friends at Stuart Hall years ago in their early teens.

The other three laughed at Evelyn's suggestion—though Jill would not have laughed except to conceal her embarrassment. Jill was twenty-eight, nice-looking, healthy, intelligent, popular with her friends, earning a reasonably good salary. An all-round successful young woman. She would not have admitted under torture that she was often secretly uneasy at the thought that perhaps she was never going to be married.

"All the matchmakers in Hoyt Manor and points north have been working on that boy for months. He's the prize catch of Westchester County," Norma Kane said.

"And is he gun-shy!" Mary Dobbins added with gusto. "Bill says that some of the men were razzing him down in the locker room at the club the other day about never taking the same girl out twice running. Steve just grinned and said, Oh, sure; he found it safer to play the field. And if I had been once caught the way he was, I'd be blame careful, too, not to stick my head in the noose again."

"You mean he's been married?" Jill asked, pointedly casual.

"If you can call it that," Norma answered. "He came into quite a little money a couple of years ago, and a blonde menace who knew about it got him to the altar practically under an anesthetic. And did she take him for a ride! She only lived with him a month, and then ran off, got a divorce, and promptly married some man she'd been crazy about all along. I understand the two of them are living somewhere now very comfortably on part of Grandpa Howland's money."

"Yes, Stephen made a big settlement on her, though he didn't legally have to," said Evelyn. "He was very chivalrous about it."

"Or very glad to get out at any price," said Norma.

"And very determined not to get caught again," Mary added.

Jill dealt the cards but nobody picked up her hand.

"Some girl's going to marry him, all the same," Evelyn insisted. "As easy as that!" She snapped a soft white coral-tipped thumb and finger.

Jill interrupted, "Did you give us our honors on that last hand?"

She spoke quickly and her voice sounded shallow and self-conscious in her own ears. She was thinking starkly, I'm twenty-eight years old. I don't care about love, but

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A Sparkling Story of Two Young Moderns Who Tried a Romance Without Love

by FANNIE KILBOURNE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

I don't want to be an old maid, an "extra woman." I want a home of my own. I want a husband.

The others went on discussing Stephen Howland.

"He's really terribly nice," Evelyn assured Jill. "It sounds conceited, his thinking the women are all after him. But that isn't conceit—it's the simple truth. They all are."

"And are most of them dumb about it!" Mary Dobbins's hearty laugh boomed out. "Remember that cute little widow, friend of Beth Keller? Everybody knows she's crazy to get married again. The second time she met Steve she invited him to dinner—thick tenderloin steak, broiled with her own lily hands. Afterward she got out her knitting. There was an open fire and a big man-size easy chair for Steve and a jar of his pet brand of pipe tobacco waiting on the mantel." Mary's amused whistle was as ribald as a small boy's. "Was it obvious! And did it scare the pants off him! I'll bet he's running yet."

Jill laughed lightly.

"And you're talking about capturing this fleet elusive creature for me! Don't you think you're overestimating your powers—and mine?"

Evelyn shook her head.

"If a woman really loves a man," she said, "you can't overestimate her power."

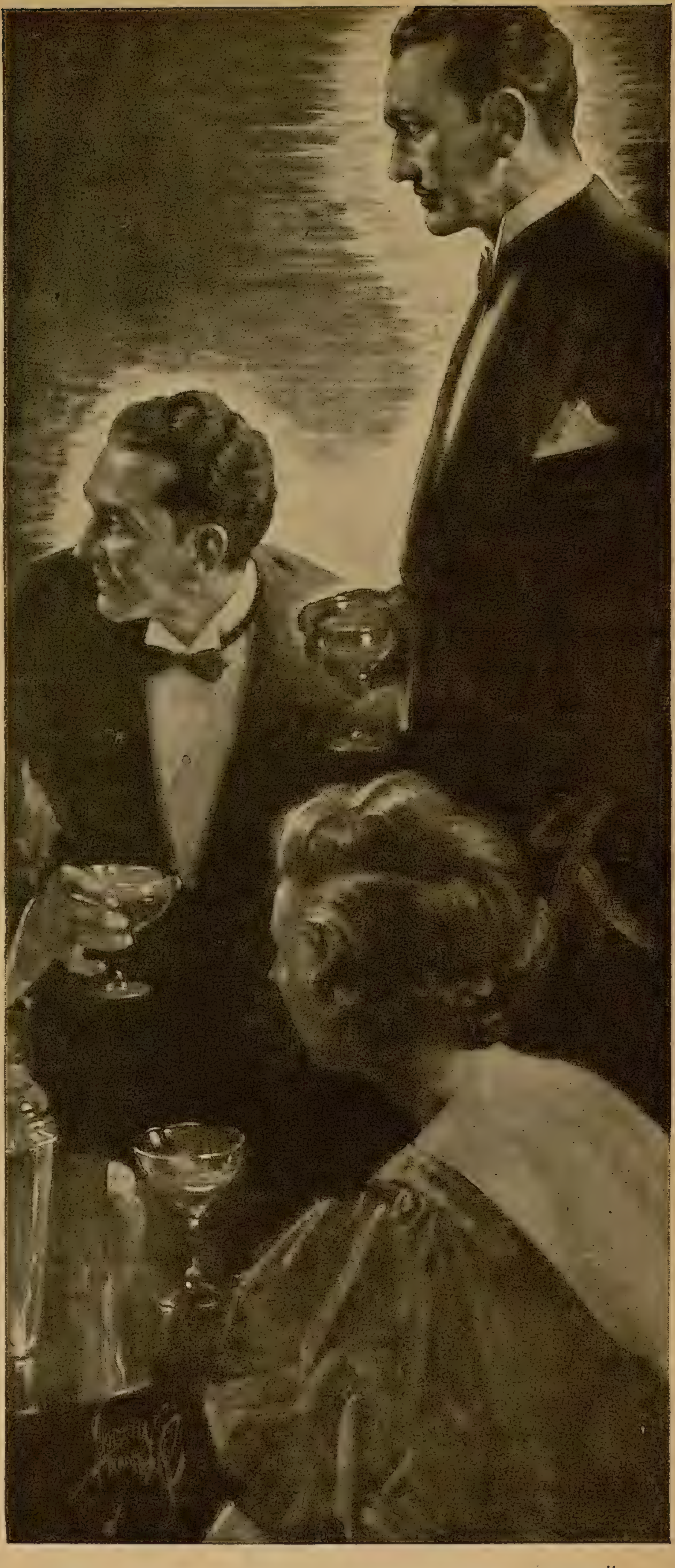
"But you forget," Jill objected, "that, never having laid eyes on this particular man, I'm scarcely ready to love him truly—or to know that I'd want to marry him."

What a liar you are, Jill! the ruthless silent voice within her mocked uncompromisingly. You know you'd like to marry almost any decent eligible man who wanted to marry you!

"Well, I know," said Norma, her eyes narrowed in thoughtful mischievous speculation, "exactly how I'd go about it if I were single again and wanted to land Stephen Howland."

"Oh, yeah?" said Mary skeptically.

"It would work, too," Norma declared. "I'll show you. Lend me Jill for tonight, will you, Eve? I know she's week-ending with you, but let me have her just for overnight. Stephen's playing golf with Lew this afternoon. Lew will undoubtedly bring him home for dinner. Come on, Jill; be a sweet thing—let me experiment with you."



The two men rose. "Hello, Jill darling, this is a real treat!"

"All right," Jill agreed, her manner the lightest of the three. "I'll be the guinea pig. What must I do?"

"Nothing," said Norma mysteriously. "I'll do it."

"Well, all I've got to say," said Mary, laughing cheerfully as she put on her flat mannish hat, drew on her heavy pigskin gloves, "if you do it, you're good! Steve's like a fox that's had to gnaw off his own foot to get out of one trap. The next trap's got to be blame well camouflaged."

The golfers arrived while Jill was dressing for dinner in the Kane guest room; she heard men's voices, the hiss of the neighboring shower bath.

Norma and the two men were already having cocktails as she came down the staircase that led directly into the living room. The two men rose quickly.

"Hello, Jill old darling, this is a real treat!" Lewis Kane had a pattern for everything he did, and this was the pattern of cordial hospitality for one of his wife's old friends.

The interest of the stranger who rose from the deep davenport was less obvious but more real. He was tall and slim, pleasantly brown, with deep-set bright dark eyes. As he acknowledged Norma's introduction his glance was arrowlike, curious.

After dinner there was contract again, Lewis Kane and Jill playing against Stephen Howland and Norma.

Once, while she was dummy, Jill let her eyes wander from the play to the fire that burned cheerfully beside her under the white mantel with its pots of trailing ivy, and let the sense of uneasiness, of faint desolation that so often shadowed her week ends in Hoyt Manor, sweep up and over her. It was the same whether she was visiting Norma, suave and smart in her little Dutch Colonial, or Eve, still shamelessly in love with her big husband in the big expensive house that he had given her, or Mary in her shabby rented place that was always rackety with setter pups and boy babies.

In New York, with her good job, her tiny apartment, Jill could believe her own life fairly satisfactory, could feel that her tiny apartment was her home, be glad she had so many friends. Twenty-eight, too, in New York still seemed very young. In Hoyt Manor, though, it was different.

As Stephen Howland was leaving a couple of hours later, he spoke to her directly:

"You're not planning on going back to New York late tomorrow afternoon by any lucky chance, are you? I've got to drive in and I'd be glad to give you a hitch."

"Why, yes, I have got to get in early Sunday night," said Jill, who had been definitely planning on the eight eight Monday morning.

"Swell!" said Howland. "You're at the Burneys', aren't you? What time shall I pick you up?"

Over the men's shoulders Jill caught Norma's eyes. Her hostess gave her the faintest suggestion of a wink.

DRIVING into town next afternoon, Jill knew Norma's mysterious technique had been successful. Stephen Howland's interest in her was unmistakable.

"What time do you have to get in?" he asked suddenly. "I know a specially pretty way to go, but it's a little longer."

Jill hesitated.

"I might steal an extra half-hour," she said—and, to her disgust, felt herself blushing.

Stephen swung the cabriolet off the Parkway to a woody less used road, glancing down at her with a quizzical recognition of her heightened color.

"Didn't Norma reassure you?" he asked.

"Reassure me?" Jill asked, puzzled. "About what?"

"About me. About my utter innocuousness. Didn't she tell you how safe I am? She said she was going to."

"No," said Jill. "She didn't." And then, curiously, "I know Norma told you something about me, though. Do tell me what she told you."

"Practically everything," Stephen answered. "Norma's shameless. You've known her longer than I have—I'm surprised you don't know better than to trust her with your secrets of the heart."

"But I haven't any secrets of the heart," said Jill lightly.

"That," said Stephen, "is just what Norma told me."

"The low wretch! To give me away like that! She might have presented me in some rosier light—you know, as a *femme fatale*, the face that launched a thousand ships and all that line."

"Oh, she did," said Stephen quickly. "She told me about that, too. I know all about you. Even why you've got to get back to New York early this evening."

"Do tell me why I have to do that," Jill urged.

Stephen smiled at her out of the corners of his bright deep-set eyes.

"I hope," he said, "that you're hurrying back to New York in order to have dinner with me."

"Really?" Jill laughed. "And what about your date?"

"Got out of it by phone last night," said Stephen. "Five minutes after you agreed to drive in with me."

"And what about mine?"

"Can't you get out of yours, too?" Stephen urged. "After all, you know, there doesn't seem to be much point in running away from a man over a week end, only to come running back to him of a Sunday night."

There was a tiny pause while Jill took this in.

Then she said, "All right; I'd love to have dinner with you tonight—if you'll just stop somewhere that I can telephone." This bit of pretense she felt she owed to Norma's effective fiction.

OVER their merry comradely meal, Jill learned more about this effective fiction which had been woven about her. There was apparently some man whom she did not care for who was pursuing her relentlessly, whom she was temporarily escaping over this week end. Then there were vague others, more or less ardent, all dead set on coercing, luring, arguing her into matrimony.

"I take it," Jill chanced, smiling up at him, "that Norma must have told you I hadn't much use for marriage as an institution."

"Oh, no, not that," Stephen denied, suddenly serious. "She didn't paint you as any hard-boiled cynic going around trying to spoil other people's pleasure in something just because you don't want it for yourself."

"I see. But she did tell you I didn't want to get married myself?"

Stephen nodded.

"And I thought she was going to reassure you about me," he said. "Convince you that I'm not the marrying kind, either. So that if you happened to like the idea, you'd feel free to play around with me—purely platonic, you know—without being afraid I'd turn into just another suitor camping on your doorstep with a wedding ring in one hand and a suburban bungalow in the other."

Jill laughed.

"Good heavens, I hope Norma didn't give you any idea that I consider myself so irresistible!"

He sent her a flashing sidelong glance.

"Nobody needed to tell me you were irresistible," he said. "I can see that for myself."

Jill's laughing glance met his.

"And I can tell for myself," she said, "that I'm going to like it a lot, playing around with you."

"How about starting tomorrow night?" Stephen suggested promptly. "There's a mystery play that opened last week; it's had good reviews. Suppose we try it out?" And then quickly, "What are you smiling at like that?"

Jill quickly straightened her lips.

But the smile kept coming back, irrepressibly, again and again. For Jill kept hearing Mary's blunt funny voice. "The next trap's got to be blame well camouflaged," Mary had said.

Well, it was well camouflaged. In the weeks that followed Jill saw to that.

Stephen believed that she was as averse to marriage as he himself, and that quite as many people were subtly conspiring to make her change her mind.

So, naturally, he wasn't afraid of her. They were secret allies, his every action implied, against the common peril of matrimony. With the fear of this peril so adroitly removed, Stephen's Don Juan pose collapsed inside of a month into shameless abandoned faithfulness.

Sundays progressed rapidly from the first formal "Wouldn't you like to drive out somewhere in the country for dinner?" to a casual "O. K. for Sunday?" Before long, their spending that day together began to be so taken for granted that sometimes it wasn't even mentioned. Steve would simply arrive at the regular hour, to find Jill waiting in her dark-green sports suit with its bright rust scarf and the beret with the Robin Hood feather.

Occasionally, of a rainy evening, they would cook their own dinner in Jill's tiny kitchenette. No menacing signs of domesticity, those evenings. She saw to that. No knitting, no jar of pipe tobacco waiting. Nothing waiting at all, in fact. Steve would stop for Jill at her office and together they would pick up the raw materials for dinner. Usually a steak, a huge bunch of asparagus, and strawberries. And cheese! Steve would go pleasantly mad in a delicatessen buying Camembert and Gruyère.

Jill rather featured a lack of housewifely knowledge, meekly turning the steak over to Stephen at his cheerful "Hey, nitwit, let me broil that! You're taking all the pep out of it." They might have been a couple of college boys on a fishing trip.

THEY were in her little sitting room after one of their jolly dinners, a chill winter rain dripping down outside the black windows, a cozy fire snapping in the grate. Stephen, filling his pipe, suddenly seemed very dear and familiar to Jill. On a momentary impulse of trusting, understanding friendship, she asked Stephen about his own marriage.

The effect was startling, almost frightening. She saw his hand holding his pipe go tense in a steely grip, the knuckles whitening.

"Sorry, Jill," he said in the cold tone one keeps for distasteful strangers. "I'd rather not talk about it."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Jill was quickly repentant. "I shouldn't have asked you—it's none of my business, I know. I'm awfully sorry."

"It was only natural for you to ask," Stephen said, still coldly. "It's simply that there's nothing to talk about. I made a damn fool of myself and I paid for it. That's that. It's over and done with."

"But it isn't!" Jill longed to cry out. "It isn't over and done with if it can still make you look like this!" There were harsh lines in his face.

"You don't—" Jill commenced, unconsciously stretching out a friendly hand toward him. But neither Stephen's hand nor eyes met hers. He looked straight past her as though he were alone in the room.

"God," he said, "how I hate women!"

Jill shrank away as though he had struck her.

"Oh, don't, Stephen!" she cried out. "Don't look like that! You seem like some one I don't know at all—you frighten me!"

For a moment she thought Stephen

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-AND HERE'S A RATHER TRICKY JAPANESE PIPE, ALSO OF SILVER, BUT TRIMMED WITH IVORY AND JADE —
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had not heard her. He continued to look right through her. Then, by an act of obvious will, he pulled himself back to the self she knew.

"I'm sorry, Jill," he said quickly, in his own friendly voice once more. "I'd no business letting go like that. I'm awfully sorry! To take it out on you, of all people! I apologize, Jill, humbly."

"Oh, that's all right," she answered, instantly generous.

"No, it's not all right," Stephen denied. "I'm sore as hell at myself. Can you forgive me?"

"Of course. There's nothing to forgive. It's all right, Steve."

But it wasn't quite all right. Jill still felt queer little shivers inside, as though the room that a half-hour ago had been so warm with firelight and comradeship were cold—as though some chill of bitterness and hate still lingered.

"You don't hate me, do you, Steve?" she asked timidly.

"Of course I don't." He paused a moment, thoughtfully. "It's funny, Jill, but I guess it's just because I do like and trust you so much that I cracked up like that. I can be honest with you. I never think of you as a woman at all. You're sweet and square. You—you're the best friend a man ever had!"

In the warm rush of relief and liking that swept over Jill, she could scarcely recall having felt afraid. She stretched out her friendly hand again, and this time Stephen took it, held it firmly, looked at her for several moments — then suddenly spoke:

"Let's get married, Jill."

And—as she stared in amazement—

"I know this sounds funny for me to be sugggesting," he said eagerly, "but it isn't any sudden notion. I've been thinking a lot about it the last couple of weeks or so. You know, it isn't really marriage that either of us hates. Marriage in itself is all right. Damn convenient, as a matter of fact. If we were married, we could take little trips together when we felt like it. We could have a nice apartment—it's rather lonesome business, living alone. I've money enough for both of us, but you could keep right on with your job if you wanted to—or not, just as you liked. It—you know, really, Jill, it would be a swell arrangement."

Jill couldn't seem to answer. She was as surprised as though this suggestion weren't the very thing she had been secretly hoping for, secretly trying to bring about.

"Looking at it sensibly, Jill," the man went on, "it isn't as though either of us were romantic about anybody else. Washing romance right out—that's just what makes our being married possible. Marriage—if you don't have to get all boiled up emotionally—can be all right. I wouldn't ask anything of you at all. It wouldn't be the sort of marriage we hate. Just a—" He hesitated.

"Just a swell arrangement," she supplied.

Stephen nodded.

"Don't let the foul exhibition I made of myself tonight scare you off," he urged. "I promise you I'll never do it again. You can trust me."

"Oh, I do trust you, Steve. And I like you a lot, too."

"Then why not do it?" He was frankly eager.

"Well—all right," Jill agreed dubiously, still with that inexplicable half-feeling of reluctance. Then, quickly sensing the ungraciousness of her acceptance, "I'd love to. It would be a—a swell arrangement for me, too."

"Grand!" Stephen said enthusiastically. There was an awkward little pause. "I'll always be just as decent to you as I know how to be," he promised. "In every way."

"And I will be to you, Steve," Jill promised.

They might almost have shaken hands on it. It was more like the signing of a contract than a covenant of marriage.

They decided to wait till June to be married. Stephen would have a month's vacation then and they could have a trip through the Canadian Rockies. They would find an apartment first, have it ready to come back to. Jill felt her queer sense of reluctance evaporating as they planned.

When Stephen left that evening, he kissed her good night. An unromantic kiss, brief, friendly. Such as an affectionate brother might give. It was like setting a seal on the secret terms of their engagement.

There was a heavenly relief and pleasure in being engaged. Every day Jill savored some new delicious flavor to it. She was going to be married, too, like Evelyn and Norma and Mary. She wasn't going to be an "extra woman."

But there was so much more to it than that. Easy economic security, a home of her own, with a congenial companion to share it—to have this in the future, giving solidity, promise of permanency to the present! And such a present, with Stephen in it every day now, in delicious taken-for-granted intimacy! Waiting for her at the office at closing time, dragging her after him up a rocky country bank of a Saturday afternoon, teaching her to swing a golf club, introducing her to his friends. Jill knew that she ought to feel gratefully successful, supremely happy.

She was grateful and she was happy. But through the happiness, like a scratchy invisible thread in the fabric, was a wholly unexpected fear. There was a very real reason back of the fear, the possibility that she might fall in love with Stephen.

If it should happen, Jill knew, it could ruin everything—all the pleasant comradely ease, the promised permanency of their "swell arrangement." Falling in love would be an outrage of their only half-spoken bargain. Stephen had made his own position pitilessly clear that evening before Jill's fire.

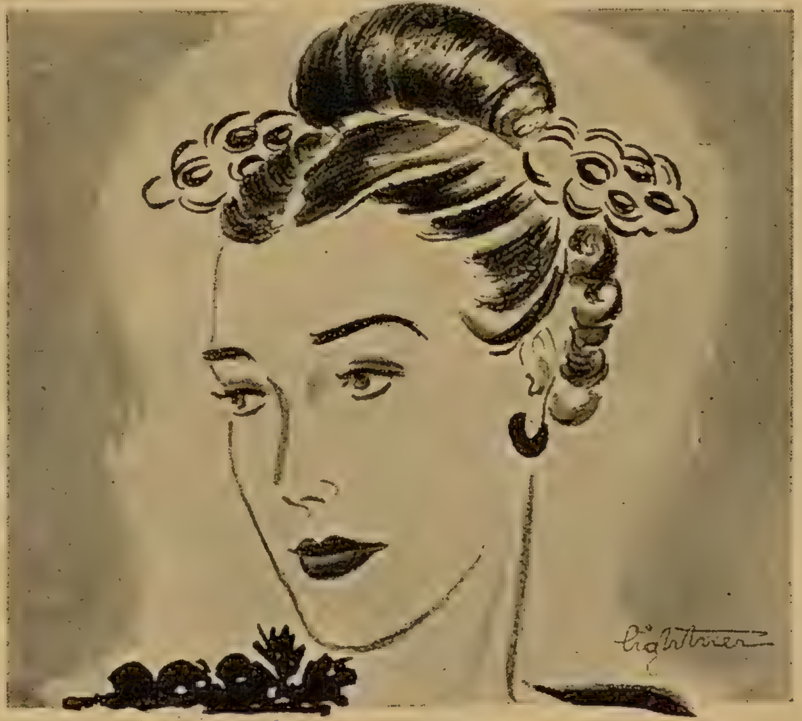
Theirs was not like other betrothals. It was not a recognition of love; not even an invitation to it. It was an arrangement, in fact, designed to protect the arrangers from love. To provide them with a satisfactory substitute. To guarantee them against loneliness or cheap varietism, to assure them a mutual home, convenient companionship, a pleasant social position. To make love, with all its perils, completely unnecessary. It had seemed a wholly desirable compromise before the cozy fire.

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Geishas, it is rumored, know more about sex appeal than any of Eve's other daughters. Probably that's why smart Parisiennes—who aren't so dumb, either—have borrowed the geisha evening coiffure with its twin pins of carved jade, coral, gold, or silver flowers, and her tiny rigid fan of painted silk or of filigreed silver leather. Some are wearing whole flocks of lacquered natural butterflies or fireflies in their hair.

Sashes are tied like obis or in a huge flower puff over one hip, with Occidental flowered faille dresses draped to suggest but not imitate the kimono silhouette.

—DORAMILLER.



But between that cold winter evening and the date set for the signing of their contract came spring. Spring, that through the week meant city streets gay with smart new hats, restaurant window boxes bright with tulips; that over the week ends went from the rich earthy smell of freshly plowed fields to dogtooth violets to wild-cherry trees in sweet white bloom.

It is to the flesh and spirit that spring whispers with so subtle a seduction. Jill's shoulders grew mysteriously light, her feet wanted to dance when she knew she ought to walk sedately. Her eyes would smile back at her from the mirror like luminous gray stars. Even her hair wouldn't stay in its trim professional wave—curled up in a crest of irrepressible black ringlets.

Jill knew that she simply must put a stop to all this—that it was as perilous as it was delightful. Stephen, she knew, was liking her with an ever-growing trust and affection. He thought of her as his dearest friend, a sweet square sexless friend. And with spring warm and lovely, inside herself as well as out, Jill couldn't—to save her contract—keep Steve from sensing every now and then that she was a woman.

DANCING, her hair brushing his cheek, she would feel his arm tighten around her possessively for a few moments, then suddenly stiffen away. For an hour afterward he would talk to her stiffly, as to a stranger whom he more than half distrusted. Oftener and oftener, when he would kiss her good night, he would hold her close, his arms trembling, his lips pressed hungrily against hers. But always he would thrust her away from him with a harsh abruptness.

Jill would cry herself to sleep those nights—would make desperate, vain resolves to guard against them in the future. Oh, she must!

As against the sharp moments of torment, though, there were long hours of happy sunny comradeship. It was one of these sunny days, a Saturday afternoon in May, that they turned the car off the Post Road with its hot-dog stands, its lines of gleaming cars; chose a dirt road and followed it farther and farther into the real country. The road grew narrower. On both sides of it were apple orchards in bloom.

Jill was driving, as she occasionally did, humming softly under her breath, liking the feel of Stephen's rough tweed shoulder against hers. He was studying a road map—they had been discussing where to go for dinner. He bent closer to point out a route on the map, his hand touching hers on the steering wheel.

Feeling, brighter than the sunshine, lighter, sweeter than the spring air, swept over Jill. She turned to Stephen, her lips parted, her eyes ashine with it. She wanted to feel his arms close around her, his lips pressed against hers. Wanted it with an intensity she had never known in

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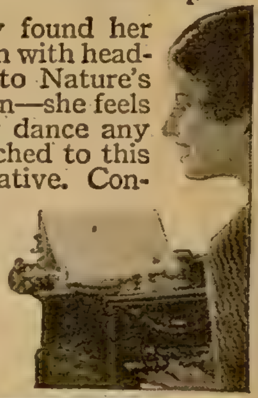

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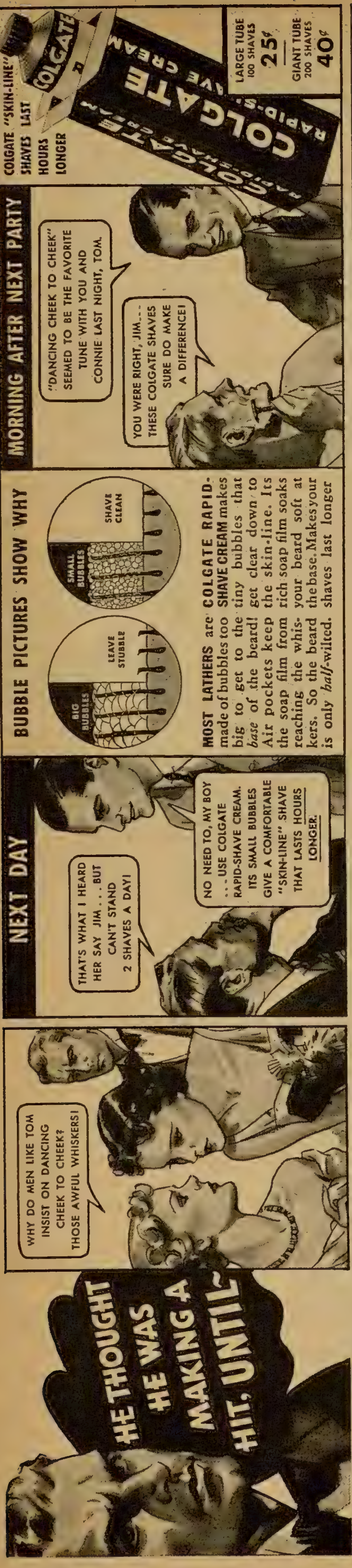
HE THOUGHT HE WAS MAKING A HIT, UNTIL-
WHY DO MEN LIKE TOM INSIST ON DANCING CHEEK TO CHEEK? THOSE AWFUL WHISKERS!
NEXT DAY
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her life before. For the instant, everything went down before the sweep of desire. She felt Stephen's hand against hers trembling.

Then she looked into his eyes. The feeling within her stopped with a shattering suddenness. The eagerness was in Stephen's eyes too, but it was a driven rebellious eagerness, battling already with bitterness and self-disgust.

Jill drew her hand sharply away from his, moved her shoulder, set her eyes on the road ahead, pressed her foot hard on the gas pedal. There were a few moments of uncomfortable silence. Stephen returned to his study of the road map. Jill drove on, frightened at the precipice she had so narrowly escaped. There was no sense of relief in the escape—she knew that it was only temporary. She drove on, feeling the devastating end of everything already upon her.

SHE was unconscious of the pressure of her foot on the pedal; her eyes, looking dully ahead, really saw nothing. The car, unheeded, gathered speed. There was a sharp unexpected curve of the narrow uneven road.

"Jill! Look out!"

She came to attention sharply. Stephen's quick hand gripped the wheel. He grabbed the emergency brake. But it was too late. The car swerved across the road; two wheels went over the edge of the deep ditch beside it. There was a sickening moment of tottering suspense. Then a blank.

Jill opened her eyes. She was on the floor of the car, pressed down against the lower door. The seat was almost perpendicular. She blinked in bewilderment, then realized that the car had turned over on its side. She couldn't move—she was held helplessly fast. The steering wheel was right above her head; she was pinned under by the rod.

"Jill dearest, darling—are you hurt?"

Through the wheel she saw Stephen's face, white, with great beads of sweat standing out on his forehead.

"I—I don't think so." She stirred tentatively. "I guess—I must have checked out for a minute, though. I can't get up."

"You're caught there. But are you all right? You're not hurt—anywhere?" Jill shook her head. "Don't be frightened, sweetheart. The engine's shut off; there's nothing to be afraid of. I'll get you out. I'll have you out in a minute."

He unlatched the door that was almost straight above them, kicked it open, and braced a foot against it. Slid an arm, gentle but strong as steel, under Jill's shoulders. She felt no pain when she tried to move, but she was dizzy; the car seemed to be whirling and lurching. She shut her eyes tight, clung to Stephen as to all the steady strength in the world. She did not look—just felt herself being drawn under the wheel, lifted up and out to firm earth and safety.

Shakily, still clinging tight to Stephen, she crossed the road, sat down weakly on the warm grass. He made a cushion of his coat, thrust it behind her as she leaned against the trunk of an apple tree.

"You're sure—dead sure—you're all right?"

Jill nodded, smiling tremulously.

"I thought for a ghastly minute you'd been killed," Stephen said. His face was still white.

"I might have killed us both," Jill said, shivering. "I can't imagine how I could have done such a dumb thing!"

Stephen didn't answer, his eyes still watching her tensely.

Jill clasped her hands above her head, leaned back against the tree trunk. Everything was warm—the sun above, the soft green grass beneath. And very quiet; she could hear the faint buzzing of a faraway bee. Her shivering slowly stopped. She leaned limply against the old apple tree, feeling strangely peaceful.

She looked across the road at the car. She and Stephen might have been lying beneath it now, cold and blind to the sunshine. They might never have had another spring!

And suddenly Jill knew. It wasn't merely peace that she was feeling. It was life. Life itself was stirring within them, drawing them together. And they had been trying vainly to deny it, to protect themselves from it. Why, it was like inviting death! No wonder they had suffered.

"Oh, Stephen!" Jill could have laughed aloud in sheer joyous relief. She fairly held out her arms to the feeling she had fought so vainly. "Oh, Stephen, I love you!"

I love you. In the weeks of their engagement neither had ever said that to the other before. At the words, Stephen's face, which had been slowly relaxing in relief, grew instantly tense again. He looked away.

"I'm awfully fond of you, too," he said stiffly.

Yesterday, even an hour ago, Jill would have stiffened too, hurt by the rebuff.

"I'M awfully fond of you, too," she said simply. "And I like you. But that isn't what I mean. I love you, Steve darling."

He looked at her out of a mask, gray and haggard. And now Jill understood. It wasn't hate that looked at her out of Stephen's tortured eyes. It was fear. Bitter, defensive, angry even. But, at the bottom, fear.

"Oh, Steve—Steve darling—there's nothing to look that way about! It's all right, dearest. I don't mind—I'm glad I love you. It's—it's the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me."

Then, as he didn't speak:

"It's all right, dear. It needn't ever bother you. We won't get married. You can just forget all about me. You needn't feel guilty about anything. I'm glad!"

"But I want to marry you!" Stephen cried. "Don't you want to marry me?"

Slowly Jill shook her head.

"Not unless you love me, Steve," she said. "It wouldn't be any good."

It didn't even take courage to say it. Only honesty. So far had Jill come from the girl who had wanted a home and a husband on any terms at all.

"Give you up! Not even see you any more?" Stephen demanded, his voice harsh with incredulous protest.

Jill did not answer—only looked at him, her heart in her eyes.

"But I do love you!" Stephen cried in panic. "God, I don't want to! But I do."

"Oh, Steve darling, don't be afraid. I'll never hurt you." Then suddenly she stopped. "No, that isn't true. I wish it were, but it isn't. I'll hurt you lots of times. And you'll hurt me. But—oh, Steve darling, it's worth being hurt for, for both of us. Being hurt over and over and over—and yet keeping right on trying."

"I do love you, Jill." The words came first hoarsely, in difficult surrender, then in a rush. "And I'm glad! I want to love you. It's what I've been looking for always. It's true—it's worth being hurt for. And keep right on trying— Oh, Jill sweetheart, let's never stop trying. I'll love you forever—"

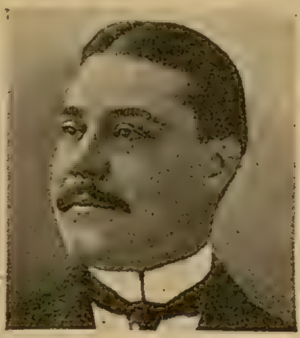
His arms were around her, claiming love on the only terms love can ever be had. Wholeheartedly, at whatever cost of courage, at whatever casting out of past betrayals. And Jill knew that she had helped, somehow, in the working of a springtime miracle. Oh, Evelyn had been wiser than she knew, in her half-joking, romantic words that autumn day that seemed so long ago. Wise as her namesake, Eve.

"If a woman really loves a man," Eve had said, "you can't overestimate her power."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—The early photo at the right is of a bachelor, an immaculate dresser, and a gentleman who learned the difference between dark and light from his father. He served in Congress and put over the first big baseball purchase. Who is he?

2—Are sugar beets red?

3—What word is used most often in telephone conversations?

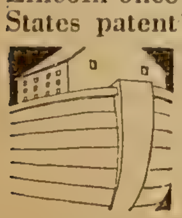
4—How many legitimate theaters are there in the City of London?

5—A czar still rules which European country?

6—What was the first hotel in the United States to allow guests to sleep alone?

7—In winter an ermine is all white except for what?

8—For what was Abraham Lincoln once granted a United States patent?



9—How many decks were in Noah's ark?

10—Which fruit is a source for vitamins A, B, C, and G?

11—In 1929 the average farm wage per month was $49.08 (excluding board); about how much did a farm hand receive in 1934?

12—What is an Afrikander?

13—Where was the largest tuna ever caught with rod and line?

14—In how many states are automobile driving licenses required?

15—What is a Nestor?

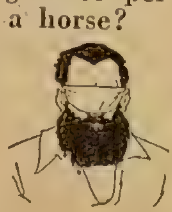
16—Leading philatelic catalogues list about 100,000 of what?

17—Has a man ever outrun a horse in a race?

18—Who is Arthur E. Morgan?

19—Where was a hit-run driver recently sentenced to death for injuring three persons and killing a horse?

20—Who was the founder of the Christian Science movement?



(Answers will be found on page 30)

See to the good health of your SCALP
The future of your hair depends upon it

Both the hair and the scalp suffer from the abnormal environment in which we live. The effects of too little exercise, too much or too little sunshine are manifested in dryness, dandruff, thin and falling hair. It should not be greasy, but the hair does need enough oil to retain its gloss and pliability, to combat these modern scalp ailments. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic accomplishes this for you; it is a pure natural oil which cleans the scalp, corrects dryness, loosens dandruff, and is the proper emollient for massage. Its regular use will keep the scalp in a healthy condition, the hair lustrous, abundant, and good looking. Full directions come with every bottle. Buy one today!

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Some hair don'ts

- Avoid chilling the scalp with cold showers. It may cause hair loss
- Don't unnecessarily expose the hair to strong sun rays. It may cause dryness and fading
- Don't scratch your head unnecessarily. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic will relieve the itch
- Don't wet the hair to dress it. Use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic for daily grooming, and the hair will always be lustrous and in place.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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Secrets of New York's

The Strange Case of the Pickled Hand . . .

A True Crime Story Complete in This Issue

by A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

READING TIME
26 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Ruth Wheeler, who applied for a job — and didn't come home.

Left: The widowed mother whom Ruth's disappearance left frantically anxious.

IT'S the women in my business that get me down. Don't misunderstand me. I don't mean what you mean. I'm thinking of the tragic ones, like Ruth Wheeler.

I can see Ruth now, only fifteen and as frail as she was fair, her face bright with the prospect of her first job, as she held tightly to the lying postal card that her teacher had handed her, and climbed flight after flight of those dark, cluttered, stinking stairs.

I can see that fiend of a degenerate, his gray-green eyes burning fiercely under his shock of yellow hair, his nervous spatulate fingers opening and closing as he crouched behind that half-opened door.

I can see Frank Moss, that grizzled stalwart of the D. A.'s office, rising dramatically in Judge Foster's courtroom, and slowly drawing from its glassy grave the pickled hand of—

But I am getting ahead of my story. The first thing us boys at Headquarters knew of Ruth Wheeler's disappearance was when a man who said he was Sherman T. Estey, principal of the Merchants' and Bankers' Business College at the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, New York City, called up to say that one of his pupils, whom he had sent to 224 East Seventy-fifth Street in response to a postal inquiry for a stenographer in a real-estate office, had not reported either to him or to her family.

The postal card was signed "A. W. Wolter."

Estey said he knew Wolter only as a man who had written him similar postals several times before. He had sent other girls in response to these earlier requests, but none of them had found Wolter in.

The Wheeler child, Estey said, had left his place about nine thirty in the morning. It was now past nine thirty in the evening of March 24, Thursday of Holy Week, 1910. We lost no time in phoning the Seventy-fifth Street address to Captain Ed Hughes at the East Sixty-seventh Street station.

"Go over to 224 East Seventy-fifth," said Hughes to Patrolman Albert Hebrank, "and give it a see. And, Al, you'd better pick up a couple of the boys to go with you."

For East Seventy-fifth Street, so fashionable now, was in those days little better than a slum. If fifteen-year-old Ruth Wheeler had known more about it, she would never have climbed those stairs! But there was no reason why Ruth should have known anything about it. She lived with her widowed mother and two older sisters way over on the upper West Side of the city in a small apartment at 313 West 134th Street, and had seldom left her own neighborhood.

Her two sisters—Pearl, twenty-four, and Adelaide, eighteen—had also attended Mr. Estey's school, and had obtained excellent positions. They had been able to lift many of the burdens from the shoulders of their devoted mother, a dressmaker.

And now Ruthie, the baby, was ready to do her share.

She had known that morning that she was almost at the top of Mr. Estey's list. She was sure she would land a job before sundown. Her mother recalled how eager she had been—she could hardly eat her breakfast—and how adorable she had looked as she started off.

At a little after five thirty Adelaide came home and asked for Ruth. By six thirty mother and daughter were beginning to worry. By seven five, when Pearl came in, Mrs. Wheeler was pacing up and down the room. Pearl knew there was reason for worry. Since January 1 fifty-seven young girls had disappeared from their homes in New York City. A few had been found. Most of them had never been traced. But everybody knew what had become of them. White slavery was the great racket of those days.

"You stay here with mother," Pearl Wheeler told her sister, "and I'll find out about Ruth."

It didn't occur to her to call the police. There were night classes at Estey's school. He would be there. Over the telephone in the corner drugstore she got the Seventy-fifth Street address.

"Let me hear from you when you have news," Estey called into the phone.

There was no answer. The determined girl was already running toward the nearest El station. Interminable ride! At last she was in front of the dingy brownstone tenement house at 224 East Seventy-fifth Street. This was no real-estate office!

In the uncertain glimmer of the street lamp she scanned the soiled and scribbled cards above the rusty mailboxes. No "Wolter." She rang the janitor's bell. A stolid German woman, Mary Mohl, answered her ring. Yes, a Mr. Wolter lived on the top floor, back.

As Pearl entered the dark evil-smelling hall, it oc-

Homicide Squad

curred to her that Ruth, too, might have rung the janitor's bell. It was so. Mrs. Mohl, the wife of John Mohl, the lessee of 224 and the neighboring 222, had seen a young girl that morning inquiring for Wolter.

"Did she wear a black-velvet three-cornered hat?"

"*Ja,* an' she haf a postal card in the hand."

Pearl mounted the stairs on the double-quick and beat on Wolter's door. A scantily clad woman admitted her silently and closed the door behind her.

The girl found herself in a bare inner hall. Through an open door she could see a dingy sitting room with an old-fashioned marble fireplace. The whole place was redolent of raw paint.

"I want to see Mr. Wolter."

The woman, obviously German, was young and not bad-looking in her worn way. Still silent, she looked her oung caller over.

"Is Mr. Wolter in?" Pearl persisted.

With a sullen gesture the woman indicated a farther oom which was obviously a bedroom.

Pearl wasn't in the habit of going into men's bedrooms. But perhaps this man was ill. Anyway, she must see him.

A half-naked yellow-haired young man of perhaps eighteen years lay face upward on the bed. He made no pretense of pulling up the covers. Instead, he leered insolently at Pearl. She stopped in her tracks.

"I am here to get my sister, Ruth Wheeler."

"I don't know what you're talking about. Never heard of her!"

The girl was seized with a sudden fury of disbelief.

She *knew* that her sister was in this place. She had an all-pervading sense of the child's physical nearness.

Wolter had an iron cover on the fireplace in his sitting room, shown in the photograph above. Why was the iron cover painted before Pearl Wheeler came in quest of her sister? Right: The old house at 224 East Seventy-fifth Street.

"Ruth! Ruth!" she cried. "Answer me! Answer me!"

Unmindful of the lewd figure on the bed, she searched madly behind furniture, in the closet, under the bed itself. Finally she tried the door into a back room. It was locked. Defiantly she turned to the creature who lay mocking her.

"Unlock that door!"

He laughed aloud.

"I know my little sister is in this place!"

His only answer was to throw off *all* the bedclothes.

Shrieking, the half-crazed girl ran into the outer room, where the German girl stood staring at her. Desperately she tried the outer door. It, too, was locked. The woman came forward as if to open it.

"Leave that door alone, Kätchen!"

The command came from the bedroom. The woman Kätchen drew back. But Pearl was herself now.

"Mrs. Wolter," she said calmly, "you'd better open that door. If you don't I'll bang on it, and the policeman who is waiting downstairs will come up."

There was no policeman downstairs. But the ruse worked. Wolter told the woman to open the door.

"Nobody's going to hurt you," he called after the hurrying girl.

It seemed as if she would never get to her mother and sister. From the drugstore she called up an uncle, George Amos, and a friend, Thomas H. Stone, of 157 East 103d Street. Both came at once. At the family conference which followed it was decided to proceed in a body to the Seventy-fifth Street house and demand a thorough search. On the way, Pearl called up Mr. Estey and authorized him to notify the police.

SO when Al Hebrank accompanied by two other members of the uniformed force, Philip Dunn and Joseph Shaw, approached the house at No. 224, they found the family party already assembled on the steps. It was now ten o'clock in the evening.

John Mohl, the lessee, was on the job now; and it was agreed that he and Patrolman Shaw should unlock the trapdoor which led to the roof of No. 222, and thus gain a view of the fire escape leading out of the Wolter apartment. The four other men mounted the stairs of No. 224 and knocked on Wolter's door. Mrs. Wheeler and the two girls followed close behind.

The door opened slowly to disclose the blond head and not unhandsome face of Albert Wolter. He was fully dressed. He invited the four men to come in. The three women huddled in the inner hall. The atmosphere was still heavy with the sickening odor of new paint.

Phil Dunn did the talking. "Where's Ruth Wheeler?"

In the courtroom. How much did this youth in a gray suit and a high collar know about the murder of Ruth Wheeler?

STRAINED BACK

SPADING HIS GARDEN

But good old Absorbine Jr. Soon brought relief

WHILE turning over the top soil for a spring vegetable garden, Grandpa K* put too much enthusiasm into the task for his elderly years.

Result: a strained and very sore back that probably would have stopped his gardening for the season (and disturbed his sleep for many nights) had "mother" not promptly, vigorously and frequently applied Absorbine Jr.

This marvelous old liniment, Grandpa K reports, stopped the pain so rapidly that, as usual, he got his seed in ahead of the neighbors.

For sore muscles, strained ligaments, aches, bruises, cuts and the like, you simply can't beat soothing and swift-acting Absorbine Jr. And, of course, it's a marvel for killing the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot. Economical, too, because a bit goes so far. Get a bottle today at your druggist's—$1.25. For free sample, fill out and mail coupon below.

**Based on actual letter from our files*

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
330 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

Gentlemen: I should like personally to test Absorbine Jr. Kindly send a free sample to

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________
(Print name and address)

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

"I don't know any Ruth Wheeler."

"You sent a postal card, didn't you, to a Mr. Estey, asking that a young girl stenographer be sent you?"

Wolter denied all knowledge of any such card. He was a bookkeeper but had no job. He had been out all day looking for one, until about three o'clock, when he had come home and painted the fireplace.

It certainly had just been painted. That much of his story was obviously true. At this point Shaw and Mohl returned and reported that they had found nothing suspicious.

Wolter made no objections to a complete search of the premises. Unlocking the door out of the bedroom into the kitchen, he explained that he kept it locked because the kitchen window opened on a fire escape shared by the next apartment. The patrolmen found that it did. They also searched the other apartments in the building and questioned all the tenants.

There was no trace of the missing girl. In fact, there was nothing at all to warrant an arrest. And over the protests of Pearl Wheeler, the officers went back to their duties, and the rest of the party returned to the Wheeler apartment.

While Adelaide and Mr. Amos were trying vainly to console Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. Stone and Pearl started out to give a general alarm. At the Detective Bureaus on East 125th Street and on West Forty-fourth Street they left a full description of the little auburn-haired girl, the clothes she had on, the black handbag she carried, and three bits of jewelry: a string of imitation turquoise beads, a silver lovers'-knot hatpin, and a gold signet ring marked with her initials, "R. A. W."

It was three o'clock Friday morning when Pearl reached her home. Still there was no word of Ruth. Early the next morning Pearl was down at the Sixty-seventh Street station, surer than ever that her sister was in that Seventy-fifth Street house. With her was Adelaide.

John H. Hauser, one of our ablest detectives, happened to be in the station house, and to him they appealed.

HAUSER was sympathetic. "You go up and knock on the door," he said, "and when Wolter answers, you scream. I'll be waiting on the landing. When I come running up, you say he insulted you. Then I'll have something on the guy and can pinch him."

The girls did as they were told. Hauser, with his partner, Michael Hegarty, and another detective, James Devine, waited on the stairs. Getting no answer, the girls knocked again. Still no answer.

While they were waiting Pearl saw a pretty blonde girl peering out of a door across the hall. It wasn't Ruth, but the resemblance to her startled both sisters. The girl, whose name was Katie Gillie, denied all knowledge of the Wolters. She had been out, she said, all of the previous day.

Meanwhile Mohl had opened the Wolters' door with his passkey. There was nobody at home. Devine found some woman's clothes, but they weren't Ruth's. Hauser found in a bureau drawer a rubber stamp reading "A. W. Wolter, Secretary," and beside it a red ink pad, both of which corresponded to the signature on the cards sent Mr. Estey.

Impressed by his findings, Hauser sent the girls home and settled down with his companions to watch the house for the Wolters' return. It was 11:40 A. M. when the watch began. It was after 7 P. M. when the girl known as Kätchen entered the house. Before long she came out again, carrying a newspaper bundle and three umbrellas tied together. She had been crying. Quickly she turned west toward Park Avenue, and up that then rather scrubby thoroughfare to Seventy-ninth Street. Here she crossed to Madison Avenue, and turned north again.

BETWEEN Eightieth and Eighty-first, she passed a young man who answered to Wolter's description. Neither gave any sign of recognition; but both crossed the avenue, and, about a block farther on, started to talk. Finally the detectives saw them enter a rooming house at 122 East 105th Street, and closed in on them.

Again Wolter steadfastly refused to admit that he knew anything of Ruth Wheeler, but he admitted he had written the cards "just for practice." This was enough for Hauser.

"Come on, Wolter. You're going along with us."

The next morning, Saturday, March 26, on the urgent plea of Pearl and Adelaide Wheeler, Magistrate Matthew Breen ordered Wolter held on a charge of abduction.

That same afternoon John Hauser found, in one of two small trunks which Wolter had left behind him, a fresh entry in an old notebook:

Name: Ruth Amost Wheeler.
Nationality: American.
Occupation: Stenographer.
Where Educated? Merchants' and Bankers' School.
Do you live with your parents? Yes.
Wages Offered: $7 a week.

This document in Wolter's own handwriting, Hauser thought, might result in the abduction charge being sustained. But at the very moment when he was triumphantly producing this evidence, John Mohl staggered, breathless, into the Sixty-seventh Street Police Station.

"Come quick!" That was all he could say.

It seems that a Mrs. Frances Ringles lived alone on the top floor of No. 222, and that her close buddy was Mrs. John Taggert, the wife of a waiter, who occupied the top rear apartment which shared the same fire escape with Wolter's. Mrs. Ringles frequently used Mrs. Taggert's kitchen, and when she came in this Saturday afternoon at about two o'clock, she remarked:

"What's all that rubbish doing on your fire escape?"

"Oh, that's something the neighbors at 224 left there Thursday night. I've been intendin' to shove it off into the yard, but I keep forgettin' about it."

Just then Taggert came in, and offered to get rid of the stuff. He noticed that there were two bundles: one small, wrapped in a stained piece of white muslin; the other big, contained in a burlap bag, also stained, and secured by strong wire.

He pitched the packages over the rail. He was surprised by the big one's weight.

Mrs. Ringles said she'd go down and tell Mr. Mohl about the rubbish, and left to do so. But Taggert couldn't get the weight and feel of that big bundle out of his mind, so he went down himself to have another look.

Mohl had opened the small package and taken out its contents: some ashes, pieces of wood, a few hairpins. The outer covering had proved to be a portion of an undershirt, marked with the letter "W."

"I'll help you with the big one," said Taggert, as he whipped out his jackknife and slit through the burlap and an inner layer of newspapers.

Out of the jagged slit protruded a human skull, nose and chin burned away, upper teeth hideously intact.

NOW, by this time the Ruth Wheeler case had assumed city-wide importance. There was a gathering of the high command that Saturday afternoon in the Sixty-seventh Street station. Captain Hughes was there, of course. So was Captain Arthur H. Carey, one of the shrewdest minds in the whole Department. With them were Inspector George F. Titus and Inspector James McCafferty, head of the Detective Bureau.

None of them needed a second invitation from the breathless Mohl to follow him on the run. In the stained burlap bag they discovered the half-burned and wholly blackened torso of a human being.

Coroner Herman W. Holtzhauser, accompanied by Drs. Philip F. O'Hanlon and Timothy Le Hane, followed quickly. They found that the torso had been wrapped first in afternoon papers dated Thursday, March 24—the date of Ruth's disappearance. It was impossible, on a cursory preliminary examination, to say with certainty that this charred mass was her body. However, Mohl was sure that the burlap sack was identical with one that he had recently given Wolter for his kindlings. He also said the heavy wire was like wire Wolter used to hold up the stovepipe of the small heating stove which had, previous to the painting, been connected with the fireplace in the living room.

The coroner rushed upstairs to examine the fireplace and the stoves. The small fireplace was ordinary enough. As so often happens in cheap tenements, the opening had been covered with a metal artificial front which had a round hole in the center to admit a small stovepipe. It was this artificial front which Wolter had painted; and over the hole he had pasted a gaudy lithograph.

McCafferty, Titus, Hughes, Carey, and the two doctors leaned breathlessly forward as Coroner Holtzhauser stripped off this metal front and disclosed a pitiful scrap heap: the black handbag Ruth had carried, only partly burned and altogether recognizable; the silver lovers'-knot hatpin; charred remains of legs and arms; bits of toes and fingers; and the gold signet ring marked "R. A. W."

In the stoves they found half-burned remnants of clothing and scalp fragments to which there still adhered unmarred strands of dark auburn hair.

At the station house Dr. O'Hanlon made his official examination of these ghastly relics and also of the torso of the murdered girl. Embedded in the charred neck, he found three inches of Manila rope, and under the rope a strand of the turquoise-bead necklace. And behind the upper teeth, stuck to the roof of the mouth, were bits of rough toweling.

It was obvious that Ruth had been gagged with a towel, strangled with a rope, and burned while she was still

She needs MUM
MUM

Do you know anybody who deserves *this tag?*

MEN avoid her. Girls refuse to bother with her.

"A careless, untidy person who is unpleasant to be with"—that's the way they think of the girl who carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person.

Too bad. For she misses so many good times—just because she doesn't know that the underarms need *special daily* care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

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Half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Use it any time, before or *after* dressing. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms. And remember that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as *"the girl who needs Mum."* Use it regularly and be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

MUM

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Why Hollywood
FEARS
the second day

IT'S no secret out in Hollywood that more than one famous star has lost her job because of constipation.

Movie directors simply can't stand for lack of pep, dull eyes, pimples, sick headaches caused by constipation.

That's why you should follow Hollywood's example and *not let a second day pass* without coming to nature's aid with a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets are popular in Los Angeles, and everywhere else, because they are dependable, mild and non-habit-forming. And because they gently help Nature restore normal action in the intestines.

Keep a box handy on the bathroom shelf. Three sizes—15¢, 30¢, 60¢. At all druggists.

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OLIVE TABLETS
THE *Beauty* LAXATIVE

"Klutch" holds
FALSE TEETH
Tight—all day

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion, holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with. *You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth.* Why endure loose plates? Klutch ends the trouble. 25c and 50c at druggists'. If your druggist hasn't it, *don't waste* money on substitutes but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

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Stop
Itching
Skin

It's wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. You can feel itching fade away when Zemo touches the tender and irritated skin, because of its rare ingredients. To relieve the itching of Rashes and Ringworm and comfort the irritation of Eczema and Pimples, always use clean, soothing Zemo. All druggists', 35c, 60c and $1.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

alive—for her lungs were filled with smoke. Subsequent examinations showed that she had also been outraged.

The case was now the official property, so to speak, of the Headquarters Homicide Squad. A last duty, however, rested on Captain Hughes: The tragic notification of the child's family.

That night we gave Albert Wolter a good working-over. He didn't tell us anything about Ruth Wheeler, but he did tell us a good deal about himself. Putting this information together with what we learned later from his parents, we had the following:

He had been born out of wedlock in Germany eighteen years before. Shortly after his birth, his father had come to America and married here. Following the death of his American wife, the father sent for his old flame; and when she arrived, with her fifteen-year-old son, he married her.

The elder Wolter was a skilled worker in the employ of a piano manufacturer, and he secured a position for his son with that firm. But young Albert had been wild even in childhood; he soon lost his job, and, after being arrested for stealing money from another piano concern, he left home and went from bad to worse.

In a cheap dance hall he picked up Kätchen Meuller, and started living with her—and *on* her. For a month they both worked for a man named John Bender in Irvington, but Albert didn't like the country or the work, and they returned to New York, where Kätchen got a job in a bakery at six dollars a week. They were existing on this wage at the Seventy-fifth Street house.

Monday morning's line-up at Headquarters produced nothing more. Although Commissioner William F. Baker himself had sent out a general order, not one man in a crowd of several hundred detectives and patrolmen gave the slightest sign of recognition of Albert Wolter.

THE fingerprint boys couldn't make any headway either. There were plenty of Wolter's, of course, in the Seventy-fifth Street flat. But if there had ever been any prints on the body, fire had effaced them. The rough burlap bag gave off nothing. And, anyhow, we had no way of telling Ruth Wheeler's fingerprints, now that she was burned to death.

Bloodstains there were, inside the fireplace and on the back of the painted metal front. Grease stains, too, from the burning of the body. Some of these had evidently eaten through the hot porous metal. That was undoubtedly the reason for the paint—that and the necessity of drowning out the stench of burning flesh. But the stains proved nothing we didn't already know. The body, the *corpus delicti*, was its own best evidence.

It was enough for the grand jury apparently, for Albert Wolter was indicted for the murder of Ruth Wheeler.

Frank Moss, First Assistant District Attorney, was a most painstaking prosecutor. He insisted on having several points cleared up to his satisfaction. In the end, the State's theory of the case, stated briefly, was that Wolter had gagged Ruth and attacked her shortly after her arrival about ten o'clock Thursday morning; that he had become frightened as to what she might say if he let her go, and in his paroxysm of fear had throttled her. He had tried to burn the body, but had failed. Then he had decided to hide the remains until he had a good chance to dispose of them. Finally he had painted the metal front to cover the stains and neutralize the odors.

HIS precautions withstood the first visit of Pearl Wheeler and the later investigation of the three patrolmen. The arrival of the latter, however, had probably frightened him. He knew they would return. It was then that he had decided on the foolish plan of sticking the torso in the sack and shoving it over in front of the Taggerts' window, and on the equally foolish bad attempt at flight.

Yes, this was the theory.

But where was the proof? The evidence was circumstantial—all of it. There was no doubt in any one's mind that Wolter had killed the girl, tried to burn the body, concealed it in some way from the police, and finally left it on the fire escape. But how prove that to the satisfaction of a jury?

Suppose the defense claimed that some one of the other women in the tenement building had been carrying on an affair with young Wolter.

Suppose they claimed this woman had found Ruth Wheeler in Wolter's apartment, and in a jealous rage had killed the girl herself. Suppose they claimed she had hidden the charred torso in her own apartment while the search was going on, and had only dared to put it out on the fire escape when she thought the excitement next door had died down.

To be sure, there wasn't the slightest evidence that this possible defense was based on fact. But you never can tell about a jury.

And if a woman living in the building really were in love with Albert Wolter, she might confess to anything to save him.

The trial began on April 18. Judge Warren W. Foster of the Court of General Sessions presided. The boy's father, Albert Wolter, Senior, had relented toward him sufficiently to retain one of the cleverest criminal attorneys at the New York bar, Wallace D. Scott.

The show drew the usual crowd. Fashionables clogged the musty corridors. And, not to be outdone, the prisoner wore in the buttonhole of his neatly pressed suit a chaste gardenia.

Nevertheless, the trial threatened

to be a drab one. The choosing of the jury and the opening addresses of the lawyers ate up two days. Then, painstakingly, Moss developed the dreary case against Wolter.

He had dug up the clerk in a neighboring five-and-ten who had sold the black paint; and we had poor bedraggled Kätchen Meuller to testify to what she did *not* know about his crime. Then, of course, there were the Mohls, the Taggerts, the Wheelers, Estey, none of whom could contribute anything but circumstantial evidence.

From the jury's standpoint, the other witnesses for the State were still less interesting: patrolmen, detectives, the coroner and his physicians, Professor Larkin. The case was in the doldrums. Several of the twelve good men and true were fighting a losing battle with sleep. Then Frank Moss sprang his surprise:

"George S. Huntington!"

A stocky gray-haired aristocratic man, with handsome regular features, brilliant smiling eyes, and a pointed well trimmed beard, rose from his place among the spectators, and Moss said, "Dr. Huntington, will you take the stand?"

Another expert presumably—and indeed he was, for this was *the* George S. Huntington, professor of anatomy at the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

I knew him by reputation, of course. Who didn't? He was not only the most famous anatomist in the country, but he had earned that recognition by the scientific application of a gift which was, at that time, unique. He worked with fragments of human bodies as an archaeologist works with fragments of stone. Give an archaeologist a splinter of a column and he will erect the column itself, the palace of which it was a part, possibly the city in which it stood. Give Dr. Huntington a piece of a toe or a finger, and he—

Albert Wolter as he looked at the time when he was arrested.

But Moss had qualified his witness. Yes, he had examined the remains of the body found in and near the apartment of Albert Wolter. Particularly he had observed the color and texture of the hair of the victim as shown by the strands adhering to the scalp fragments found in the stove. Holding one of these fragments firmly in his strong capable hand, he described the hair as dark auburn. The jury could see that it was dark auburn.

Had he found any other specimens of hair in the charred remains? He had—in the left hand of the victim. Everybody connected with the case sat bolt upright. The Wheeler girls, Pearl and Adelaide—Mr. and Mrs. Wolter—even us boys from Center Street stared unbelievingly at the witness. No one of us had seen any hand, or heard that there was a hand! Bits of fingers, yes. But no hand. Yet the great doctor was testifying under oath.

"You have produced what you say is the remnant of a hand?"

"Yes, sir. There were some hairs attached to it."

"Were there any marks of fire on the hairs?"

"Marks of fire were visible only on the protruding portions of the hair. The tuft of about a dozen hairs was here where you see this line in my hand."

He clenched his left hand, and, with the right, pointed to the place where his fingers dug into his palm. As the witness turned from the jury, after exhibiting his left hand so all could see, Frank Moss drew from a square wooden box, which had sat unnoticed among the books and papers on the counsel's table, a glass case—and from the glass case the left hand of a young girl, clenched as

"Fade Away—
I feel like a tin can on a stormy sea"
THEN HIS NEXT-MORNING HEADACHE FLEW AWAY—
I'M NOTHING BUT A GHOST. HEAD'S WHIRLING 'ROUND AND A HURRICANE'S GOT MY STOMACH!
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Dr. Huntington's hand was clenched but holding in its grasp ten human hairs.

Dr. Huntington identified this hand as the one he had reconstructed and articulated from the clenched fingers and palm found in the hollow of the right arm of the victim, where fortunately it had been partially protected from the fire.

Fondling this gruesome exhibit as if it were a jewel or a flower—he had not yet given the jury a good look at it—Frank Moss continued his questioning: "Did you compare this hair with the hair on the skull or head of the corpse?"

"I made such a comparison."

"Was it as to color or different, or was it the same?"

"It was different."

Moss strode dramatically to the jury box. High above his head he held the dripping hand, clenched as in a death struggle.

Slowly he turned it around until the rays of the April sun, fighting their way through the grimy windowpanes of the Criminal Courts Building, fell on those ten desperately clutched hairs, singed on the ends but otherwise *not* dark auburn.

"I object!" shouted Wallace Scott.

He was too late.

His own eyes, like the eyes of every juryman, like the eyes of every person in that crowded courtroom, had traveled involuntarily from the hair in Ruth Wheeler's dead hand to the hair on Albert Wolter's bowed head.

Both were yellow!

It was as if Ruth Wheeler herself had appeared in that courtroom to show how she had fought for her honor at death grips with this fiend.

Under the impact of the blow from a hand that rose from the grave the Wolter defense crumbled. A perfunctory unsupported alibi fell heavily to the ground. The jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty of murder in the first degree."

Unmoved, Wolter received his sentence and swaggered from the room. Still unmoved, and still proclaiming his innocence, he died in the Sing Sing hot squat at five o'clock in the morning, January 29, 1912!

More Secrets of New York's Homicide Squad will be told by the Headquarters Old-Timer in an early issue of Liberty.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR: The Ruth Wheeler case was notable in the history of New York crime for two "repercussions." One was the banishing of Inspector James F. McCafferty, head of the Detective Bureau and an officer with an excellent record, to what were then called the wilds of Flatbush. Neither Mayor Gaynor nor Commissioner Baker gave any reason for this official action, although the latter was quoted as saying:

"Inspector McCafferty was an honest, hard-working officer who did his best, but his best just wasn't good enough."

The first investigation at the Seventy-fifth Street house may have seemed a bit perfunctory. But Hebrank, Dunn, and Shaw were not detectives but just patrolmen. If there had been a riot going on, or if Wolter had lifted his hand against them, they'd have known what to do and they'd have done it *plenty*.

Then, too, the science of crime detection hadn't advanced so far in 1910 as it has in 1936. And even the modern detective is sometimes helpless against the amateur criminal. We never know what he is going to pull.

The second and more important "repercussion" is a sort of monument to little Ruth Wheeler. On April 28, 1910, five days after the conviction and sentence of Albert Wolter, the Legislature of the State of New York amended Section 190 of the General Business Laws in a manner which now protects every girl sent out in search of employment anywhere in the state. The new law reads:

"No licensed person shall send out any female applicant for employment, without making reasonable effort to investigate the character of the employer."

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 23

1—Jacob Ruppert, owner of the New York Yankees.

2—No; they are white.

3—The personal pronoun I.

4—None. The City of London is a business district approximately one mile square.

5—Bulgaria.

6—The Tremont House, Boston, Massachusetts. Before it opened (1829) single rooms were not available and guests had to "double up" with one or more travelers —usually strangers.

7—The tip of its tail, which is black.

8—For "a new and improved method of buoying vessels over shoals." The patent was granted May 22, 1849.

9—Three: ". . . with lower, second, and third stories shalt thou make it"—Genesis 6: 16.

10—Bananas.

11—About half; the average monthly wage in 1934 (excluding board) was $24.17.

12—Any African-born white, although the name is most often applied to the South African Dutch.

13—Off Whitby, England, in 1933, by L. Mitchell Henry. It weighed 851 pounds.

14—In but thirty-six.

15—An old man pre-eminent for wisdom.

16—Different postage stamps.

17—Yes; in 1924 George Hall, English marathon runner, beat Black Jack, race horse, at the Crystal Palace, London. The test was originally scheduled as a six-day marathon, but Black Jack was withdrawn on the fifth day, when Hall was more than fifteen miles in the lead.

18—Chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

19—At Moscow, in February, 1936.

20—

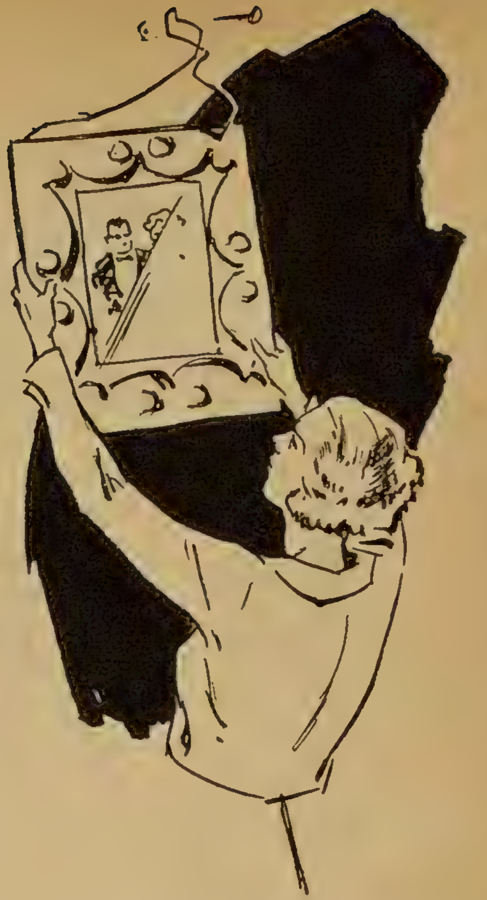
Mary Baker G. Eddy

John's Way

Liberty's Short Short

by DAVID OWEN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 27 SECONDS



IT was the first thing Martha thought of: their fifth anniversary.

John said, hanging up his hat: "Well, they've done it! Say good-by to your husband, old girl, for six weeks. It's orders this time. I leave in a week for the Coast."

And Martha said, aghast, "Then you won't be here for our fifth anniversary!"

And John said sorrowfully, "I'm afraid not, dear. When is it?"

It was the last thing Martha thought of at the airport.

She said, "I'll miss you terribly, dear. Especially that night."

John said, "What night? Oh! Oh, Lord, no, honey! I won't forget it this time."

"It's the twenty-second!" Martha said.

For the first few days Martha thought it was fun to lie late in bed, to eat in the kitchen, to see the difference it made in the household bills. But then she began to leave the radio on. It was lonely.

It took her a week to find a gift he'd like. Of course it should have been wood for a fifth anniversary, but it was a watch. She felt a bit dizzy at the price she was paying, especially when she herself needed a watch so much more than he did, but a fifth anniversary comes only once in a lifetime.

She mailed it on the twelfth, ten days before the Day, with a lovely little sentimental note.

John was writing faithfully twice each week. His first letter had been a description of the Grand Canyon from the air—"This is probably the first time this has ever been done, honey." His second letter was a request for his golf clubs. His third letter was a tirade against all the officials of his company. And so it went. Martha understood.

The twenty-first came. The day before.

There was a letter from John about the motion-picture industry.

Martha went to bed that night feeling pleasantly exhilarated. It was near now. What would it be? His gift. There were two parts to a wedding anniversary—the sentiment and the gift. The sentiment, of course, was the more important by far, and no one in the world knew it better than Martha, but the gift was the thing to look forward to the night before.

The Day!

Martha popped out of bed. The parcel-post delivery came early. Would it be a big parcel?

There was nothing.

It took Martha hours to believe it.

It wouldn't come by parcel post—of course not. John wouldn't take a chance like that. It would come by a special messenger! That would be John's way.

How John would arrange to send a special messenger all the way from San Francisco, unless it was flowers (that worked somehow), Martha had no idea. It only made the coming surprise more surprising.

Martha sat down to wait for the special messenger. She was dressed in her best afternoon frock, the white-and-lavender organdy, freshly ironed. She sat down at the window primly and folded her hands.

Across the room, over the grandmother's chair, hung their wedding photograph. It was a silly old-fashioned unnatural photograph, dwarfed by a huge gilt frame. John hated it. Martha loved it.

Martha found herself staring at it.

When the room was dark she went slowly upstairs to change to her evening dress. She tried to smile at herself in the mirror just before she rouged her lips. It might be only a telegram. It might be a telephone call. A telephone call! That was it!

She ran downstairs and sat down in the grandmother's chair under the wedding photograph, by the telephone. She tossed her head to make her earrings jingle, and laughed happily and lighted a cigarette. Of course! The cost of a telephone message from coast to coast must be breath-taking anyway, but it was much less after dark. John was sensible.

The hands of the clock on the mantel parted, met and parted, slowly met and slowly parted. It was nearly midnight. The house was creaking.

Martha's head sank deeper and deeper into the arm of her chair. Would he call at midnight? Yes. Yes, that would be John's way. Midnight.

Midnight. The clock struck.

The house was still.

Their fifth anniversary. It was over! John had forgotten.

Very slowly Martha stood up. Her face was white. For a moment she tried to calm herself. Was there any excuse for him? No! Was it really so hard to remember? The twenty-second? Two twos? She laughed shrilly. Two twos? After five years?

She whirled around.

There was the wedding photograph. Martha was breathing hard. Her eyes were glittering.

Fool! She clenched her fists and spat. That wedding had been a mockery. The boor! The smug face! John! Fool! Pig!

SHE threw herself bodily at the photograph. She seized the heavy gilt frame in both hands and ripped it down from the wall and flung it with all her strength across the room. It struck the back of the easy chair by the radio, bounced lightly, and lay unharmed on the cushioned seat.

But Martha didn't see that.

Martha was staring at the parcel in the grandmother's chair, the slim parcel, wrapped in white tissue, tied with a silver thread, that had dropped with a soft thud from behind the photograph on the wall. It had dropped from behind the wedding photograph. It had been there.

Dazedly Martha was picking it up and unwrapping it. Dazedly she was holding up to the light the glittering chain, the tiny diamond watch. Dazedly she was reading the little note:

> After living with you for five years, old girl, I know you—I know your temper—I've forgotten things like anniversaries before. I'll put this behind the picture just before I go, then I can't forget. I know you'll find it, and I know when you'll find it and I know why you'll find it. I only hope the damn picture went through the window or smashed on the radiator, but I'll bet it isn't cracked.
>
> Oh, my own honey-wife—

But the rest was purely private.

THE END

Rich Man's SON

by

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

PART THREE—A BIZARRE RENDEZVOUS

THAT perfume on your hair," he exclaimed, straightening up. "That's it!"

Carol drew back and, looking at him curiously, said: "That's what?"

"Your perfume! That's what *she* uses. Now I know why I thought you were like her."

Carol smiled understandingly and slipped her hand in his. "Don't you want to tell me about that girl, Jeff?" she asked. "I've known all along you were in love with some one."

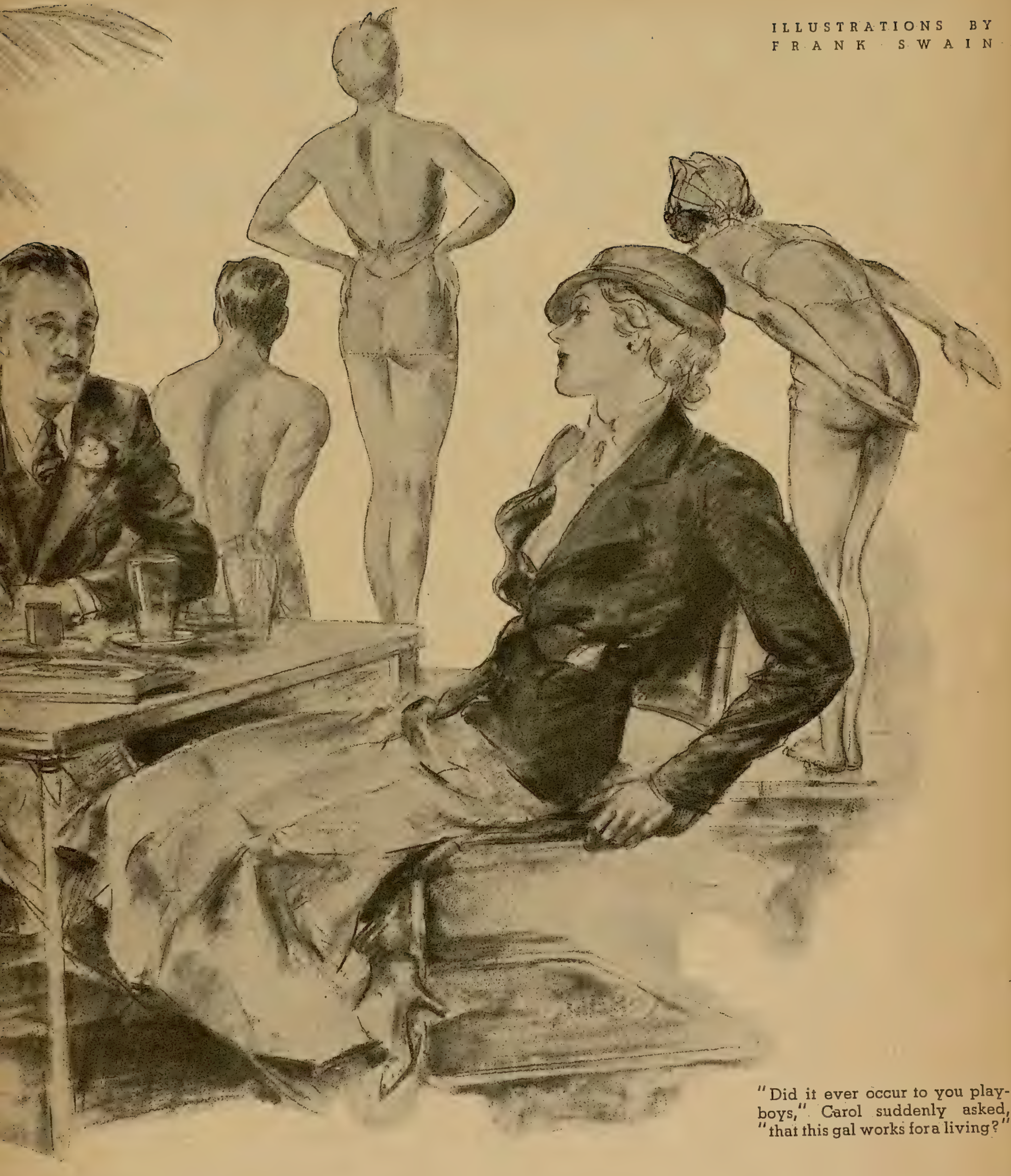
"There's so little to tell," Jeff answered honestly. "I met her one night, was with her a couple of hours. That's all. I don't even know where she is. Harry is trying to find out for me."

"I have contacts that Harry hasn't got," Carol told him. "When we get back to New York perhaps I can help you."

Jeff told the story of his unexpected meeting with Doris Fenton and of how incredibly dear she had become to him. His voice was tender when he said: "There isn't another girl like her in the whole world. I knew it the minute I set eyes on her. When I find her I am going to marry her—if she will have me. And to think that before I met her I was on the verge of marrying another girl!"

"I know," Carol nodded, a dreaminess in her voice. "There is only one man for me. I can't have him, so—well, no one else matters much. We're the kind of nuts who love once, forever and ever." . . .

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK SWAIN



"Did it ever occur to you playboys," Carol suddenly asked, "that this gal works for a living?"

NOW SUDDENLY CALAMITY STRIKES ACROSS THE PATH IN A DARING BEHIND-THE-SCENES NOVEL OF SOCIETY TODAY

One afternoon toward the end of the third week, the trio were sipping planters' punches on the patio of the fashionable Beach and Tennis Club, watching the swimmers cavorting in the pool.

"Did it ever occur to you playboys," Carol suddenly asked, "that this gal, meaning me, works for a living? I must be in New York soon for rehearsals. Is anybody coming back with me or do I trek North by my lonesome?"

"I promised to spend Christmas and the following week with the family in Palm Beach," Jeff remembered. "If you will wait until I get back, I'll fly you home."

Christmas saw Jeff in Palm Beach with his family. He brought an expensive box of oil paints to Ogden, who presented him with a fairly good water color painted by himself. To his sister and his mother he gave the perfume he knew they liked best. Jeff and his father never exchanged gifts.

"I suppose you met a lot of Berwyn's friends?" Geoffrey Lorimer asked.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

BECAUSE he believes his future happiness and success depend on the realization of his humanitarian ideas, Jeff Lorimer, scion of a wealthy and socially elite New York family, eschews the family banking business and is determined to make his own mark in the world. His campaign for independence, however, hits a snag when this news reaches his mother. She has long since decided that Jeff is to marry Margot Rogers, daughter of another wealthy and socially prominent family. Subject to heart attacks, this sudden reversal of her plans brings about a serious shock, and with the doctor's cryptic warning that the next one might prove fatal, Jeff, after being reproved by his father, reluctantly agrees to the marriage, even though he's sure he doesn't love the girl. But that same night he meets Doris Fenton, a lovely young night-club entertainer. It's a case of love at first sight for Jeff, although he is with the girl only a few hours at her club before she leaves his table and fails to return. The next day, however, he learns from a rooming-house friend of hers, Marjorie Callahan, that Doris and her revue have left for Canada. The address is unavailable. Meanwhile Jeff's kid sister, Natalie, adds her part to his overburdened life of complications when he learns of her secret affair with a strange man that has come to an unhappy end. "How far has it gone?" Jeff asks her. "All the way," she sobs, refusing to divulge the man's name. But a few days later, when he is dining with Nat and Margot prior to the latter's departure for Vienna, Jeff sees his sister pale when she recognizes a man sitting at the bar with a girl. This, Jeff knows, is the man, and vows not to forget the face. Meanwhile Jeff's Uncle Hal believes he has a plan to bring the young radical to his senses. "Find him a girl to play with," he suggests to Jeff's father. And with the help of Harry Berwyn, a broker friend, arrangements are made with blues singer Carol Carson, star at the Roney-Plaza in Miami Beach, to entertain Jeff when he arrives there with Berwyn to spend the winter holidays. Jeff finds diversion and happiness in Carol's company, but he cannot forget Doris. Strangely enough, his yearning for her seems strongest when he is close to Carol. This sensation comes over him as they park near the beach one night. Carol's hair is brushing his face.

"I know almost as many people down there as Harry does," Jeff countered.

"Meet any nice girls?"

"The usual run of the mill."

"Didn't I hear rumors about one in particular?"

"You mean Carol Carson? She is the nicest one Harry knows. She's on the stage, you know," he added gingerly.

"On a vacation, what difference does that make?" his father astonished him by asking. It started a train of thought in Jeff's mind. Funny, he thought, how you can go along all muddled up about something—and then light dawns and you wonder how you could have been so blind.

Mrs. Lorimer demanded most of her son's time; but seeing how much pleasure it gave her to show him off, Jeff was glad he had come. Nat and he did the round of holiday parties. On New Year's Eve they went to a masquerade, and Jeff was relieved to find his young sister more like herself. He told her so.

"Don't worry about me," she said. "I told you I'd come out of it—and I have." But the ring of conviction in her voice was missing.

The next day Jeff returned to Miami Beach without telling the family that he had decided to go immediately back to New York. Harry Berwyn was staying on a week longer; but Carol, who had to be back in New York for rehearsals, accepted Jeff's invitation to fly up with him. Jeff wired his father his plans.

Harry drove with them to the flying field. Before he and Carol stepped aboard the plane, Jeff turned to Berwyn: "Incidentally, Harry, whatever father paid you for the job you have done on me, you can tell him that you've earned every cent of it!" He smiled at the amazement that spread over Berwyn's face. Then he pushed Carol ahead and climbed in after her. "When did you catch on?" Carol asked.

"Oh, I don't know," Jeff grinned. "Maybe I was only shooting in the dark. Maybe I'm bright. You figure it out."

"May I phone you later in the day?" Jeff asked Carol at the end of the trip.

"Yes, but don't make it too late," Carol said. "I'm due for a rehearsal at three. Why not come along?"

"Fine. I'd love it. I'll come by your hotel for you."

When Pitts answered Jeff's ring, the old man's face lighted up with surprise and pleasure.

"Did you come back alone, sir?" he inquired.

"By plane," Jeff replied. "Unexpectedly. You forwarded my mail this morning, Pitts?"

"I don't do that until evening, sir. Here is what has come so far today, Master Jeff."

The old man handed him half a dozen letters. One was from Marjorie Callahan, the girl who had returned his ring. There had been no word from Doris, and the Callahan girl and her mother were leaving permanently for Chicago.

Dejected, Jeff pocketed the letter and went up to his apartment. Now his only link with the girl he loved was broken.

After a shower, shave, and change of clothes he lunched, and then it was time to call for Carol.

She was bursting with news. "I have found out where your little friend is! The show is at the Perroquet Gardens in Montreal."

Jeff could hardly believe his ears. "I must wire her immediately," he said.

"I have already done that," Carol smiled. "I signed your name and address to the telegram." She turned serious eyes on him. "Jeff, you aren't really walking out on your father?"

"No, just walking out on his bank, Carol." Then he laughed. "To fight my own way in the world! Sounds sort of Horatio Algerish—doesn't it? My main interest, I'm beginning to believe, is politics. I'll land something."

"Here's hoping," Carol said doubtfully. "And here we are!"

She asked Jeff to wait backstage and went to join three men sitting at a small table near the footlights. They gave her a noisy welcome.

Jeff glanced around the stage. It was a bleak-looking sight—no scenery, no furniture. About a hundred people—mostly pretty girls—were gathered in groups, talking in low voices. Off at one side a man was banging away on a tinny piano while the dance director tapped speculatively, improving a new routine.

In a moment Carol returned with one of her three men.

"This is Don Davidson, the big-shot producer, Jeff," she smiled. "Don, meet Geoffrey Lorimer. When do we start rehearsing?"

"When Wally King gets here—if ever. He's an hour late now," the producer growled. Then he nodded to Jeff, adding, "Take Lorimer out front."

They took seats halfway back in the orchestra. Others were sitting about, but they paid no attention, and presently a voice on the stage called out:

"Show girls line up! Only the ones we picked yesterday."

Numerous tall striking-looking girls detached themselves from the groups at the back of the stage and formed a line down front that stretched clear across.

"Are you deaf?" the director shouted. "I only want the girls I told to come back today." Half a dozen beauties dropped out of line, sad or silly expressions on their faces. "I'm still waiting," he insisted impatiently. Three more stepped back. Now he began going into action. "Every one I touch is to give her name to Mr. Simon."

Like a sergeant at inspection, he walked the length of the line, then started back again, this time tapping shoulders. When he had finished, a third of the girls were left. "I don't need the rest of you," he said, dismissing them. "And don't hang around."

Two girls had come in from the stage door and were immediately shooed away by the same chap who had told Jeff the cast was full. Again the door opened, and this time one girl entered. For a moment she stood uncertainly, then walked on to the stage. But the guardian of the chorus was cutting her off, too.

"Doris!" Jeff cried. Then he was stumbling over Carol's feet in the dark.

Frantic, Jeff felt his way through the narrow passageway behind the boxes, and rushed to the spot where he had seen Doris Fenton.

She was gone!

He quizzed the man who had ordered her out.

"I don't know where she went," was the curt reply. "A hundred a day come and go around here."

JEFF dashed out the stage door into the long L-shaped alley. Doris had just turned the bend; but when he got there she was out of the alley, swallowed up in the Broadway crowd teeming past.

Jeff walked desperately first to one end of the block and then to the other, looking down both side streets. She was lost in the crowd. Returning for Carol, he found her waiting outside the stage door.

"Jeff!" she exclaimed. "What happened?"

"She's gone."

"Maybe you made a mistake. I'm sure Doris Fenton is at the Perroquet in Montreal. You had better call home about the wire."

"I couldn't be mistaken," he insisted.

Nevertheless they went back into the theater and found a telephone in the lobby. Jeff called home, and Pitts told him that the wire to Miss Doris Fenton had been returned. "I have a better idea, Jeff," Carol said. "I'll introduce you to a man who knows everybody in New York. He's found more lost people than the best detective agency going. What time is it?"

Jeff looked at his wrist watch. "Four thirty."

"Perfect! We'll have time to see him before his whoopee gang arrives." She went to make excuses to the producer, and soon they were riding east in a cab.

"Who is this man?" he asked.

"DAN HASTINGS. He's a friend of Harry Berwyn's. It was his apartment you had in Florida."

At one of the tallest apartment houses on Park Avenue, Carol and Jeff got out and were whisked in an elevator to the forty-fifth floor. A Jap boy admitted them to the apartment. Jeff was surprised to see the same zebra-skin walls that had so startled him down in the Florida penthouse. As they were taking off their things a heavy-set man, with dark hair graying at the temples, came hurrying down the hall.

"Carol!" he exclaimed. "How nice."

"Meet my pal Jeff Lorimer, Dan," she said.

"Of course!" Hastings exclaimed, wringing Jeff's hand.

"We are here on business. Jeff wants you to—"

Hastings put a warning finger to his lips. "I have guests in the drawing room," he said in a low voice. "Suppose we go in here."

He led them into a library with walls of black tooled leather. The rugs were baby lamb's wool, a brilliant orange. At one end of the room was an enormous satinwood desk; beside it was a stock ticker. Bookshelves lined the walls. The dark woodwork and modernistic draperies, in colors ranging from palest yellow to deep orange, were in striking contrast. A divan and three large chairs completed the furnishings. The pictures shocked Jeff. Yet they were so exquisitely done that it seemed a pity the clever artist had wasted his talent on such trash.

Carol told their story, winding up with: "And so you have simply got to find this girl for us, Dan!"

"You know how I operate," he reminded her. "It won't be cheap. Mr. Lorimer understands?" Jeff nodded.

"I think we can find the young lady. Now come in and meet some of them. You know most every one here, Carol."

As they walked up the hall Hastings whispered to Jeff, "All my servants are Japanese, Mr. Lorimer. The Orientals have less curiosity about a man's affairs than white servants."

They had reached a wide doorway leading into one of the three drawing rooms. It was the strangest gathering of people that Jeff had ever seen. While the women were obviously

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Americans, the men at first appeared to be Japanese. And then he saw that they were wearing Japanese kimonos. A servant at his elbow offered him one. Jeff looked inquiringly at Hastings.

"Don't you want to slip off your coat?" he suggested.

"Jeff doesn't have to worry about powder marks on his lapels," Carol whispered. "He isn't married—yet."

Now Jeff noticed that the men were years older than he—about his father's age. Carol was greeted affectionately and swept away from him.

"Shall I introduce you by your own name?" Hastings asked.

Jeff looked at him in surprise. "Why not?"

His host smiled and shrugged. Presently he was piloting Jeff around among the girls. Slim, stunningly gowned, they all had that mysterious poise so characteristic of the theater.

Jeff was amused when Jonathan Deering, who with his wife had been a guest in his father's house, was introduced under another name. Deering flushed and after a curt acknowledgment turned his back. At this point Carol, seeing that Jeff was alone, came over to him.

"Having any fun?" she asked, passing him a cocktail from the tray a Jap servant was holding. Jeff was about to refuse it.

"Oh, come on!" she insisted. "You need nourishment."

Jeff looked about the room. The walls were yellow-paneled satin, and black. A black-onyx fireplace was pouring forth music from a concealed radio. Semiconcealed nooks, hidden by potted plants and small Oriental screens, sheltered several couples. The other drawing rooms differed only in the color scheme—salmon and white.

In the bar a gay crowd gathered them in without waiting for introductions. Here the floor was shiny black glass. The furnishings and walls were red leather. Here also was a stock ticker.

Dan Hastings came in and invited Jeff to see the rest of the apartment.

"I'll wait here for you, Jeff," Carol spoke up quickly. Jeff followed his host past the heavy doors that shut off the drawing rooms and bar. Now none of the confusion outside could be heard.

"I have only four bedrooms," Hastings explained, "but they are sufficient for my needs."

"You must entertain a lot," Jeff put in pleasantly.

Hastings shrugged. "I have many friends. But tell me—what do you think of this room?" He pushed open a half-closed door.

They were looking into a bedroom done in blue and silver. The furniture was extremely modernistic, with a very low and large double bed that had no footboard. The pictures that covered the walls and ceiling were even more startling than those in the library. One of them, showing a nude girl surrounded by swans, covered the entire ceiling. In the other three bedrooms were stock tickers. Jeff laughingly asked about them.

"MOST of my friends are brokers," Hastings explained. "But now I want to show you my hobby, Mr. Lorimer. It's photography—but a bit unusual." He was standing at a dressing table littered with an array of cosmetics that would delight any feminine eye. "This is where the girls powder their noses," he chuckled. "An automatic device over the mirror takes their pictures. It takes twenty-four without changing the roll. My secretary puts the best on a card with the young lady's name and all the information I have about her." Hastings went on with a blandness that now was revolting to the younger man. "Many of the girls I entertain are professional models. This—er—picture catalogue enables me to place them with my photographer and artist friends. I often get them spotted in musical shows. I have fifteen thousand of these pictures in my files!"

There was something almost sinister behind the whole setup. Wanting to get away from the man, Jeff asked: "May I use the phone?"

"Of course. But you must come to the pantry. I keep it there; otherwise I would have tremendous bills," Hastings told him.

Jeff called his home, leaving word with Pitts that if Doris tried to reach him he must urge her to call back, and to make every effort to get her address or telephone number. When he turned from the telephone Hastings had disappeared. In his place stood a pretty girl—a tall willowy brunette, smiling in a coy manner distinctly out of type.

"Hello," she began. "I'm Alice Hart and you're Geoffrey Lorimer."

"Bright girl," Jeff answered in flat precise tones. "And if you will show me the way back to that crowd of charming people, I might even go so far as to say you were both pretty and obliging."

"You're in an awful hurry."

"Right again." The nerve of that fellow Hastings!

"Afraid?" she asked, still more coyly.

"Of you? Terribly! Let's go."

Ridding himself of the girl, he went straight to Carol. Jonathan Deering was trying to hold her hand, but at sight of Jeff he excused himself. A little later he left.

"Do I look that fierce?" Jeff asked, amused. "Well, the old boy and I are even now. When I was a boy he scared me stiff."

LOCATING their host, they said polite good-bys, and he himself saw them to the door. Hastings gave Jeff his card. "My private telephone number, Mr. Lorimer," he explained. "Any time, day or night, I am at the service of my friends. And remember that I have a brokerage office, too." Somehow he reminded Jeff of the old-time society bootleggers—only there was something so vastly unwholesome about the man.

"Dan is really in partnership with Harry Berwyn," Carol revealed in the elevator. Jeff was amazed.

Outside, Carol said:

"Whew! I'm glad that's over. I hate the place. But I'm sure the old satyr will find Doris. Now let's go places. But I'm off your dad's pay roll now, so you can take me or leave me."

Her smile was infectious, and Jeff, feeling cleansed now by the fresh air, was only too willing to comply. They went to the Stork Club, where the head waiter gave them one of the coveted tables.

"What does this Hastings do, anyway?" Jeff wanted to know. "What's really back of that apartment?"

"Oh, just a place where people can hide away and have a good time. Dan knows more wealthy men and more pretty girls than any other man in this town. He does all kinds of favors for people and they are glad to reciprocate—just as you will be."

"Favors?" Jeff scoffed. "Not him! He can't get them all jobs modeling or on the stage."

Carol gazed at him tolerantly, shaking her head. "Smart girls who are also pretty know other ways to make money, infant! And did Dan tell you that some of the most prominent married women in New York are his clients? I don't mean the sporty set. I'm talking about women from your walk of life. Debutantes go there too. I'll bet that society girl you were nearly engaged to has been there."

"Margot? You're crazy."

"The nice gals and women who go there think it's merely a naughty harmless lark. To them it's just fun—not a gilded trading post." Carol paused, toying with her wineglass. Then she suddenly looked straight into her companion's eyes. "Listen, Jeff," she said, lowering her voice. "Don't get sore at what I am going to tell you. Your sister Natalie has been to Dan Hastings's apartment."

Jeff stared at her—then laughed.

"*Nat?* She doesn't know such a place exists!"

"Sorry, old dear," Carol insisted as kindly as possible. "Dan showed me her card and picture—all neatly filed away in the L's. Yes—Dan Hastings is quite a power in this city."

Jeff's face had blanched beneath his Florida tan. "Who took my sister there?" he demanded.

"I don't know." Carol felt miserable. Life was too hard on idealists.

"I think I know," he decided grimly. In Jeff's mind was the face of the man Nat had recognized that day in the little East Side restaurant—the man with the purple bachelor's-button on his coat, who had taken his sister and cast her aside. He must never forget that face! Never.

"Don't go stirring up trouble, Jeff," she advised. "She is only one in fifteen thousand girls who have been there. Besides, what harm was done? It was only a lark."

Dinner over, he proposed that they leave.

"Home so soon?" she pouted.

"I only thought you must be tired. All right, Carol. Let's go more places—so I can't think. Ready?"

Poor fellow, Carol thought, this has been quite a day of shocks for him. First the news about Doris, then seeing her so tantalizingly near—and now this sad bit about his kid sister! Stung by a bright idea, she brightened. "I know just the place. Another penthouse. Oh, not like Hastings's! Howard Locke draws the best of the movie and stage crowd. While you pay the check I'll phone."

They met outside the cloakroom a few minutes later. "All set," Carol told him. "Howard won't be in until later, but that never bothers his guests."

They taxied north to an address in the East Seventies just off Fifth Avenue. There a special elevator took them to the top of the tall building.

The duplex penthouse was almost an exact replica of Washington's Mount Vernon home. Colored servants were moving about in cream-colored livery. Jeff saw immediately that the guests had sparkle, glamour even. Carol, as usual, knew every one, and Jeff was pulled from one to another until he was dizzy. He managed, nevertheless, to hear many familiar names.

PEOPLE were clustered around the buffet table helping themselves generously to drinks and food. Others were dancing.

A few had strolled out to an enclosed terrace where plants and flowers and even trees were growing exactly as if it were June instead of January. Part of the wide terrace that went three ways around the penthouse was out in the open, and Jeff saw some people standing by the stone coping, bundled up in coats. The night was clear and myriads of city lights blinked for miles around.

Carol took Jeff over to a girl who was doing the honors for the absent host, and said: "Miss Patterson, may I present young Geoffrey Lorimer?"

Jeff looked steadily at the girl, feeling certain they had met before. But she did not seem to recognize him.

About eleven thirty Jeff was thoroughly bored. Carol had deserted him.

The party was very noisy. Some of the girls were sitting on men's laps, and out on the terrace a pale young man who was very drunk squatted in the middle of the floor singing pornographic lyrics. His small audience shrieked with laughter. Two Old Maids in a Folding Bed was going into its nineteenth verse when Carol, noticing Jeff standing like a lone sentinel in the doorway, ran up to him. "Come on, Jeff," she cried. "Let's horn in!" She was pulling him over to a big leather hassock when those inside the drawing room set up a furor of shouting.

"There's Howard!" some one cried. Every one scrambled to his feet and Jeff found himself borne along with them.

Just inside the French doors he paused. The crowd surrounding the host was so thick that he was unable to see the man. Jeff was amused. Miriam Patterson came to him with a smile.

"Help me break this up?" she pleaded. "They're mauling poor Howard."

AID, however, proved unnecessary. The crowd began to scatter, and in a moment he heard Carol exclaim: "Oh, Howard, this is Jeff Lorimer!"

Jeff smiled and looked up, his right hand extended. Then everything inside him stopped while his head spun madly around and his breath caught in his throat. That sleek black hair, the mustache, the telltale pouches under the eyes, the flashy clothes—and the purple bachelor's-button!

Jeff was looking upon the face he had vowed never to forget. The face of the man who had perhaps ruined Nat's life! But before he could draw back his hand Howard Locke had gripped it. "Glad to meet you!" he exclaimed, a shade too cordially. "Glad you came." But he turned away abruptly.

A small white hand touched his arm. The little redhead who had come in with Locke was looking into his eyes.

It was Doris Fenton!

The crowd had followed Locke over to the buffet table.

"You!" Jeff exclaimed softly. He felt as if an electric current had been switched on inside him. Doris! Standing here before him—so lovely, elusive— He was trembling. With delight he noticed that the girl wasn't any too sure of herself, either.

"I'm so glad to see you again," she said. Commonplace words—but oh, the meaning they had, coming from her! "Let's go outside where we can talk." She motioned toward the terrace and Jeff took her arm. The instant they were alone he caught up both her hands.

"Why did you do it?" he demanded.

"Do what?"

"Run out on me that night. I've been nearly crazy! Looking all over the world for you, it seems."

"I went to Canada—"

"I know all about that. But why didn't you tell me you were going?"

"Why on earth were you so upset?" she parried, smiling a little. "We had only just met. I don't tell my plans to strangers. Besides, you didn't ask me."

How can she be so casual, Jeff was wondering, about something that means so much to me? It cut into him like a sharp blade, and in his hurt the feeble barrier he had tried to throw up against his pent-up emotions broke

I CAN'T GET OVER HOW SKINNY YOU WERE A FEW WEEKS AGO

NOW I KNOW THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR BEING SKINNY

Posed by professional models

Amazing Gains in Weight with New "7-Power" Ale Yeast Discovery

EVEN if you never could gain, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh this new, easy way—*in just a few weeks!*

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Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building, digestion-strengthening Vitamin B is ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it *7 times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're a new person.

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down. "Can't you see what you have done to me, Doris?" he pleaded. The girl looked at him with a puzzled incredulous expression. "Ever since that night I haven't known a moment's peace, just thinking about you, worrying about you. I haven't slept in weeks." He paused for breath, struggling to regain his poise. But it was useless. "It's the truth, Doris. I've never talked to any girl like this. I didn't know there was such a feeling. You think I'm crazy, don't you? I—oh, I loved you right from the beginning. Doris—I love you. Can't you understand?"

His eyes were devouring every luscious inch of her. But the girl just looked at him intently, a little afraid of him, terribly afraid of herself. What she felt like doing was throwing herself into his arms and telling him all about her futile efforts to forget him—and of her own sleepless nights. But it was too dangerous.

"I used to think that love at first sight was a fairy tale," Jeff plunged on, "but now it's happened to me. Tell me you care, Doris—just a little?" He put his hands on her small shoulders and gently drew her close to him. She lifted her face to his, and the yearning in her soft gray eyes was dangerously reassuring. His lips sought hers. There in the half-darkness they clung together. "I knew it would be like this," Jeff murmured at last. "I've dreamed it a hundred times. Oh, Doris—"

Doris herself was a little delirious. Her doubts had vanished. Jeff's sincerity came to her so clearly in that ecstatic kiss, she could not be mistaken. As she half-heartedly drew away from him her eyes sparkled like star sapphires and sent Jeff's senses reeling into another emotional chaos.

But presently the girl, womanlike, said: "You couldn't have missed me so much down in Florida—judging by the papers. In every picture you were with Carol Carson." She only wanted Jeff to reassure her. This he was pleased to do.

"I was practically forced into that!" he protested. "It was my father's idea. I wouldn't have left New York at all, but the doctor said my mother's heart was worse and she begged me to go. Carol will back me up. I'll get her!" He only half-turned. "No—you may disappear again."

"I promise I won't," she laughed. "But don't bother Miss Carson now. I believe in you." In that short speech she let him know that her love, her future—her life perhaps—were his. Again Jeff caught her close to him and wondered at the miracle that had happened. And as he wondered there stirred in him for the first time in his life the desire to protect the thing he loved.

"Look here!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Did you come here with that man?"

"Howard Locke? Yes."

"In God's name, how do you know him—and how well? I thought you were a stranger in New York."

"I WAS, but a lot can happen in New York—and happen quickly. I left the show in Canada because my Aunt Bess died and I had to go South to settle things up." Now Jeff noticed that Doris was really pale and tired-looking. "Coming back I was in a train wreck—oh, it wasn't serious," she added quickly. "But Mr. Locke was on the same train, and in the confusion we got to talking and—well, that's all. He has been very nice to me since. He got me a job at Harry and Jack's, but the floor show closes next week. Jeff, why are you staring at me that way? Don't you believe me?"

"You are the only thing I believe," he said earnestly. But he would have to warn her against Locke as soon as they left here. "Where are you living?" he asked.

"On West Forty-eighth Street. It's a horrid place, but if I get another job I'll move. Oh, Jeff, I feel so—so terribly lost! I'm not as good a dancer as the other girls. I make mistakes. And they won't let me sing. Give me your hanky—I'm going to cry!"

Tears were flooding her eyes as Jeff handed her his handkerchief and circled her with his arms. This sweet new feeling of protection that was flowing through him as he pressed his cheek against her hair was a new sensation. Why had he never felt it before? He wished that he could take this girl inside him, into his secret heart, to love and protect for always. He wanted to keep away from her everything but happiness. Yes—to own her completely. It was love—the real thing.

"Oh, here you are!" They separated quickly as Carol came hurrying toward them. "I thought you had given me the slip, Jeff—" Seeing Doris, she broke off.

Holding Doris with one hand, Jeff turned and gave Carol the other. "A miracle has happened," he whispered. "This is Doris Fenton! And she's wildly jealous of you—so to save yourself you'd better tell her that you and I are only good pals."

"Why, Jeff Lorimer!" Doris laughed in embarrassment, returning his handkerchief. "That's not so, Miss Carson."

"You don't know how glad I am Jeff found you," Carol said sincerely. "Now maybe he'll come down to earth."

"But not before I do!" Doris smiled happily at Jeff, and he hoped the star dust in her eyes would never grow dim. "I'm afraid we ought to be going back to the others. Mr. Locke has been so kind, I don't want to seem rude."

KIND! Jeff thought viciously. Just about as "kind" as a snake about to swallow a bird! He wished they could all leave right now, but he didn't want Doris to think he was boorish—and he couldn't explain here about Nat.

They went inside together, and Doris was immediately drawn into the group around Howard Locke. Jeff boiled when he saw Locke's arm go about her.

"Jealous already?" Carol teased.

"No—not jealous," Jeff answered cryptically.

An hour had passed—a miserable hour for Jeff, watching Doris and Locke together and seeing the frankly admiring look he turned on her so often. The Patterson girl didn't seem to be enjoying herself, either. And now Jeff placed her! She was the girl with Howard Locke that day in the restaurant.

Suddenly Jeff discovered that Doris was no longer in the room. A chill ran down his spine as he realized that Howard Locke was also missing. Unnoticed by Carol, he walked out on to the enclosed terrace. But neither Doris nor Locke was there. When a searing flame of anger and fear swept through him, Jeff knew he must get a better grip on himself. The deserted open-air terrace through the big glass enclosure beckoned him. Maybe the cold night air would free his mind of its burning, suffocating turmoil. He stepped outside. A chill January wind was blowing. It felt good. Inhaling deeply, Jeff began walking. Where the terrace turned a corner, he heard voices—and stopped.

"Let me go. Let me go—*please!*"

It was Doris's voice. Jeff ran forward. It seemed a lifetime before he got to the corner. The girl he loved was struggling in the arms of Howard Locke, whose back was to him. But Doris had seen him.

"Jeff!" she cried out.

Reason was gone. Even feeling had fled as Jeff lunged at Locke, pulling him away. As the man wheeled around, Jeff struck out. It was a powerful blow that caught the older man unprepared and knocked him off his feet. He careened wildly. Pawing the air frantically for balance, he swung perilously over the stone coping.

Doris screamed. But Jeff was quick. In a split second he had jerked Locke back to safety. As he came back, still struggling to find his feet, Locke's head struck sharply against the edge of the square cement pillar. He dropped as if shot.

Doris screamed again. Jeff bent over the fallen man, who was lying ominously still. By now the terrified guests swarmed out over the terrace. Miriam Patterson dropped to her knees beside Locke, screaming at Jeff: "Damn you—damn you—you've killed him!"

"Get a doctor!" Jeff shouted back at her. "Get a doctor!"

The outcome of this shocking episode holds the key to Jeff's future plans. The inevitable scandal and its effect on Mrs. Lorimer, Margot, and the others is one thing to consider; but what will the consequences be if Locke's wound proves fatal? Draw your own conclusions, then read the startling complications in next week's installment of this daring novel.

BEFORE the Body Was Found She Said the Lindbergh Baby Was MURDERED

How Did She Know?—Here Is the Strangest Maze of Conjecture in All the Mystery of the Famous Crime

by FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

MARY CERRITA has just telephoned to say that she will sue me if I write anything about her that isn't so.

Mary needn't fear. Stranger than any fiction is the fact story of how she and her husband, Peter Birrittella, got the secret of the Lindbergh baby's murder from beyond the grave.

At least, that's where they say they got it. That's what they say they told Colonel Lindbergh—and Colonel Breckinridge and Mickey Rosner and Owney Madden—in the weeks following the Hopewell crime.

That's what they say today.

But there *are* those who feel that they must have gotten their information from some one very much alive—perhaps from the murderer himself.

Anyhow, it was categorically, irrefutably, sadly true. The little body was found where they said it would be. And they have a lot more information from the same source—whatever that source may be.

For example, they told me in so many words:

that Hauptmann was not the kidnaper,

that Hauptmann bought the ransom money, knowing it was "hot,"

that the real kidnaper has brown hair, not sandy like Bruno's,

that there were four persons in the plot,

that one of them was a woman,

that one of them is dead.

The Birrittellas are spiritualists. They practice spiritualism as a mode of life, a religion.

Peter is the zealot type. A small man, but erect and well proportioned; hair unruly; eyebrows bushy; body tense; fingers snapping; eyes like a house afire.

Mary Cerrita is plumply pretty. She has small feet and hands, and smiling eyes that glow darkly. Emotionally responsive and instinctively friendly, she is scared to death of newspapers, and otherwise excitable.

Mary is the medium. Peter is her Svengali. He throws her into a hypnotic trance, and she tells him what she hears and sees.

She was in this hypnotic state when she first told of seeing the Lindbergh baby and his captors.

TEMPLE
OF
DIVINE POWER

The Birrittellas' present "temple" and lodging in East 114th Street.

This happened on the afternoon of Sunday, March 6, 1932, in the small room back of the Rev. Birrittella's "Temple of Divine Power," which was at that time located at 164 East 127th Street, New York City.

Mary Cerrita was not married to Birrittella then. She had a spiritualistic church of her own at 141st Street and Willis Avenue in the Bronx, which she had opened that very week—on March 1, to be exact, the very night the Lindbergh baby was kidnaped. But she had formerly been a pupil of Birrittella's and a medium in his 127th Street temple. That Sunday she was visiting her old master.

It wasn't at the East 127th Street address that I found the Birrittellas recently. After much inquiry I located them far over on 114th Street near the East River, in a tiny ground-floor janitor's place for which, they told me, they pay ten dollars a month.

If they had hoped to profit by publicity attending their participation in the Lindbergh case, they have been grievously disappointed. Peter's 127th Street flock dwindled to a pitiful handful. Mary's congregation never fully established itself. Neither was able to make a go of it singly. So, in the first week of June, 1932—three months after their entry into the famous case—they married.

For three or four months they managed to carry on in a store on 125th Street; then they sought out the humbler quarters near the river. Mary had been born in the 114th Street house. Her mother had been the janitress. Now Mary and Peter divide the janitor work.

Out front, in the half store which goes with their lodging, they carry on for "the cause." The one window is painted, none too expertly, a vivid blue. In white letters against this blue background appears the old phrase, "Temple of Divine Power." Inside the narrow door are stark walls, blue like the window, up to the chair rail, whitewashed above; five or six rows of hard, stiff chairs; and the pulpit, on which lies an open, well used Bible.

But to get back to 127th Street and to March 6, 1932:

"We were just sitting there visiting, Mary and I," Peter told me, "and, like everybody else, we were talking about the disappearance of Colonel Lindbergh's son. 'Let's see what we can find out,' I said to Mary, and put her into a trance. That's the way it began.

"'I can see the baby,' Mary said. 'He is in a high place. There is a small house, low, with a high barn behind. The baby is in the house. There is a bald-headed man with heavy pouches under his eyes. He is looking down at the baby. There is a younger man in the house, too, and a woman. The house is on a hill, in a high place.' Then she woke up.

"I told her what she had said, and we talked about it for a while. We were very much excited. 'We ought to tell Colonel Lindbergh,' I said. 'It is our duty to him and to the cause.' I meant spiritualism. Mary was against it. She said no one would believe us and we'd get into trouble. 'Mary,' I said, 'you have the truth. You are a great medium, and I want the whole world to know it.' Then I sent the telegram to Colonel Lindbergh."

"What telegram?" I ventured.

"The one I wish I never had sent!"

Mary Cerrita wished so, too. "They sent us to jail and took our fingerprints," she complained.

"And fined us two hundred dollars," added her husband.

I knew they were getting ahead of their story. Nearly two years had intervened between their telegram to Hopewell and their arrest.

"But what did you say in the telegram?" I prodded.

"I told him I was a minister, and that I had information about the baby. I gave him the telephone number, Harlem 7-1147. He telephoned right back."

"The Colonel himself?"

"Yes, some one who said he was Colonel Lindbergh—and after he heard my story he said to come right out. There'd be a car waiting for us at Princeton Junction. So we took our Bible and went down to the station and bought our round-trip tickets and went out there."

"I was scared," Mary broke in. "I had never been so far away from home in my life."

At Princeton Junction they were met by two men in a big car. One of them, Birrittella explained, was the Lindbergh lawyer, Colonel Breckinridge; and the other, whom they knew only as Mickey, was presumably Mickey Rosner, the Lindbergh contact man with the underworld. These men took them, not to Hopewell, but to a hotel in Princeton, and questioned them at some length.

Their hosts were courteous but unimpressed. After all, Birrittella's tale of what Mary had said was unsupported even by Mary; for a medium in a hypnotic trance has no memory of what she has said. Moreover, neither Mary nor Peter could tell where the low house on the high hill might be located.

BIRRITTELLA, sensing defeat, offered to give a demonstration of Mary's gifts right there in the strange hotel room. The offer was accepted. He threw her into a hypnotic state.

Her trance was genuine. But she could get no news from the other world that would serve to locate the little low house on the high hill. Then suddenly she said:

"I see initials. They are like a light. They are J. F. C."

This séance in the Princeton hotel room took place on March 6. The baby had been missing five days. Jafsie Condon, whose nickname was a combination of the initials J. F. C., did not communicate with Colonel Lindbergh until March 9. Mary beat the Doctor himself by three days in telling the Lindbergh forces of his entry into the case!

And that wasn't all.

"Just before she came out of her trance," Birrittella continued, "she said, 'You are wasting your time here, Mr. Breckenbridge. You should go to your office. There is an important letter for you there.' Then they took us to the train and we went home. That was Sunday night. Monday morning, at his office, Colonel Breckinridge found his first letter from the kidnapers."

Those who insist that the Birrittellas had material knowledge of the ransom plot say that Mary Cerrita must have seen such a letter, because the name on the envelope, when it arrived, was spelled just as Mary pronounced it: "Breckenbridge." But to the impartial observer this conclusion seems a bit farfetched.

The Birrittellas make it clear that they were courteously and respectfully treated at Princeton. They were disappointed, of course, not to go to Hopewell and talk to Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh directly, but they have no complaint. Stories that New Jersey authorities abused them are entirely without foundation.

"I wish I could have had more time with Colonel Breckinridge," said Mary. "I believe he is a spiritual man."

Mary and Peter never heard again from either of the colonels, Lindbergh or Breckinridge, but they did hear plenty from the man they knew as Mickey.

"He came to my place at 141st Street many times," said Mary, "with a man named Owney Madden."

I admit I sat up at this casual mention of the Madden name. Rosner was small-time stuff. But Owney Madden—well, in those days he was reputedly New York's biggest-shot gang leader—and it was he who had just offered a $100,000 secret reward to the underworld for the return of the Lindbergh baby.

"ONE day," continued Mary, "Mickey and Mr. Madden called for Peter and me in a big car, and took us out to Hopewell to see if we could find the little house with the barn. At least, they said it was Hopewell. We drove and drove and drove, but of course it didn't do any good. I didn't remember what I had seen—I never do—and Peter only knew just what I had told him."

In spite of the seriousness of our subject, the picture of these two doughty representatives of gangland touring Jersey with a couple of earnest spiritualists appealed to my risibilities. However, the gangsters had plenty of reasons for wishing to be of service to Colonel Lindbergh. One was that all gangland was naturally under suspicion, and that the resulting police watchfulness was interfering with their "personal freedom." Another was that the police searching of all automobiles coming into Manhattan threatened to make that thirsty community dry—and Madden and his gang of beer barons made their profit from keeping it wet. A third reason—which applied especially to Madden, who was under sentence in New York State, and to Al Capone, equally incommoded in Illinois—was that the return of the baby would almost surely result in an immediate amnesty for their crimes.

As it happened, Mickey's persistence was not without results. For one thing, it kept Mary and Peter keyed up about the case. They kept trying to get more information from the spirits. And it was in one of these attempts—in the presence, so they say, of Rosner and Madden—that they first saw the baby dead.

This was a full week before the little body was found.

"Mary had seen the baby several times," explained her husband, "but always he had been alive. Once she had located the place as Waterbury, Connecticut, on the main street, upstairs over a fruit store. She even saw the number, '145.' But when the police got there, the tenants had disappeared. There was no trace of the baby."

Later Birrittella told me how he had persuaded the police to act on this tip. It was through an Italian acquaintance of his on the New York force.

"This time, too, Mary was able to locate the spot," he continued. "'I see the baby again,' she said, 'and it is still in a high place. But it is not in a house. It is on the side of a hill, outdoors. It is within five miles of the place where it was stolen.'"

Then, according to Birrittella, she described with absolute accuracy the spot in the thicket by the roadside where the Negro truck driver subsequently found the body.

"Did she see the kidnaper?" I asked.

"She saw the man who was burying the baby, but he was not the man who did the actual kidnaping."

"How do you know that?"

"Mary had seen the kidnaper before."

"In a trance?"

"Yes—and one other time." Birrittella looked at his wife, and she smiled back.

"It was while I was being questioned by Lieutenant Finn," she said. "I saw Finn and a shorter man arrested by him. He was the man with the cruel eyes and brown hair that Peter says I told him about in the trance."

I jumped at the conclusion that this must be Hauptmann; but Mary vehemently denied that it was so.

"Finn did afterward arrest Hauptmann, you know," I reminded her.

Mary's eyes became dull, her expression vague.

"I didn't know," she said.

"But how about this man who was burying the child? Was he the man with the pouches under his eyes that you saw in the little house?"

Mary was no longer interested; but her husband took up the story again: "This was a man Mary had never seen before. He had long hair, which fell over his forehead when he leaned over the baby."

"Leaned?"

"Yes. He had the dead baby in his arms, and was leaning over, burying it on the side hill."

One week later the baby was found, dead, buried under leaves and sticks "on a side hill, within five miles of the place where he was stolen," in a spot which corresponded exactly in all physical details to the location described by Mary in her trance.

Next Week—

JAFSIE ANSWERS HAUPTMANN'S DEATH-CELL ACCUSATION

When the excitement attending the finding died down, the Birrittellas were forgotten by press and public—but not by the police.

A policewoman came to arrest them on January 29, 1934. According to the Birrittellas, she swore in court that Mary had pinched her hand.

On the record, the charge against the Birrittellas had no connection with the Lindbergh case. It was merely a routine arrest for fortunetelling, as a result of which they were duly fingerprinted, fined, and let go.

Three days later their apartment was mysteriously "robbed." One of the possessions neatly removed was an address book containing the names of all their known clients.

In view of what later transpired, I wonder if the name of a woman prominently connected with the Lindbergh case was in that stolen book!

THEN, on the morning of September 17, 1934, things began to happen which threw an entirely different light on their connection with the case—tending, some say, to prove that the information they possessed, and still possess, might have come, not from the beyond, but somehow from the murderer himself or from his friends and associates.

That morning Bruno Richard Hauptmann stopped at the Warner-Quinlan gas station at the corner of 127th Street and Lexington Avenue for five gallons of gas, and paid for it with one of the Lindbergh ransom bills.

Two days later, the 19th, Detective James J. Finn of the New York Police Department, accompanied by assorted G-men and J-men, arrested him for the kidnaping of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr.

The following day, the 20th, in the Bronx County Courthouse, Hauptmann told District Attorney Foley that he had obtained the ransom notes from Isidor Fisch, now dead, who had formerly lived at 149 East 127th Street.

Now, 149 East 127th Street was just three doors, on the same side of the street, from the filling station where Hauptmann had passed the fatal bill. And *diagonally across the street, also in the same block with the filling station, was 164 East 127th Street, where the Rev. P. J. Birrittella had conducted his "Temple of Divine Power," in the back room of which Mary Cerrita was said to have received her first revelation as to the activities of the Lindbergh kidnapers.*

East 127th Street, a modest Harlem thoroughfare many miles removed from the scene of the Hopewell crime, had suddenly become the Street of Suspicion.

Subsequent events deepened the suspicion.

The brownstone rooming house where Fisch had lived had also been the home of Carl Henkel and a man named Kloppenberg, Hauptmann's two closest friends. Henkel had gone on the hunting trip to Maine with Bruno after he had come into his money, and Kloppenberg had shared expenses on the famous motor trip to California. The latter had also accompanied his friend Bruno to a point in Jersey not far from the Lindbergh home, ostensibly to help build a chicken house for a mutual friend named Lempke.

Hauptmann, because of his intimacy with Henkel and Kloppenberg and his twofold relationship with Fisch, was naturally a frequent visitor at the 127th Street house. In fact, it was said that he spent a good deal of his time there and that he and his famous blue sedan were familiar figures in the neighborhood.

THIS singular combination of persons, addresses, and events gives rise to speculation:

If Hauptmann was such a well known figure on East 127th Street, wouldn't Walter Lyle, the attendant at the filling station, have known him, at least by sight?

Is it possible that he did know him, and even suspect him because of some neighborhood gossip he had heard, and for that reason wrote the license number of his car on the ten-dollar note?

And is it possible that this same gossip may also have reached the Rev. Birrittella and his former medium, Mary Cerrita, or that, in their capacities of father and mother confessors, they may have received even more definite information as to the Lindbergh crime?

The last mentioned possibility received added plausibility when it was stated that Red Johnson—boy friend of the baby's nurse, Betty Gow—was a frequent visitor to the Birrittellas' neighborhood; that the late Septimus Banks—the Morrows' butler and aged admirer of the suicide maid, Violet Sharpe—was a steady customer, on his days off, of a restaurant in the immediate vicinity; and that Violet Sharpe herself was "affiliated" with the spiritualist church of the Rev. Birrittella.

The Birrittellas admit the Red Johnson and Septimus Banks connection with the neighborhood, but deny that they *knew* Violet Sharpe was a member of their congregation. "She might have been," said Peter. "Who knows? One night there was a Chinaman!"

They also deny that they referred to Violet Sharpe when they said that one of the kidnap gang was dead and that one was a woman. To an earlier inquiry on this point, however, Mary is said to have shrugged her plump shoulders and replied:

"If a person isn't guilty, they don't commit suicide."

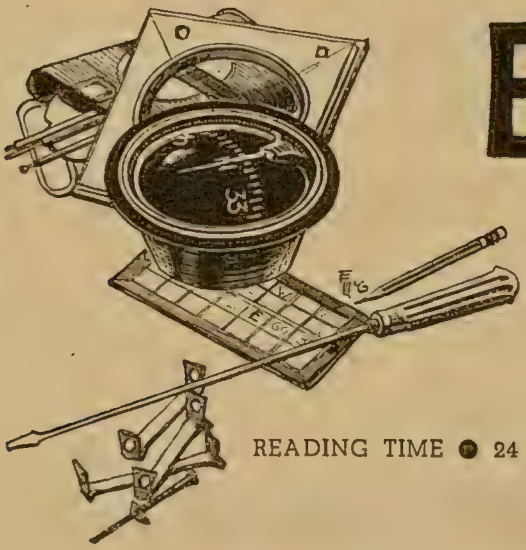
Violet Sharpe, Red Johnson, Septimus Banks, Isidor Fisch, Henkel, Kloppenberg, Hauptmann himself, the filling station where he was caught, the Birrittellas, who knew about the ransom note and about Jafsie and about the dead baby—

Street of Suspicion! What else can we call it?

THE END

I want to ask Dr. Condon a question which he must answer! said Hauptmann in his death cell to his pastor, the Rev. D. G. Werner. What question? Judge for yourself from Mr. Werner's disclosure in Liberty next week!

NO Romance IN FLYING, EH?



READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HE was bending over test equipment. His hair was mussed and there was a streak of grease on the back of his neck. She knew how his eyes would be, absorbed and blue and somehow radiant. She knew that his mouth would be set, thoughtful. She watched the eager hovering of his hands around that burned and doubtlessly hopeless climb indicator in the panel.

He did not know she was there.

Steve had no right, at ten o'clock of a business morning, to be fooling with an instrument that had been in a fire. He should have been downstairs in the shop, doing things to Mr. F. C. Hunt's rush-job altimeter. Mr. Hunt had been very emphatic. He needed that altimeter this afternoon. It was probably downstairs in a bin somewhere, without an identifying tag on it, while Steve fiddled with this profitless problem up here.

She said, "Steve!"

He didn't even hear.

"Steve!"

He ran his hand through his hair and said, "Uh?" Then, coming to life, he turned around and looked down at her. "Oh. Listen, Rosemary—I'm going to have this climb calibrated. I think if—"

She watched him while he took it off the panel and started down the stairs to the shop.

"Listen, Steve Wright!" She ran after him. "Do you happen to know that F. C. Hunt's altimeter is waiting to be repaired? Do you happen to know that this will be the second time you've kept him waiting? And ten million dollars hates to wait!"

Steve grinned and put the burned instrument behind him guiltily. "I was just on my way, Rosemary."

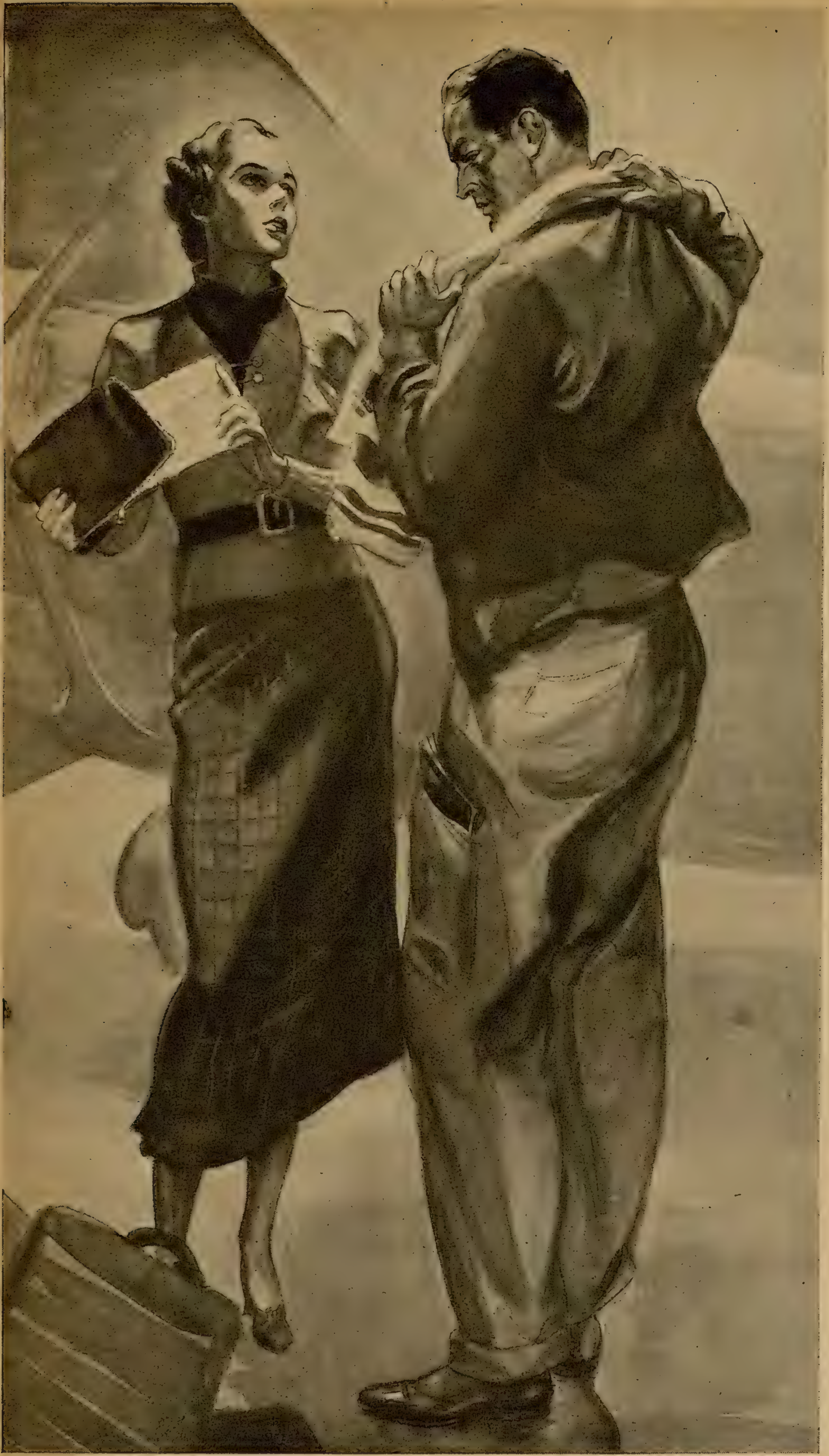
Despite herself, an answering grin tugged at her lips. "Yes you were! Give me that!" She held her hand out for it.

He handed the instrument over and clumped down the stairs disconsolately. Rosemary threw it into a drawer, and smiled to herself as she went back to her desk. Steve!

The sign outside the hangar said: STEVEN WRIGHT. AIRCRAFT. INSTRUMENT SALES AND REPAIRS. STORAGE. TAXI. Steve was the engineer, instrument man, mechanic, and pilot. He had had a good time having fun and losing money until Rosemary came to preside over the office in this new hangar.

EDGAR McGRAW

A HEAVY FOG LAY OVER THE FIELD.



"OH," SHE BREATHED. "YOU'LL BE CAREFUL!"

by

BETTY WALLACE

A Thrilling Tale of the Skyways—of a Girl's Heart vs. the Perils of Fog and Distance and Fear

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR McGRAW

Down on the field, a ship turned into the wind and took off with a roar of motors. Immediately a huge cloud of brown dust began to rise and floated up toward Rosemary's open window. She sighed resignedly. Every time a ship took off, on days when the wind was right, she got a dust. Steve had promised muslin screens, but he'd forgotten all about it.

The buzzer sounded. She put paperweights on the things scattered around and went down to see what Steve wanted.

"Chap from Waco came over for a tach. I couldn't find one." He rubbed his chin.

Rosemary only looked at him.

"I was supposed to order some, wasn't I?" he asked sheepishly after a while.

"Yes, you were. But my stock record says that we still have—"

"Oh, that last one! That one that was here yesterday. I—uh—I gave that to Charley Armitage. He—"

"You gave it to Charley Armitage? Who's going to pay for it?"

"Why—uh—didn't he pay his bill last time?"

Wordlessly Rosemary turned around and marched upstairs. There was no sense in bursting a blood vessel just because Steve was easygoing and good-natured and headed straight for bankruptcy. He came up the stairs after her.

"You're not sore, Rosemary?"

"Oh, no. Of course not. It's your money."

When he grinned at her like that, she couldn't help smiling back at him. Steve with his unruly blond hair and his tall broad body in the grimy overalls had the power to make her forget his faults.

She thought of his face, intent and still, as he tracked down a baffling instrument ailment. The way he laughed. His voice, tumbling eagerly all over itself in explanation: "Aw, Rosemary! Listen, Rosemary. Don't you see how it was?"

There was something about his hands. Brown and strong, with square fingers.

She was very careful, when she handed Steve anything, not to touch those fingers.

Her thoughts veered resolutely back to business.

"When you came back from that flight last night, did you call up the gas truck?"

"Darned if I didn't forget it! You see, I had to take out the compass. It had a bubble and I—"

"That, I suppose, was the compass I found kicking around on the bench this morning. I put it in the bin where it belongs. Oh, get out of here! Let *me* get something done!"

BETTY WALLACE

has always written stories—she wrote one in a composition book when she was eight and still has it. She is married and "actively engaged in raising a family," but admits she spends most of her time pounding a typewriter. She was born and educated in New York City.

She telephoned for the gas truck. If you wanted the ship always gassed and ready to go (and it had better be, if you ran a taxi service!) you had to fill it up at the end of every trip. Which Steve knew as well as she did.

She sighed and smiled. Steve!

It was almost time for lunch. That was the bright spot of her day. All morning she hurried toward it; all afternoon she dreamed over it.

Steve would take her in his dilapidated roadster down to the lunch counter at the other end of the field. It was too far to walk. Every day they sat side by side on stools at the counter, and Steve would say, "Cheese? Ham? Both?" while Rosemary would cock her head at the bill of fare on the wall and pronounce, "Oh, no! Not today! We're eating soup! You need it." . . .

She was looking out, watching for the gas truck, when she saw Steve digging the hole.

She had never seen the orange-and-white Stinson before. She had never seen the girl in the white flying helmet who was hovering over Steve. But she knew at once that the girl had made a bad landing, which accounted for the fact that her tire was flat. And Steve was digging a hole under the wheel, preparatory to changing the tire!

Rosemary felt indignation rising in a hot flood. Changing a tire while she was waiting for the gas truck and lunch! Changing a tire when he could have been busy on Mr. F. C. Hunt's rush-job altimeter!

The pants would have to come off, and the wheel too. Then the hub would have to be taken apart so that the tire could be slid off. It was a solid two hours' job.

She ran down the stairs. She stood in the hangar door and shouted, "Steve! Telephone!" The girl in the white helmet was blonde. She wore plenty of lipstick.

WHEN Steve was inside the hangar, Rosemary dismissed the telephone with an impatient wave of her hand. "No one's on the phone. Steve, you haven't time to change that girl's tire now!"

Steve said, "It won't take long. She can't do it herself, can she?"

"Can't she get Tony from next door? Can't she get Pete? Haven't you fiddled away enough time today?"

There was the sound of heels on the concrete, and then the girl stuck her white-kid helmet into the hangar. "Finished on the phone?" Her eyes raked Rosemary. Mascara, too! "I want to get away from here. That ceiling's lowering."

Rosemary watched him walk back to the plane. She told herself that she didn't care. If he'd rather change tires for baby-faced blondes than do the things that waited for him— And just at lunchtime, too, to take on a job like that! But she didn't care. She could eat by herself. She could walk to the lunch wagon!

But she didn't walk, after all. Mr. Hunt drove up, asking about his altimeter. Rosemary smiled at him and said it wasn't quite ready. Whereat he smiled back at her and asked, "Going to lunch? Hop in!"

She did not even glance at Steve as they passed him. But she knew that now he was jacking up the Stinson, and the girl was saying, "Aren't you wonderful!" and saving herself three dollars.

SHE could not help wondering, all through the lunch, about how Steve was making out with the tire. He'd have to eat later, too. And when Mr. Hunt, smiling so pleasantly at her across this table right now, discovered that his instrument had not yet been repaired—

"It must be very interesting, working here at the field," said Mr. Hunt.

Rosemary took a bite of chicken sandwich.

"Romantic," he went on. "Isn't flying supposed to be romantic?"

"There's no romance in flying!" said Rosemary positively. "It's just a way to make a living."

F. C. Hunt, who had never made a living in his life, grinned. Rosemary took a deep breath: "And as for my romantic association with flying men—which I suppose is what you meant—it just isn't. I'm a nagging old maid as far as Steve's concerned, and he's all the flying men I know."

"Why a nagging old maid?"

"Because I'm always on his tail with work. Because I don't let him go to sleep over it. Because—oh, because I've intruded on his blessedly dumb way of doing things. He gets them done, I'll admit. But—"

Mr. Hunt said, "How about my altimeter? That done?"

Rosemary smiled at him. "No. I was thinking about that. Didn't you notice that Steve was busy changing a tire?"

He took it very well. He said, "I had planned to fly to Saratoga this afternoon. But the weather's turned soupy, so I'm not going." He put down his cup. "Ever been to Saratoga, Rosemary?"

"Never."

"Ever been anywhere?" His eyes were on her face.

"I've been to Coney Island." They both laughed.

The clock over the bar said two eighteen by the time they had finished their lunch. He helped her into the car.

"Swell lunch," she told him. "Thanks. Now take me back fast. I've so much work to do, and I've stayed out longer than usual."

But he did not drive fast. He said, "Doesn't Steve Wright keep you out as long as this? You eat with him most days, don't you? I've seen you." Then, without waiting for an answer, he went on, "Are you always this way? Crisp, cool, and remote?"

"Remote?" echoed Rosemary, startled. "I never knew that about myself."

"You are with me."

He was lean and tanned and his clothes fitted beautifully. For the first time Rosemary was conscious that he was a nice-looking boy and quite young. As young as Steve.

She said, flustered, "I didn't mean to be. I was probably thinking about the office."

He stepped on the gas with a shade more emphasis. "I see. I'm just a customer, then?"

She groped for her poised and cool business manner, but it had evaporated. All she could do was sit there, tongue-tied, and wish they had already reached the hangar, so that she could escape.

"I suppose it would be useless to ask you to dinner or anything?" he was saying. Even Rosemary in her fog detected the wistfulness in his voice.

She gulped. "I—I really don't know, Mr. Hunt. M-maybe, sometime."

His eyes were very direct. "You're in love with Steve Wright, aren't you?"

The red mounted hotly in her cheeks. "I am not! I—"

He only smiled. "It's been a delightful lunch. Thank you."

She said, stumbling out of the car, "Thank you, Mr. Hunt. And I'll see that your instrument is positively ready by tomorrow."

The stairs to the office had never seemed so steep and high. In love with Steve! Whatever made him think that she was in love with Steve? Of course Steve was nice. She enjoyed straightening out his tangles and setting firecrackers under him when he took too long. But in love with him!

"Rosemary!" That was Steve, under the window.

She called down, "Yes? What is it?"

"You certainly took a young vacation! Ambulance call came in. A sick kid. He's got to be flown to Johns Hopkins right away for an operation."

She was suddenly cool and clear-headed, thinking rapidly. "How soon will they be here, Steve? I'll telephone for weather reports."

"It's practically a zero-zero ceiling."

She ran down the stairs to help him. "Have you got everything, Steve?" Wonderful that she had thought to call the gas truck this morning! Wonderful that the ship was out of the hangar, all ready to take off!

She looked up at the sky. But she couldn't see it. A heavy fog, which had been gathering since noon, lay over the field.

"Fog!" she said slowly.

Steve's eyes were skyward, too.

"Oh," she breathed. "You'll be careful!"

"Cripes, the compass! I took my compass out last night!"

"But it's all right, isn't it? You took the bubble out?"

"It's all right. I didn't change the compensation." He raced into the hangar. She called after him, "Steve, I took it off the workbench and put it in a bin."

She looked again at that leaden ceiling.

THERE was the clang of an ambulance. She ran down the road to meet it, waving her arms. "Back up to the field!" she cried to the driver. There was a nurse sitting near the boy on the stretcher.

Feverishly Steve was working to install that compass. She ached to help him, but she knew there was nothing that she could do.

The ambulance, and Steve working away on the instrument board, had drawn a knot of curious men. They gathered around the ship. Men in grease-stained coveralls. Men with weather-tanned faces and hands that knew how to hold a stick.

"Whole field's grounded."

"Sure is heavy weather."

"Need any help with that compass, Steve?"

The nurse, who had not left the ambulance, was very pale. She kept looking up at the thick gray veil that obliterated the sky.

Rosemary said: "Nothing to worry about. Steve's wonderful! And fog doesn't mean a thing. Why, he's got instruments on his board with which he could fly straight to Baltimore even if there was a hood over his head. That's called blind flying. Steve's awfully good at it."

The nurse said, "I see," faintly. But her lips were still bloodless and her hands continued to flutter.

Steve worked away over the compass, silent and absorbed. He seemed almost not to know they were all watching, waiting. At last he straightened up.

"Ready," he said.

CAREFULLY the stretcher was loaded into the cabin. The nurse smoothed her uniform skirt and reached for the sick child's hand.

Steve was quiet and cool, his eyes measuring the fog. Rosemary's breath caught a little. She touched his shoulder. "Good luck, Steve!" She stiffened her lips. "H-happy landing."

A silly thing to have said!

She closed the cabin door and called cheerfully to the nurse, "You'll be there very soon now!"

She kept the corners of her mouth pinned up while one of the men kicked the chocks from under the wheels and gave the propeller a turn. Her head was high. Her eyes were on Steve's ship.

The propeller whirled. The motor roared. They taxied down the runway, and then, painfully, they took off. It seemed as though her heart were rising with them through the dense gray fog, feeling a way toward the upper reaches of the sky.

In only a moment you couldn't see the ship at all. The little group of men broke up.

"Tough job that's going to be!" some one said.

Rosemary answered, "Not for Steve."

The office was suddenly terribly quiet—terribly empty. She looked out of the window toward where his ship had disappeared. Nothing but fog. You couldn't even make out the outlines of the great black storage tank that always seemed to be so close—so close that sometimes when a ship took off she thought, "He's heading straight toward it!"

She tried to go back to work, but the figures kept jiggling around and her eyes stung. At last she gave it up.

"I'll go down and check up on the things in the bins," she told herself. "I've meant to do that for a long time."

Downstairs her eyes couldn't keep straying to the window.

She'd have to stop measuring that fog—stop trying to figure out how far Steve was by now, if he had left the fog behind yet!

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She counted instruments and checked up with her list. But her heart kept saying, “Oh, Steve! Be careful!”

Eight air-speeds in bin No. 1. Right. One directional gyro. Right. One bin full of links, chains, dial glasses, and springs. He just threw everything in there! But she could work up no real indignation about it. She could only keep praying, “Oh, let him fly it out! Let him be past it now!”

She rested against the workbench for a moment. Something caught her attention—something lying there. She snatched at it. A card. A correction card! “For North read 2. For 30 read 34.” A correction card for a compass.

Suddenly her mouth was dry and her knees felt strange. Steve's correction card! The correction card for the compass he had taken the bubble out of. The compass that he had installed in his ship less than an hour ago!

How *could* he have forgotten it? His eyes, steady over his work—his hands, so sure and strong and competent. He wasn't much on office routine, but he was one of the finest flyers in the East! How *could* he have forgotten so essential a thing as a correction card!

The explanation flooded over her. She had picked up his compass from the workbench this morning, like an orderly housewife picking up after a careless child; and she—*she* had forgotten to pick up the correction card with it. She had put the compass into a bin.

So, when Steve went to the bin, he'd been so rushed and so harassed, and the ambulance had been waiting— He'd had all the work of reinstalling the compass. His eye had not happened to glance at the empty pocket where the card should have been.

Oh, why had she ever touched the compass on the workbench? Why was she always tying up ends after Steve? Because she loved to—because there was something intensely pleasurable about putting her hands on her hips and saying to him, “Now, Steve!” Because there was something that her heart seemed to feed on in the spectacle of Steve looking down at her guiltily and mumbling:

“Yeah. I know. I—I forgot.”

'Tisn't So

by

R. E. Doan

COLUMBUS did not die in prison. In 1500 Columbus was placed in irons and sent to Spain by Francisco de Bobadilla. A wave of indignation swept over the people and Columbus was received with honor. All charges against him were dropped, compensation allowed, and Bobadilla was impeached. Columbus died in 1506 at Valladolid.

HELIUM was not discovered on the earth. It was discovered and classified as an element from an observation of the sun's atmosphere in 1868 by Janssen, Frankland, and Lockyer. It was not found on the earth until 1882, when the Italian scientist Palmieri noticed its presence in lava from Mount Vesuvius. It was not isolated until 1895.

NO PERSON is double-jointed. In some cases the ligaments holding the joint bones together may be a bit looser than the average, and this permits greater freedom of movement than in the ordinary joint.

LEAVES do not change color because of frost. Conditions directly responsible for such change are not yet thoroughly understood. However, it is believed that length of day and lowering temperature play a part. Such changes may precede the first frost in some species, while in others the leaves retain their greenness until actually killed by freezing temperature—without having developed any autumnal coloring.

GILA-MONSTER BITE is not fatal. In an extensive investigation of the subject, Dr. Charles T. Vorhies, entomologist at the University of Arizona, has been unable to find one case of death definitely caused primarily and solely by the bite of a Gila monster.

Now she'd tied this end into a knot. When he tossed things around, somehow he was always able to put his hands on them again. But when she came behind him with her damned efficiency—

She felt like crying. Steve on his way to Baltimore with a sick child and a frightened nurse. Steve flying through fog with a compass that would take him off his course. And the fault was hers. Hers!

The blood roared in her ears. Fog! Steve would be lost!

She beat her hands together. What could she do? What could she do? A sob tore through her throat. She mustn't stand here like this. She must do something!

But the orderly mind, the cool efficiency, were completely gone. She could only see Steve's blue eyes and his mussed sandy hair, and hear his voice saying, “Rosemary.” She could only feel this tearing at her heart—this chill dread that had destroyed her power to think, to act.

“Stop this! Stop this!” she told herself. And with her next breath she was moaning, “Oh, Steven! Oh, darling! God, let him be safe! Let him be safe!”

Frantically she tried to get her thoughts together. Steve would have noticed that his compass card was gone in the first ten minutes. He couldn't turn back, because of the fog, and because that child had to get to the hospital.

If it weren't foggy, he might have made it without a compass. He knew the route. He'd flown it thousands of times. Maybe he had taken a shot at it, even in the fog. South— But he'd have to look at his compass! And the south on the compass was wrong! There it was on the card: “For South read 186.”

She forced herself to sit down, to think slowly. Steve had a radio. He'd be listening for weather signals. He'd try to find his position by radio, perhaps. Radio!

Suddenly she raced up the stairs to the telephone. She'd get the Airway Radio Station. She could reach Steve! They would broadcast to him those notations on the correction card!

“Market 2-1061,” she told the operator.

The line was busy. With shaking fingers she put the receiver back on the hook.

“Market 2-1061.”

“The line is busy.”

“Market 2-1061.”

“The line is busy.”

She counted slowly: “One. Two. Three. Four.” Oh, they must be clear now! “Market 2-1061.”

But they were still busy.

“Operator, you've got to get them for me! It's a broadcasting station! It's a matter of life and death!”

The operator said, “I will give you the chief operator.”

“Oh, try them again!”

And this time, miraculously, they answered. She said, checking her panic and keeping her voice steady: “I'd like you to broadcast a message to Pilot Steve Wright in N. C. 14812. He's flying to Baltimore. He has no correction card. I want to give him the readings.”

“Just a minute, miss,” said the voice at the other end. And then, “All right now. Let's have those readings.” . . .

Next door they had a receiving set in the shop. She found no one there, but she switched it on and spun the dial. Her chest hurt. Would they never send it? Words were coming over—senseless, unimportant words:

“W W U calling Pilot Joe McGinnis, Arrow Airlines. The following message received from Newark Airport. Message signed ‘Fenton’: ‘Go back to airport. Go back to airport.’”

Her hands were trembling. She pressed them together hard. It was coming over now!

“W W U calling Pilot Steven Wright in N. C. 14812. The following information received from Roosevelt Field. Message signed ‘Rosemary Garrity’: ‘You have forgotten your correction card. You have forgotten your correction card. The corrections are as follows: For North read 2. For 30 read 34. For 60 read 66. For East read 97. For 120 read 125. For 150 read 152. For South read 186. For 210 read 217. For 240 read 233. For West read 259. For 300 read 292. For 330 read 326.’” Then, “Repeating the readings. For North read 2 . . .”

There was no way that Steven could answer. There was no way that she could know whether or not he had been listening in. She thought, “I'll ask them to broadcast the message again. He's only been gone about an hour. He must have heard! He's still within range!"

They broadcast it again. She felt as if she couldn't bear the torture of waiting, of not knowing. But she'd have to wait. There was nothing she could do.

She mustn't think. She mustn't remember Steve's grin, or the sound of his voice. She mustn't think about crack-ups in fog. She mustn't keep tapping with her toe on the floor this way!

Better to go back to the office and work. Clean up the files. Go over the books. Anything hard and absorbing, so that she wouldn't think about Steve flying through the fog with that sick little boy and that nervous frightened nurse.

Steve was a fine pilot—a capable, experienced flyer. He was all right! He had heard the broadcast. He must have heard it!

How long should it take him to make Baltimore? There wouldn't be fog there. He could land easily and safely.

She knew that it would be hours. It had to be hours. In a fog, with only the corrections he'd been able to jot down on a scrap of paper.

But Steve would come through it. She told herself that over and over: "He'll come through. He'll come through."

Suppose he didn't. Suppose he hadn't heard the broadcasts. Suppose he'd been out of range, miles off his course! He could be frantically dialing his radio, trying to find his position. That nurse with her panic-hounded pale face. The poor little boy, too sick to know. Steve doing his best, knowing that he was helpless—trying to land, perhaps, and not daring. He'd surely crack up if he tried to come down blind in a fog over an unknown place.

SHE closed her eyes. Her head pounded cruelly. He might be flying over water—over the ocean. He wouldn't have to be far off his course to be over the ocean. Baltimore was south. Steve, making a desperate stab at flying south without corrections for his compass, might very well be above black depths of ocean.

She thought about other ships lost at sea. She thought about all the tales she'd heard in her months here at the field. That boy who'd taken off and just kept on going for miles and miles and miles, and never known he was off course. Not until he crashed into the side of a mountain.

A terrible shudder shook her.

No Steve anywhere in the world. How would it be never to see him again? Never to look at his dear hair standing eternally on end from the impatient fingers forever ruffling it? Never to hear his voice? Never to see the slow good-natured grin that was Steve's and no one else's? How would it be to face life without Steve?

She knew it then, of course. Mr. Hunt had been right. She was in love with Steve. Terribly, heart-shatteringly in love. Cruel, to find it out now! With Steve somewhere in the sky, battling fog and distance and the fear in that nurse's eyes!

Why couldn't she do something to help him? Why wasn't there some way that she could reach him, some way that she could be *sure* he heard!

Night came on.

She thought, "I could call one of the airfields on the route. They might have seen him. Maybe he heard the broadcast. Maybe he's safe."

THE telephone pealed. She snatched it up. "Hello? Hello?"

"Baltimore is calling Garden City 8753."

Baltimore. The hospital! They wanted to know where Steve was! They had waited until long past the time when his ship was to have landed with the little boy—

The telephone operator's voice seemed to come from a long way off: "They wish to reverse the charges."

"That's—all right—operator."

And then it came: "Hello, Rosemary!" Steve's voice! It was Steve!

"Just got in. Say, that was swell of you to broadcast those corrections. I was off course and getting worried."

She could only whisper, "Oh, Steve!"

He said, "I don't know what I'd do without you, Rosemary."

"I don't know what I'd do without you, Steve!"

Such blessed, blessed relief to hear his voice!

Silence. Then he said awkwardly, "Dumb of me to have forgotten the card."

"It was my fault. I didn't put it in the bin with the compass."

"But I should have remembered it."

"You had so much to do! It was my fault for ever touching the compass."

"Oh, no! I'm the careless one. Just like you always say, Rosemary. Gosh, what would I have done this trip without little old efficiency sitting back there in the office?"

Suddenly she came awake with a start. "Steve, this must be costing a lot of money! Did you ask the operator to break in when the three minutes was up?"

"No; I never thought of it. The hell with the phone bill. Listen, Rosemary. I'm not going to stay overnight here. I'm coming right back."

"Steve, you mustn't! The fog—"

"Fog's lifted. Tell them to put the lights on for me. And wait there, will you, Rosemary?"

"You mustn't, Steve. Stay in Baltimore until morning."

"Don't you want to see me?"

"You know I do," she said softly.

"You *must* have wanted to see me again! That's the way I figure it. And—yes, I'll remember to have the ship gassed before I leave, and no, I won't take any long chances. But don't forget to wait for me!"

"I'll wait, Steve," she whispered into the telephone. "Forever!"

THE END

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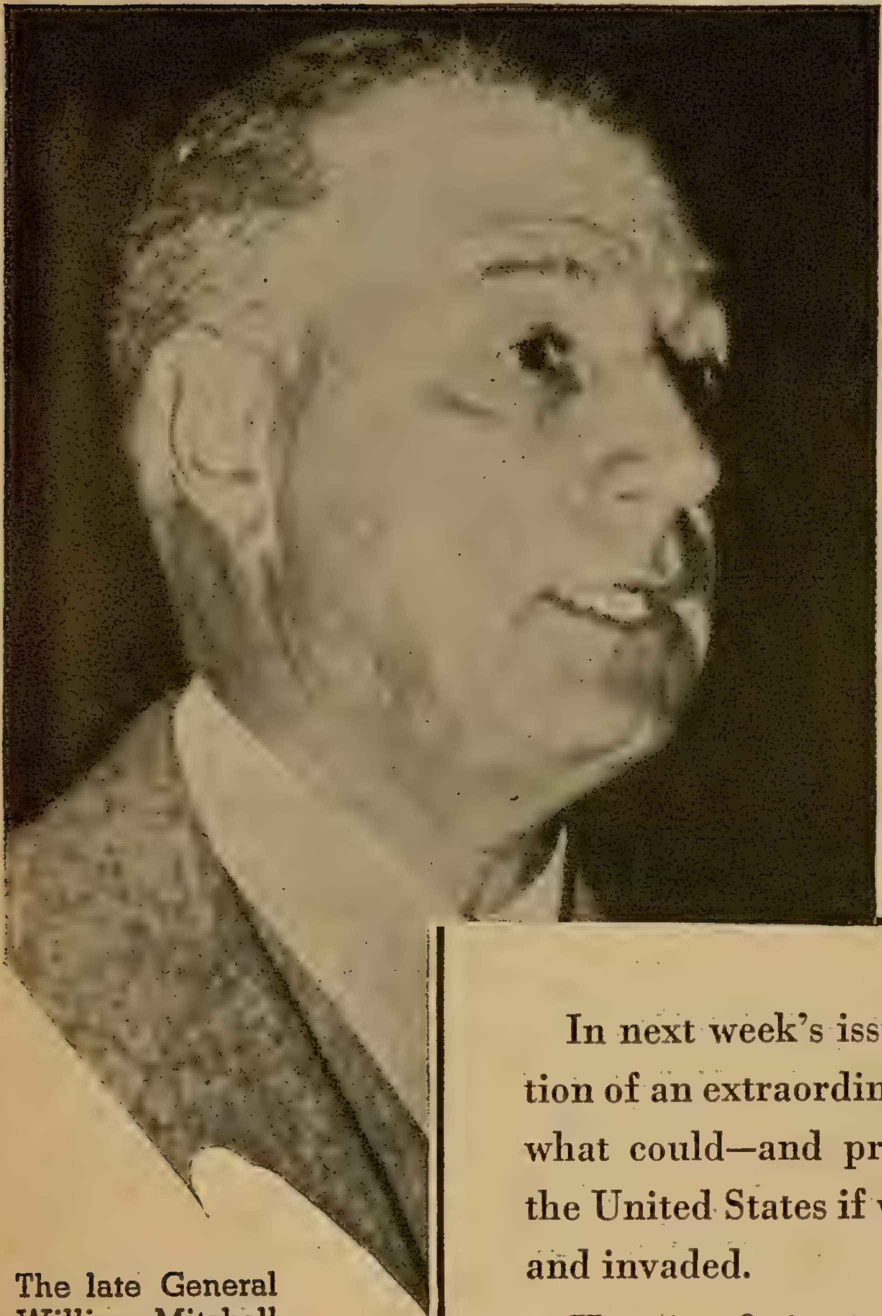
A Patriot's Last Message to His Country



The late General William Mitchell

In next week's issue Liberty begins publication of an extraordinarily vivid novel picturing what could—and probably would—happen to the United States if we were suddenly attacked and invaded.

Here is a fitting prelude to it—the last article General Mitchell wrote for Liberty before his recent death. It was received while the novel was being prepared for publication. It strikes the same note of warning and, like the novel, comes from a former army officer who knows whereof he speaks. That the two manuscripts should have reached Liberty at almost the same time seems to the editors to have impressive significance.

Keep what General Mitchell has written in mind when you begin next week to read Without Warning, by Major George Fielding Eliot and Edward Doherty.

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE word "jingo" in its generally accepted sense means a person who attempts to influence his countrymen to go to war, usually without just reason. It is in quite a different category that a person should be classified who sees the dangers besetting his country from without, knows how others are preparing, and tries to impress his fellow citizens with the necessity for national defense along the latest approved lines.

We in the United States have the richest country in the world. We are the greatest descendants of the European culture. Old Europe with its many different nationalities, torn by strifes of thousands of years' standing, is unable in this day and age to exert as much outside influence as formerly. Up to about fifty years ago the Europeans had weapons and means of applying them superior to those of the rest of the world. Now that the Asiatics have entered heart and soul into industrial development and have armed themselves to the teeth with similar if not better weapons, the balance of international power is not what it was.

The wealth of the white races was gathered under the mouths of their cannon. Much of it came from Asia. Although the Asiatic continent contained millions of people in a high state of development, they had long ago given up the idea of defending themselves. The result was that a few handfuls of well armed and well trained Europeans were able to dominate the Pacific.

Only for a short period has this condition been reversed. That was during the days of the Mongol ascendancy, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when Genghis Khan, who had a country of only 5,000,000 people, set out on a career of world conquest. His was no mere horde of marauding bandits but a marvelously articulated army of expert warriors. The onslaught of the Mongol armies was so quick, decisive, and incomprehensible to the Europeans that after it was all over they considered themselves lucky to have escaped entire destruction. And the Mongols stayed in Russia and ruled it for three hundred years.

There is just as great a chance for constructive military application today. The colossal losses of the World War were the result of a mistaken army system which did not understand its own powers and limitations. Sacred tradition held the minds of the army leaders. Consequently they demanded infantry, infantry, and more infantry to be sent to the shambles. Looking down from the air, as I did, on the ground armies in Europe, it was almost inconceivable to me that thinking beings, with the implements they had at hand—such as tanks,

Gone and Mourned, a Fighter Leaves Behind a Warning—"The Cause of Right Cannot Be Furthered by a Defenseless Country: Beware of War from the East!"

by GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

Wartime Commander of Air Forces of the A. E. F.

aircraft, and chemical weapons—would choose a method of attack which even the Romans would not have countenanced.

The hostile main army has ceased to be the primary objective in war. It is the vital center that counts. The only element that can go there quickly and surely is the bombing airplane, which must be taken as the basic element of national military organization today. The battleship has already gone to the land of maritime shades. The infantry soldier, transformed into a machine gunner in a hole in the ground, merely holds up the progress of another of his own kind who attempts to advance against him.

Chemistry will undoubtedly play a great part in future wars. Whenever a combatant feels himself pushed to an extremity, he will employ any and all means of making war that come to hand.

I joined our General Staff back in 1912. The General Staff of an army corresponds to the board of directors of a commercial company. They are supposed to draw up new policies which will be beneficial to their organization in its future employment. Airplanes had gone far enough at that time to prove their value in war. In 1914 I attempted to get an organization authorized for us. In answer to my letter, the Chief of the War College said in substance that aircraft had never proved that they were any good, they probably would not be, and what was the use of fooling with them? The Europeans then had regular aero units. The same spirit is pervading our General Staff today.

As a people, we Americans seem rather oblivious to the course of events in world military affairs and their significance. Most of us think of the oceans as impregnable ramparts against any serious invasion. The average man does not consider the air as a road to military power, in spite of the fact that aviation has possessed itself of the greatest weapons ever known by man.

In contrast, I have found the French peasants as well versed as any one in questions of national defense. They know that if they are not prepared against their natural adversary, Germany, with the latest military equipment, they will be ruthlessly put out of the way, their homes destroyed, their property taken. That is why France has developed such a strong air power.

The Germans too know that air power will control the outcome of future contests, and have organized and prepared accordingly.

The British for a long time were obsessed with the idea that the English Channel, the North Sea, and the Atlantic kept them safe as long as they had a superior navy. They now realize that Great Britain is no longer the "tight little isle" and that unless they are armed in the air they are gone.

Americans have not yet had things brought home to them as have the Europeans. Their cities have not been bombed. If we organize properly we may be able to prevent such an eventuality. As long as we have a sufficiently strong national-defense organization we can live as we like in our own country; but to let our national-defense organization fall down and become weak in policy and methods is to extend an invitation to any well armed adversary to come and fall upon us. There are thousands of such examples in history, the most recent being that of Japan in Manchuria and China.

The cause of right cannot be furthered by a defenseless and disarmed country. Disarmament is no panacea for war. Whether people have arms in their hands or not, their feelings and desires are not altered.

The new conditions make it the duty of all patriotic Americans to study our problems, appraise them at their true value, and make their views public.

The United States will eventually be the hope of the white race in world evolution. We must not neglect an enlightened and up-to-date national defense.

This is not jingoism.

It is merely self-preservation.

THE END

> The people of the Americas must take cognizance of marked trends toward aggression, of increasing armaments—a situation which has in it many of the elements that lead to the tragedy of general war. In many nations the masses of the people follow blindly and fervently the lead of those who seek autocratic power.
>
> Nations seeking expansion or outlets for population have reverted to the old belief in the law of the sword. The United States can play but one role: . . . through adequate defense to save ourselves from embroilment and attack.
>
> —Franklin D. Roosevelt in his message to Congress January 3, 1936

LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED BY MAJOR BOWES

EACH week brings an increase in contestants and each week brings better material. The votes are pouring in, too, and the contest has become a lively battle. If you have sent in your entry and you have not been among the winners, try again. Send in something new, and maybe luck will be with you.

There are only two requirements: 1—you must be an amateur; 2—your material must be original. Remember, each amateur whose contribution appears on these pages will receive $5. Then there is a chance of winning additional prizes: $25 for the first prize; $10 for the second; and one of the three third prizes of $5 each.

A new contest will be held each week with similar awards. Write down your true experiences, or a short story (not over 500 words), verse, jingles, quips, epigrams, bright sayings, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—everything and anything!

Send your contribution to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE
MAJOR EDWARD BOWES, EDITOR
P. O. BOX 380, GRAND CENTRAL STATION,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Major Edward Bowes.

The Female of the Species—three quips from Paul H. Tannenbaum, who evidently knows a great deal about them:

The girl who does everything under the sun usually has shadows under her eyes.

Many a girl has burned up her sweetie with an old flame.

She loved him so much that she worshiped the very ground his father discovered oil on.

From Marguerite Valance of Buffalo, New York, comes a short short story entitled High Shoes. It is a pathetic little tale, well done—and I should think quite apropos.

HIGH SHOES

"But, mother, why? Why can't I have the high shoes?"

"They cost too much, Buddy, and it is almost summertime. You will be only six years old on your next birthday. There is plenty of time for high shoes when you are older."

"I want them now, mother." His voice was solemn. "I have been a good boy. Haven't I taken care of you ever since daddy went up to live with God last year? And you know, mother, God rewards you if you are good."

The mother's gray eyes looked down into the wide hazel eyes gazing up into hers. There was trust and hope shining out of the small boy's eyes. How could she blow out the dim flame of hope shining there? He was so young. What did five dollars mean to a child? Empty words!

Five dollars! How big five dollars seemed these days! Gone were the plentiful times. The check that came at the end of each month was so pitifully small. What could a mother do in these days of economic distress? One lone woman and a small boy against the big bustling world. She swallowed the hard lump in her throat and reached for the little brown hand.

"I will find a way, my son." She smiled, squeezed his hand, and went quickly about the work of preparing the supper.

How important these shoes had become! How complicated the desire for them and what lay behind those wide trusting eyes of childhood! "I must get them—I must do something," she thought.

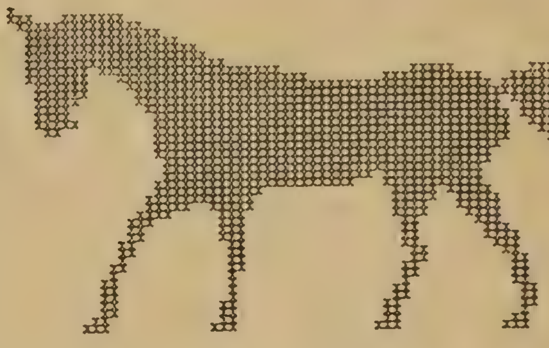
After that evening the old typewriter in the spare room rattled and groaned for several hours each day. Many times the keys stuck and skipped, but each day she entered that room with a prayer in her heart and a firm determination to do her best. The days flew by. At last she was satisfied. She could do no more. One could do no better than one's best. She must send it in and await the decision.

Now the days dragged along one after the other. Then one afternoon she came home to find an unfamiliar yellow envelope in the mailbox. Her fingers trembled as she tore it open and stared at the five-dollar check, a prize for her short short story.

Quick tears of gratitude sprang into her eyes, and through the blur she saw not the pink slip of paper before her but two sturdy brown high shoes.

Any one who can sketch on the typewriter a horse such as the one reproduced below, and inject action and form as Julius Nelson, student of Windber High School, Windber, Pennsylvania, has done, deserves plenty of credit.

I hope, however, he hasn't neglected other studies for this bit of clever decoration.



O. H. Stanford of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, enters a "storiette" entitled Wake Me Up! He adds as a note the following: "I have never had anything published or paid for. This storiette is original. And I guess I'm an amateur in the worst sense of the word—but here goes!"

And I'll let the readers decide whether or not the gong also goes for that.

WAKE ME UP!

Once there was a young man named John. John had a brother named Ethelbert-Cadwallader, but in time John learned to laugh it off.

John and Ethelbert-Cadwallader both slept in the same bed. Or, rather, Ethelbert-Cadwallader slept and John hung on the best he knew how.

One day, about four thirty in the afternoon, John entered their room and found Ethelbert-Cadwallader sprawled out in the middle of the bed, fast asleep.

There was only one thing that annoyed John more than finding his brother sprawled out in the middle of the bed at four thirty in the afternoon, and that was finding him sprawled out in the middle of the bed at four thirty in the morning.

There was a note on the bureau, written in his brother's handwriting, which read: "Wake me up at ten minutes to five."

"So he wants to be woke up at exactly ten minutes to five, does he?" said John sneerily.

John nudged Ethelbert-Cadwallader in the ribs twice, pulled his ears once each, and then went over to look out of the window.

When Ethelbert-Cadwallader realized that he was nudged in the ribs twice and had his ears pulled once each, he raised an eyelid halfway, reached under the bed for a shoe, took steady aim, hurled the shoe with great force at the back of John's arrogant head, and then fell back to sleep immediately.

That's how much of an optimist he was.

When Ethelbert-Cadwallader woke up, it was five o'clock. John was slumped against the wall, very much relaxed. Ethelbert-Cadwallader's shoe was lying near by.

Ethelbert - Cadwallader scratched his head and regarded John with curiosity.

On the bureau Ethelbert-Cadwallader found a note which read: " Wake me up at ten minutes to five."

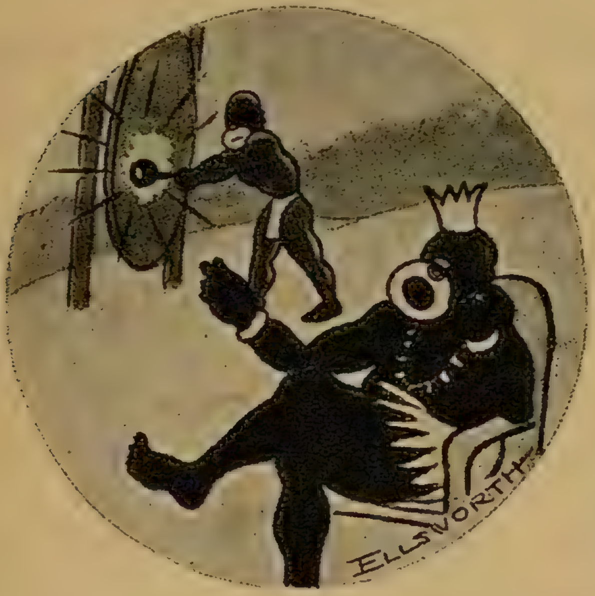
He regarded the note thoughtfully.

In a flash it dawned upon him that —he turned to his brother in alarm and shouted:

" Hey, get up! You're ten minutes late! "

Then he went back to sleep, wondering why he got up in the first place.

Even into darkest Africa has the influence of the gong reverberated! At least so Sherrill Ellsworth of Chicago, Illinois, wishes us to understand with his entry in this week's Amateur Contest. All right, all right, Mr. Ellsworth—I have chosen your cartoon; now let's see what the readers think of it!



"All right! All right!"

Trial by Flight, a short short story submitted by A. W. Schwing, Jr., of Peoria, Illinois, has an element of surprise. It is descriptively well written, and the author shows possibilities of a future in this particular field.

TRIAL BY FLIGHT

The passengers glanced nervously at each other. Surely these sudden turns and dives were being made at too high a speed. The whistling wind changed from a slow solemn dirge to a roaring snarl as the ship made a sudden abrupt dive toward the ground.

A smooth triumphant climb brought relaxation. A banking turn sent them against their safety belts. When the attendant had fastened those safety belts they had laughed gaily; but now they were glad that the leather seemed sturdy and thick. Another matter bothered the passengers. Usually the man at the controls was out of sight, yet there in front was a uniformed pilot in full view. Why?

Far beneath them sped the river. The deep, darker water disclosing the channel could be discerned from this height. A dip and a breath-robbing turn sent them back over green trees.

Major Edward Bowes.

Another calming climb brought the higher elements into view. Cottony clouds and the soft blue sky beckoned invitingly. Birds chirped a welcome to the newcomers into their sphere. The occupants of the soft leather cushions lost their perturbed expressions and grinned self-consciously at each other.

Tension gripped them again. Smoothly and easily they were starting down. Faster and faster they sped. Something must be wrong. There was no reason for this speed. This trip was supposed to be a mere trial. The wind was howling. Men who had forgotten how to pray suddenly clutched some faint memory from childhood, kneeling beside a bed. The thrill-seeking blonde girl lost her nonchalant air. She frankly clutched the arm rest.

There was nothing to be done. The safety belts and bullet speed prohibited movement. The treetops were clutching out greedy arms at them. The man in uniform drew the eyes of all. He did not belong there in plain sight. Why was he here? His face seemed set in a fiendish grin. His eyes brightened as the speed increased. Must the passengers sit calmly as this wretch hurtled them into the ground? Screams whipped from quivering lips.

As the ground rose to envelop them, the speed checked quickly and easily. At a low platform they stopped. The uniformed man rose from the front. " Yeah, Ed, this new Riverview roller coaster is going to be a real thriller. I went with the first load with an emergency brake, but, shucks—we didn't need any, did we? "

The passengers mechanically shook their heads in a sickly manner.

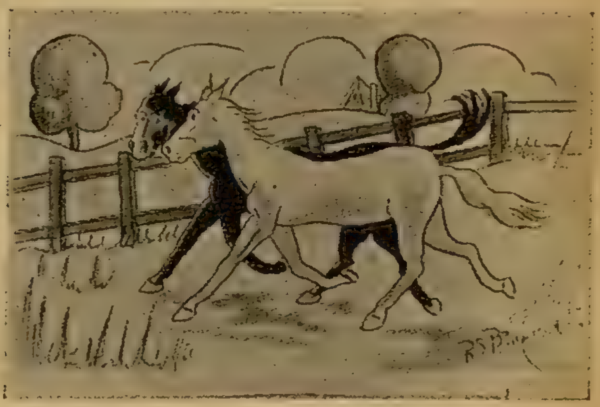
A two-word descriptive story is sent in by Mrs. R. B. Adams of Cedar Falls, Iowa. It is affective.

Homely—
Lonely.

NUMBA, PLEASE!

As they danced to the rhumba
She thought, " You big bumba,
You've beat
On my feet
Till they're practically numba! "

Here is a very good sketch with a very smart quip. Keep it up, Richard Binetach. Morris, Illinois, will be proud of you.



"Your pace is quite familiar but I can't recall the mane."

HOW TO VOTE

Send in your vote by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue. A first prize of $25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; $10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and $5 each will be awarded to the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid. Contributors are urged to keep carbon copies of their materials, for Liberty will not return rejected manuscripts. Neither can the editors of Liberty enter into correspondence regarding material submitted. Liberty acquires rights of all kinds in all material published on these pages.

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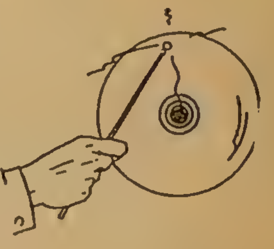
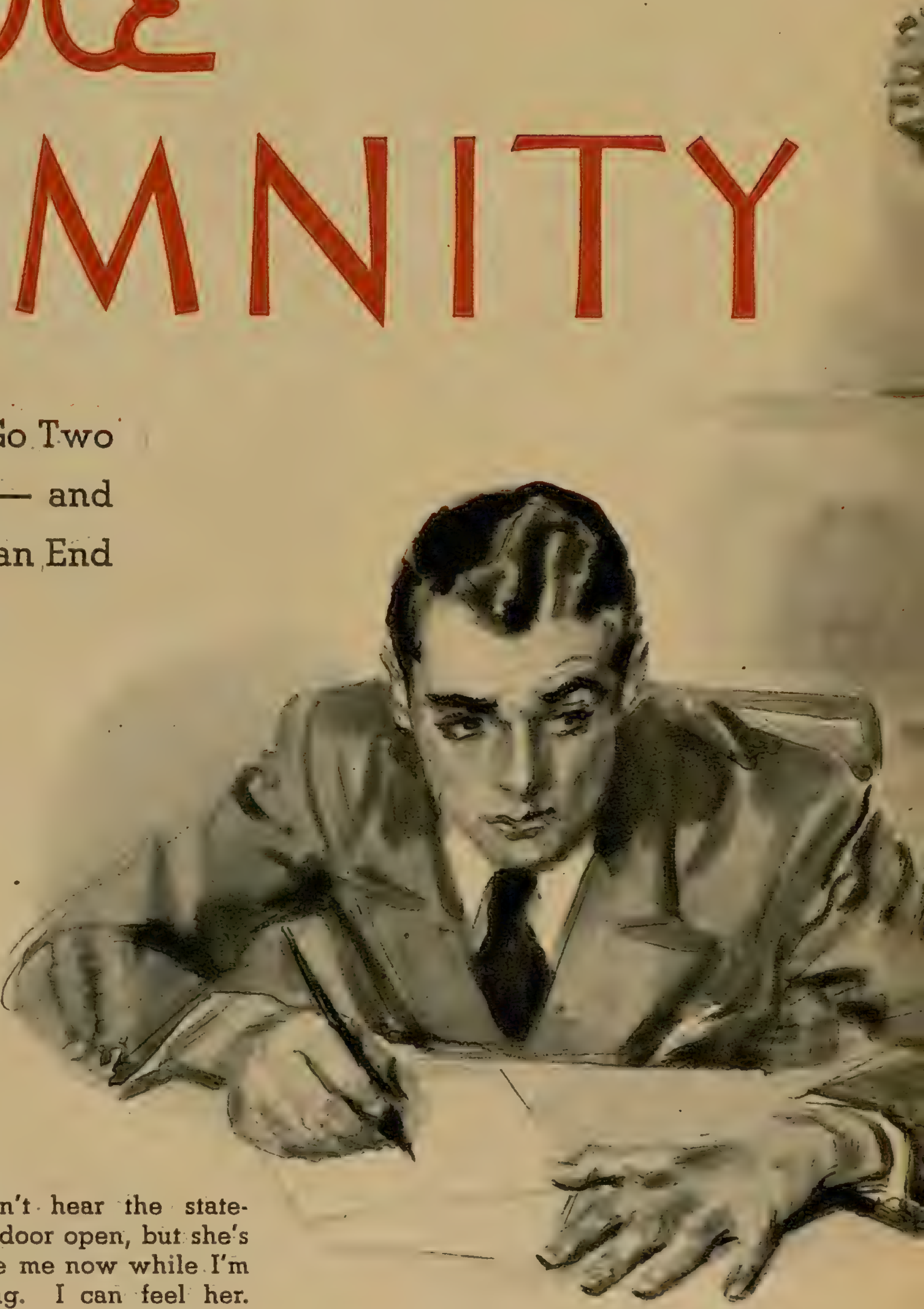


Double INDEMNITY

The names and the descriptions of all the characters in Double Indemnity are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

Outward Bound on a Far Journey Go Two Who Staked Their Souls and Lost — and an Unforgettable Novel Comes to an End

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 28 SECONDS



I didn't hear the stateroom door open, but she's beside me now while I'm writing. I can feel her.

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

AFTER Norton, Keswick, and Shapiro left, Keyes sat down.

"This is an awful thing you've done, Huff."

"I know it."

"I guess there's no need my saying more about that part."

"No, no need."

"I'm sorry. I've—kind of liked you, Huff."

"I know. Same here."

"Well—we won't talk about it."

"There's nothing to say. . . . Did you see her?"

"Yes. I saw them all. Him, her, and the wife."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing. . . . I didn't tell her, you see. I let her do the talking. She thinks Sachetti shot you."

"For what?"

"Jealousy."

"Oh."

"She's upset about you. But when she found out you weren't badly hurt, she—well, she—"

"—was glad of it."

"In a way. She tried not to be. But she felt that it proved Sachetti loved her. She couldn't help it."

"I see."

"She was really upset about you, though. She likes you."

"Yeah, I know. She—likes me."

"She was following you. She thought you were him. That was all there was to that."

"I figured that out."

"I talked to *him.*"

"Oh, yeah, you told me. What was he doing there?"

Keyes did some more of his pounding around then. The night light over my head was the only light in the room. I could only half see him, but I could feel the bed shake when he marched.

"Huff, there's a story."

"Yeah? How do you mean?"

"You just got yourself tangled up with an Irrawaddy cobra, that's all. That woman—it makes my blood run cold just to think of her. She's a pathological case, that's all. The worst I ever heard of."

"I still don't get it."

"You will. . . . Sachetti wasn't in love with her."

"No?"

"He's known her five or six years. His father was a doctor. He had a sanatorium up in the Verdugo Hills about a quarter mile from this place where she was head nurse."

"Oh, yeah. I remember about that."

"Sachetti met her up there. Then one time the old man had some tough luck. Three children died on him."

The old creepy feeling began to go up my back. He went on: "They died of—"

"—pneumonia."

"You heard about it?"

"No. Go on."

"Oh. You heard about the Arrowhead business."

"Yes."

"They died on him, and there was an awful time, and the old man took the rap for it. Not with the police. They didn't find anything to concern them. But with the

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

by
JAMES M. CAIN
WHO WROTE THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE

Department of Health and his clientele. It ruined him. He had to sell his place. Not long after that he died."

"Pneumonia?"

"No. He was quite old. But Sachetti thought there was something funny about it, and he couldn't shake it out of his mind about this woman. She was over there too much, and she seemed to take too much interest in the children up there. He had nothing to go on, except some kind of a hunch. You follow me?"

"Go on."

"He never did anything about it till the first Mrs. Nirdlinger died. It happened that *one* of those children was related to that Mrs. Nirdlinger in such fashion that when the child died Mrs. Nirdlinger became executrix for quite a lot of property the child was due to inherit. In fact, as soon as the legal end was cleared up, Mrs. Nirdlinger came into the property herself. Get that, Huff. That's the awful part. Just *one* of those children was mixed up with property."

"How about the other two?" I asked.

"Nothing. Those two children died just to cover the trail up a little. Think of that, Huff!"

"Go on."

"When the first Mrs. Nirdlinger died, Sachetti elected himself a one-man detective agency to find out what it was all about. He wanted to clear his father for one thing, and the woman had become an obsession with him for another thing. I don't mean he fell for her. I mean he just had to know the truth about her."

"Yeah, I can see that."

"He kept up his work at the university as well as he could, and then he made a chance to get in there and talk with her. He already knew her, so when he went up there with some kind of a proposition to join a physicians' and nurses' association that was being formed, he figured she wouldn't think anything of it. But then something happened. He met this girl Lola, and it was a case of love at first sight, and then his fine scheme to get at the truth about the wife went on the rocks. He didn't want to make the girl unhappy, and he really had nothing to go on, so he called it off.

"He didn't want to go to the house after what he suspected about the wife, so he began meeting the girl outside."

"Yeah, I know."

"Then Nirdlinger got bumped off. And suddenly Sachetti knew he had to go after this woman to mean it. He quit seeing Lola. He didn't even tell her why. He went up to this woman and began making love to her as hard as he knew. That is, almost as hard as he knew. He figured if it was her he was coming to see, she'd not forbid him to come, not at all. You see, she was Lola's guardian. But if Lola got married, the husband would be the guardian, and that would mix it all up on the property. You see—"

"Lola was next."

"That's it. After she got you out of the way for what you knew about her, Lola was next. That brings us down to last night. Lola followed him. That is, she followed his car when you took it. She was turning into the parking lot when you pulled out."

"I saw the car."

"Sachetti went home early. The wife chased him out. He went to his room and started to go to bed, but he couldn't shake it out of his mind that something was going on that night. For one thing, being chased out looked funny. For another thing, the wife had asked him earlier in the day a couple of things about Griffith Park—when they closed the roads down there for the night, and which roads they closed—things that could only mean she had something cooking in that park late at night sometime, he didn't know when. So, instead of going to bed, he decided to go up to her house and keep an eye on her.

"He went out to get his car. When he found it gone, he almost fainted, because Lola had a key to it. Don't forget, he knew Lola was next."

"Go on."

"He grabbed a cab and went down to Griffith Park. He began walking around blind—he didn't have any idea what was up, or even where to look. He started at the wrong place—at the far end of the little glade. Then he heard the shot.

"He ran over, and he and Lola got to you about the same time. He thought Lola was shot. She thought he was shot. When Lola saw who it was, she thought Sachetti shot you, and she was putting on an act about it when the police got there."

"I get it now."

"That woman—that wife—is an out-and-out lunatic. Sachetti told me he found five cases, all before the three children, where patients died under her while she was a nurse, two of them where she got property out of it."

"Well?"

"You're sunk, Huff."

"I know it."

"We had it out this afternoon. Down at the company. I had the whip hand. There was no two ways about it. I called it long ago, even when Norton was still talking suicide."

"You did that, all right."

"I persuaded them the case ought never to come to trial."

"You can't hush it up."

"We can't hush it up; we know that. But having it come out that an agent of this company committed murder is one thing. Having it plastered all over every paper in the country for the two weeks of a murder trial is something else."

"I see."

"You're to give me a statement. You're to give me a statement setting forth every detail of what you did, and have a notary attest it. You're to mail it to me, registered. You got that?"

"I got it."

"When I get that, there may be something we can do for you. So, anyway, you won't—hang. You'll have to take a plea, and I don't promise you that anything can be done. That's up to the court. But, anyway, we'll try. We ought not to, but—on account of your record—"

"I know."

"In the meantime we hold everything—about this last shooting, I mean—because you're in no condition to testify at a hearing."

"All right, I'll think about it."

BUT what I was thinking about was whether I could get on a boat as soon as I mailed him the statement.

"There's just one thing, Keyes."

"What is it?"

"I still don't know about that girl Lola. You say you hold everything. I guess that means you hold her and Sachetti, pending the hearing. I've got to know no harm comes to her. I've got to have your solemn word on that, or you'll get no statement, and the case will come to trial, and all the rest of it. I'll blow the whole ship out of water. Do you get that, Keyes? What about her?"

"We hold Sachetti pending your statement. He's consented to it."

"Did you hear me? What about her?"

"She's out."

"She's—what?"

"We bailed her out. It's a bailable offense. You didn't die, you see."

"Does she know about me?"

"No. I told you I told her nothing."

He got up, looked at his watch, and tiptoed out in the hall.

I closed my eyes. Then I felt somebody near me. I opened my eyes again. It was Lola.

"Walter."

"Yes. Hello, Lola."

"I'm terribly sorry."

"I'm all right."

"I didn't know Nino knew about us. He must have found out. He didn't mean anything. But he's—hot-tempered."

"You love him?"

". . . Yes."

"I just wanted to know."

"I'm sorry that you feel as you do."

"It's all right."

"Sometimes I almost love you, Walter."

She sat looking at me, and all of a sudden she leaned over close.

I turned my head away, quick.

She looked hurt and sat there a long time. I didn't look at her.

Some kind of peace came to me then, at last. I knew I couldn't have her and never could have had her. I couldn't kiss the girl whose father I killed.

When she was at the door I said good-by and wished her good luck, and then Keyes came back.

"O. K. on the statement, Keyes."

"It's the best way."

"O. K. on everything. Thanks."

"Don't thank me."

"I feel that way."

WHAT you've been reading, if you've read up to this point, is the statement Keyes asked for. It took me five days to write it, but at last I got it done. That was yesterday. I sent it out by the orderly to be registered, and around five o'clock Keyes dropped by for the receipt. It'll be more than he bargained for, but I wanted to put it all down. Maybe Lola'll see it some time, and not think so bad of me after she understands how it all was.

Keyes had mentioned a steamer that was leaving San Pedro on Thursday night.

Around seven o'clock I put on my clothes. I was weak but I could walk. After a bite to eat I sent for a taxi, obtained a reservation, and went down to the pier. They had a cop watching me, but I gave him the slip.

I went to bed right away and stayed there till early this afternoon. Then I couldn't stand it any longer, alone there in the stateroom, and went up on deck. I found a chair and sat there looking out to sea.

I didn't know where I was going, and didn't care. I had a funny feeling I wasn't going anywhere. Then, all of a sudden, I found out. I heard a little gasp beside me. Before I even looked I knew who it was. I turned to the next chair. It was Phyllis.

"You!"

"Hello, Phyllis."

I looked her over. Her face was drawn from the last time I had seen her, and in the sunlight there were little puckers around her eyes. She handed me something.

"Did you see it?"

"What is it?"

"The ship's paper."

"No, I didn't. I guess I'm not interested."

"It's in there."

"What's in there?"

"About the wedding. Lola and Nino. It came in by radio a little after noon."

"Oh, they're married?"

"Yes. It was pretty exciting. Mr. Keyes gave her away. They went to San Francisco on their honeymoon. Your company paid Nino a bonus."

"Oh. It must be out, then—about us."

"Yes. It all came out. I saw all the passengers reading about it at lunch. It's a sensation."

"You don't seem worried."

"I've been thinking about something else."

She smiled then, the sweetest, saddest smile you ever saw.

"What were you thinking about?"

"We could be married, Walter?"

"We could be. And then what?"

I don't know how long we sat looking out to sea after that. She started it again: "There's nothing ahead for us, is there, Walter?"

"No. Nothing."

"I don't even know where we're going. Do you?"

"No."

". . . Walter, the time has come."

"What do you mean, Phyllis?"

"For me to meet my bridegroom. The only one I ever loved. One night I'll drop off the stern of the ship. Then I'll feel his icy fingers creeping into my heart."

". . . I'll give you away."

"What?"

"I mean I'll go with you."

Keyes was right. I had nothing to thank him for. He just saved the state the expense of getting me.

We walked around the ship. A sailor was swabbing out the gutter outside the rail. He caught me looking at him. "There's a shark. Following the ship."

I tried not to look but couldn't help it. I saw a flash of dirty white down in the green. We walked back to the deck chairs.

"Walter, we'll have to wait. Till the moon comes up."

"I guess we better have a moon."

"I want to see that fin. That black fin. Cutting the water in the moonlight. Ah—death is so beautiful!" . . .

The captain knows us. I could tell by the look on his face when he came out of the radio room a little while ago.

It will have to be tonight. He's sure to put a guard on us before he puts into Mazatlan.

I'm writing this in the stateroom. It's about half past nine. She's in her stateroom getting ready. She's made her face chalk-white, with black circles under her eyes, and red on her lips and cheeks. She's got that red thing on. It's awful-looking. It's just one big square of red silk that she wraps around her, but it's got no armholes, and her hands look like stumps underneath it when she moves them around. She looks like what came aboard to shoot dice for the souls in the Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

I didn't hear the stateroom door open, but she's beside me now while I'm writing. I can feel her. . . .

The moon. . . .

Report of Captain James Fitzgerald of the S. S. Verona to the Intercoastal Shipping Company:

> Two passengers, Walter Huff and Mrs. Phyllis Nirdlinger, committed suicide by jumping overboard at 9:40 P.M., Friday night. Boats were lowered and the bodies recovered. They will be brought back on the next homeward trip for further identification and proper interment.

THE END

PRIZE WINNERS

Liberty $2,500 Bible Game Contest

FIRST PRIZE—$1,000

LAURA GILBERT JOHNSON
Fort George, Fla.

MINISTER—$250

REV. JOHN L. OLDHAM
Jacksonville, Fla.

SECOND PRIZE—$200

PHILOMENA HILGERT
St. Joseph, Mo.

THIRD PRIZE—$100

MRS. LOLA M. HANLEY
Hagerstown, Ind.

TEN PRIZES—$10 EACH

Mrs. Jennie Roy Flautt, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. R. H. Fletcher, Carrollton, Ga.; Mrs. F. M. Haiston, Pottstown, Pa.; Helen G. Humphrey, Charlotte, N. C.; Mrs. H. W. Locklin, Portsmouth, N. H.; Mrs. O. A. Matthews, Bennettsville, S. C.; Mrs. E. H. McBee, Atlanta, Ga.; John O. Murrin, University City, Mo.; Mrs. Charles F. Ward, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. C. F. Woodmansee, Columbus, Ohio.

170 PRIZES—$5 EACH

John B. Adams, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mildred G. Allison, Burdett, N. Y.; Charles P. Ament, Rochester, N. Y.; Hulon N. Anderson, Conroe, Tex.; Mrs. Lloyd F. Bailey, Steelton, Pa.; Mrs. A. B. Ballard, Hobart, Okla.; Mrs. Mary M. Ballom, Reno, Nev.; B. Ray Barbour, Moosic, Pa.; Pearl A. Baxter, Watertown, Mass.; Ruth E. Bennett, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. J. C. Bergen, Franklin, Ind.; Dan B. Blair, Atlanta, Ga.; John Boetsma, Paterson, N. J.; George M. Braden, Forest Hills, Pa.; Mrs. Maud Brown, Hawthorne, Calif.; Kathleen Brown, Albertville, Ala.; Steve Brown, Needles, Calif.; Seelye Bryant, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mrs. Grace L. Buck, Canandaigua, N. Y.; Elizabeth Castle, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. J. K. Cayce, Anna, Tex.; Mrs. Charles Chamberlin, Hawthorne, N. J.; Hazel Christoffersen, Audubon, Iowa; Mrs. Harry Cole, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. S. F. Cole, Carthage, N. C.; Mrs. C. H. Crawford, Dallas, Tex.; Ethel Daly, Washington, D. C.; Iona Davenport, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. L. J. Davenport, Syracuse, N. Y.; Dorothy W. Deal, Portsmouth, N. H.; John Degnan, Yosemite National Park, Calif.; W. H. Dell, Harrisburg, Pa.; Mrs. O. J. DeSpain, Spokane, Wash.; George E. Dumm, Lima, Ohio; Mrs. Birdie Dye, McLean, Ill.; James P. Earle, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Laura Ehrhardt, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Rachel P. Evenson, Miles City, Mont.; Bertha Everett, Indianapolis, Ind.; Lillian I. Faris, Cleveland, Ohio; Claire Farley-DeNoma, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. H. M. Farnam, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Edna B. Farrell, Montague, Mich.; Mrs. H. F. Fiedler, Paterson, N. J.; Vernaalice Ford, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Bernice P. Forster, Evansville, Ind.; Katherine French, Glenwood, Iowa; Mrs. J. H. Gibson, Sheffield, Ala.; Mrs. Boyd M. Gillespie, Indianapolis, Ind.; David Goethals, Rochester, N. Y.; Esther Graham, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Boyce M. Grier, Athens, Ga.; Jessie N. Grogan, Baker, Ore.; Wilhelmine A. Hamelman, Buffalo, N. Y.; Alma Hansen, Bothell, Wash.; Louise Hardy, Springfield, Ill.; Beatrice Hartzell, Philadelphia, Pa.; Florence Harvey, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. W. W. Heathcock, Union City, Tenn.; Ruth Hergt, Indianapolis, Ind.; Linda Herington, Lodi, Calif.; Mrs. D. C. Hicks, Franklinton, N. C.; Mrs. V. W. Hollister, Savanna, Ill.; Mrs. E. R. Hondyshell, East St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Minnie Howe, McCammon, Idaho; Evelyn L. Huestis, Lincoln, Neb.; F. B. Hughes, Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. Florence Hughes, St. Joseph, Mo.; Miss B. Louise Irvine, Sierra Madre, Calif.; A. G. Jackson, Biloxi, Miss.; Enoch A. Jenkins, Lincoln, Neb.; Eleanor F. Kehoe, Everett, Mass.; Robert Keller, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Edward E. Kemp, Newcastle, Ind.; Mrs. Walter F. Kenney, Roxborough, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Frank Kimball, St. Paul, Minn.; Blanche Kline, Dallas, Tex.; L. J. Krieg, Argos, Ind.; Rose Krulish, Austin, Minn.; Katherine Kurzenhauser, Valley Stream, N. Y.

(To be continued in an early issue)

GOOD BOOKS by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ A TREE GROWN STRAIGHT by Percy Marks. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The story of a young man, exceptional but average, not talented and not too successful, but extremely well rounded in every way. A chronicle of his life and the influences which made him what he is.

★ ★ ½ LAST FLIGHT by Barbara Hall. Dodd, Mead & Co.

What happens to one world flyer when age decrees that he shall no longer hold an unbroken record of success.

★ ★ ½ I'LL MOURN YOU LATER by Catharine Whitcomb. Houghton Mifflin Company.

A first novel by a twenty-one-year-old, written with such vitality, beauty, and understanding that her next book will be eagerly awaited.

★ ★ NEGRO HISTORY IN THIRTEEN PLAYS by Willis Richardson and May Miller. The Associated Publishers, Inc.

These thirteen plays by Negro authors contain a vitality and simplicity characteristic of the race; but white writers, such as O'Neill, Paul Green, and DuBose Heyward, have done better jobs in expressing the Negro than their own writers. The Negro writer, to be of value in the theater, must first learn the dramatist's craft.

★ ★ PAY DAY by David Milton Proctor. Brown Book Company.

Letters from a father to his son at college. Most of them are pretty dull.

★ ★ POOR MAN'S GOLD by Courtney Ryley Cooper. Little, Brown & Company.

If you like the wild and open spaces, this is a pretty good tale of the land where men are men.

★ ★ PSYCHOLOGY OF DEALING WITH PEOPLE by Wendell White. The Macmillan Company.

The mechanics of success, put forward a bit too mechanically.

★ LAWLESS JUDGES by Louis P. Goldberg and Eleanore Levenson. The Rand School Press.

Indicts the courts for frequently violating the law they are sworn to uphold. An effective reminder that judges are men with human prejudices and human failings.

SEARING, SENTI

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Hollywood Turns a Mordant Play into a
Elicits a Gentle Tear, and a Small,

★ ★ ★ ★ THESE THREE

THE PLAYERS: Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, Joel McCrea, Catherine Doucet, Alma Kruger, Bonita Granville, Marcia Mae Jones, Carmencita Johnson, Mary Louise Cooper, Mary Ann Durkin, Margaret Hamilton, Walter Brennan. Directed by William Wyler. Play by Lillian Hellman.

EVEN within its limitations, These Three is far from being a perfect picture. It rambles on for a reel or so after it has finished its story. It tries to sugar-coat, with a tacked on happy climax, the gruesomeness of its searing plot. Yet, with all its lapses, These Three comes as close to having unforgettable moments as ever a picture can. Produced with Samuel Goldwyn's customary gloss—with beautiful photography and a striking musical score—the film attains spots of emotional tenseness seldom, if ever, surpassed. Lillian Hellman has taken her quietly forceful play, The Children's Hour, and translated it to the screen without losing one whit of its power. Stripped of the dark pathologic undercurrent of the stage version, the film remains Hollywood's most literate reply to those who have been crying for a dose of harsh realism.

Played with fluent effectiveness by its good-looking stars—Joel McCrea, Miriam Hopkins, and Merle Oberon—These Three discloses how one childish lie builds, gathering momentum and fearful proportions as it grows, and destroys all whom it implicates.

Set in a small New England girls' school, the picture presents an often brilliant and always believable group portrait.

Merle Oberon, Joel McCrea, and Miriam Hopkins in a scene from These Three.

A great deal more than acceptably played by the entire seasoned cast, the two performers who give These Three its acid distinction are practically unknown girls. They are Bonita Granville and Marcia Mae Jones. And we say, without reservation, that their truly amazing characterizations are as sure as any in the short history of pictures.

As full of emotional brutality as Mutiny on the Bounty was of physical, These Three, under William Wyler's sensitive direction, is theatric sadism at its sharpest.

VITAL STATISTICS: They laughed when Samuel (Good Diction) Goldwyn socked down 125 Gs for The Children's Hour, despite Mr. Will Hays's warning he could use everything of the play except its title, plot, theme, point. Goldwyn imported himself original playwright Lillian Hellman, and after the Hollywood preview the original laughers screamed with disappointed rage and ate their words. . . . Bonita Granville, who plays the little monkey wrench to These Three, gets $200 for being the meanest gal in Kliegtown. She's twelve. Her mother's the former Rosa Timponi, Chicago actress; her father's Bunny Granville, matinee idol. . . . Eleven-year Marcia Mae Jones is dotter to a UP teletype operator; Hollywood born. . . . Mary Louise Cooper's fourteen; was born at Annapolis, dotter to a naval officer. . . . Carmencita Johnson's father is an accountant on the L. A. Times and hates theatricals intensely. Mary Ann Durkin's twelve, a china collector, a dandy little houseworker, a twice-a-week movie visitor, a dog lover, and a Spanish-food fancier. . . . Miriam Hopkins is still the hardest working (in earnest) star in Hollywood, practically moving over to the Goldwyn plant when she goes into production. . . . Merle Oberon and David Niven remain in status quo and are very, very happy. . . . Walter Brennan could never get a chance to act till one day he appeared at a casting office in his old-man make-up, which worked. He can become sixty from thirty-six (which he is) by removing his teeth (lost in the war during a gas attack). . . . Lillian Hellman is ex-wife of Arthur (Thunder Over the Bronx) Kober. . . . William Wyler never allows his good wife Margaret Sullavan to drop in on him at his work, as it makes him self-conscious! . . . Joel McCrea's become the father of a small attractive male McCrea, the mother being Frances Dea, his Dea, Dea wife! . . . The veteran Alma Kruger celebrated her movie debut by falling and breaking her arm during production! Shooting scheds were arranged to shoot around her. . . . Catherine Doucet was the young allure to Brown of Harvard twenty years ago and has grown gracefully into character parts.

★ ★ ★ ½ LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

THE PLAYERS: Freddie Bartholomew, Dolores Costello, C. Aubrey Smith, Guy Kibbee, Henry Stephenson, Mickey Rooney, Constance Collier, E. E. Clive, Una O'Connor, Jackie Searl, Jessie Ralph, Ivan Simpson, Helen Flint. Directed by John Cromwell. Story by Frances Hodgson Burnett.

A GENTLE tear-misted affair, David Selznick's handsome revival of Little Lord Fauntleroy retains the pristine flavor of the story and yet manages to become never actually maudlin. Master Freddie Bartholomew—minus the traditional curls, sash, and velvet knickers—gives a perfect interpretation of the Victorian idea of a perfect little gentleman, handling a variety of scenes with his childish charm and mature technique. And since Hugh Walpole's adaptation of Frances Hodgson Burnett's story fully recaptures the essence of a bygone day, the film does exactly what it sets out to do: supplies a pleasantly lachrymose evening.

Little Lord Fauntleroy tells its ever-popular tale with a fitting leisurely pace. And there is, at all times, a quietly persuasive air about the picture that gives interest and a quaint charm to the heavy sentiment.

Richly mounted, the film is a delight in its settings, costumes, and the general accuracy and taste of its production. As for the players, they are universally fine. The lovely Dolores Costello is still the screen's best exponent of noble suffering, and her handling of dialogue is superb. Guy Kibbee, more restrained than usual, does his best work in some time as the friendly grocer, while C. Aubrey Smith, Mickey Rooney, and Henry Stephenson stand out in the supporting cast. Little Lord Fauntleroy is not, however, a film of individual performances. Rather, it is a skillful merger of all studio departments.

A more enjoyable if less penetrating picture than These Three, Little Lord Fauntleroy does not prove that children are growing worse. But it does offer a striking contrast to the manners in which the nineteenth- and twentieth-century writers approach them.

VITAL STATISTICS: Flying the brand-new banner of Selznick International, David O. Selznick, plus Jock Whitney $$$$, hopes to climb heights from which a new generation, now old, pushed his father Lewis into oblivion. Selznick's ability consists of being able to hire enormous names to adapt the work; take tremendous pains with detail. . . . Fauntie came to about $750,000. . . . Frances Hodgson Burnett dashed off Fauntie in reply to critics who thought that children dressed like the Burnett brats couldn't be virile, non-sissified. She established dramatic rights to novels by fighting pirated dramatization produced in London in 1888, starring Miss Annie Hughes as the pirated Fauntleroy. Other distinguished Faunties include: Elsie Leslie, who was first Yankee Fauntie,

MENTAL, SPRY

Memorable Picture; Young Mr. Fauntleroy
Swift Farce Proves Engaging

by BEVERLY HILLS

Vera Beringer, Wallie Eddinger, Master Tommy Russell, the first gent to play it, Mary Pickford, who also played Dearest, and, of course, Mae West. . . . C. Aubrey Smith was once known as Whirlwind Smith, All-England cricket player. Despite his seventy-three years, C. Aubrey still must knock the wickets abaht to be happy. Fauntie may make him a star! After all these years! . . . Prince, the Great Dane who plays Dougal, gets about $500 a week, is directed by a silent whistle which a dog hears but a human doesn't. Prince had a stand-in named King (no, I'm not making this up) who gets $100 a week. Reason: a dog gets tired of standing quicker'n a human. . . . Freddie Bartholomew is full of gags these days, always rushing up and making you say unwittingly, "I am an ass!"—much to your discomfiture and Freddie's amusement. Freddie's stand-in has a stand-in and Freddie's weekly is $1,500. . . . For some reason, comebacking Dolores Costello's referred to as Miss Barrymore on the set. . . . Guy Kibbee, who hadn't had a whisker trim since last July, didn't have to clip the samsons for this one. . . . And now that they've made so many pictures for the kiddies, maybe they'll give us one for the grownups!

★ ★ ★ LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST

THE PLAYERS: Carole Lombard, Preston Foster, Janet Beecher, Cesar Romero, Richard Carle, Betty Lawford, Andre Beranger. Directed by Walter Lang. Story by Faith Baldwin.

BASED somewhat casually on Faith Baldwin's story Spinster Dinner, Love Before Breakfast is so spry with smartly silly dialogue and is so engagingly played by Carole Lombard and Preston Foster that it's as enjoyable as it is unimportant. There's a lithesome bounce and verve about the whole affair. The orchidaceous Miss Lombard, rapidly becoming one of the best comediennes, is what can only be called swell as the spoiled beauty. And the muscular Preston Foster, as her partner in the verbal nip-ups, exhibits an unsuspected comedy flair much in the Robert Montgomery vein.

Freddie Bartholomew and Dolores Costello in Little Lord Fauntleroy.

The whole plot is that Mr. Foster chases his lovely prize from barrooms to cafés to yachts until finally he catches her. Into this slight but well dressed frame Director Walter Lang has spotted so much amusing business that you'll hardly notice the story. To keep things rolling, Herbert Fields's screen play is studded with laughable quips which add life and spice to the doings.

Cesar Romero and Betty Lawford supply mild but engaging villainy and Richard Carle scores as an aged Cupid. All in all, Love Before Breakfast is a tasty cream puff—easy to look at, easy to laugh at, easy to forget.

VITAL STATISTICS: Carole Lombard was loaned to U. for this, in return for Margaret Sullavan. Miss Lombard inherits a distate for taxes her ex-Bill Powell noises about, and I'm sorry I can't regale you with her bonnest mot on the subject. She's getting to be one of Hollywood's more determined amusing practically clever people. She may yet inherit the social mantle of Lilyan Tashman. There is no one more disillusioned but happy in all Hollywood, I'm sure. The current fashion (set by Hepburn) being to dunk heroines in icy water, then fill the papers with such news, Carole spent a day and a half having great tumbling seas, manufactured in the Universal City tank, poured over her. She took them all on the chin, shrieking like a drowning limey every time a wave smacked her. Carole's pet Pekinese, Pushface the Killer, makes his debut herein. He had a special contract drawn up. After preview Pushface got a full-page ad taken out in Hollywood mags, and is represented by Myron Selznick, biggest agent (10-per-center) in Hollywood. And Selznick won't even handle writers who earn a mere $500 a week! . . . Cesar Romero and Miss Lombard had an old home week on L. B. B. sets, as they were once Awfully Close. Cesar is considered the smoothest cigarette-case tapper around; must be pretty regular, because his intimates call him Butch. Has thus far eluded the fair sex, as they say. He's the only Universal contract player in this cast, and is returning to the home grounds after having been the most loaned out suave in the business in years. . . . Preston Foster's hobby is still very largely boats. He has a new one; is always on it; talks about it; switches from dignified reserved business-men heroes of the solvent type to light comedy in this, and likes it enormously, I understand. . . . Picture finished, entire stage crew presented Carole Lombard with a plaque on which an enormous egg and the inscriptsh; "To a Good Egg, from the Boys." That's democracy for you, folks!

★ ★ ★ THREE LITTLE WOLVES

THE PLAYERS: Three little pigs, three little wolves, one large wolf.

IT was at the depth of the depression that Walt Disney made the sensational Three Little Pigs. And the theme song of these pigs—Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?—became the theme song of a nation whose neck was warm with the wolf's breath.

Now the B. B. Wolf is back. As evil as of yore, he teaches his children the surest way to catch pigs and the best parts of them to eat. It is when the little wolves stalk the little pigs that the excitement begins.

This miniature adventure, blending folklore with many new tricks, is told in lovely colors and set to tinkling music. There is about it all a gaiety and naïve wisdom, and we can only say that those who liked the Disney cartoons before—and they must be every one—will continue to enjoy them now. For years of imitation have produced nothing to rival the enchanting animal fantasies of this bright and beaming little studio.

VITAL STATISTICS: Took over 300 people to bring the Three Little Wolves into this world, five times as many as attended the birth of the Three Little Pigs. Disney's spending a million this year, equal to the whole year's take of not so long ago. Disney shorts cost as much, foot for foot, as a love scene between Dietrich and Cooper. Disney may ditch shorts and turn to feature-lengthers. He can't get the rental money features get, even though Mickey Mouse undoubtedly drags in millions. Has Snow White a year in production; will take another year and then show you his first full-length short. . . . Disney plant out Griffith Park way is a model of tasteful neatness and efficiency. Gives none of the effect of a madhouse. . . . Story conference and sound dubbing are the sweatboxes of the plant, every story passing over the scrubbing boards of a dozen sharp minds, every inch of film being dubbed with four different sound tracks, all of which must be synchronized into one with the action itself.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Trail of The Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million, Broadway Melody of 1936.

★★★—Follow the Fleet, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife versus Secretary, Modern Times, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception.

TO THE Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

GENE RAYMOND

GENE RAYMOND has loomed quite suddenly upon our horizon as a matinee idol of the first magnitude. He can't get used to it, isn't sure he approves of it.

"For the sake of the publicity," he told me, "we are expected to be seen in public, at theaters and night clubs and restaurants, etc., *only* with famous movie actresses or noted society women. I don't like that. Don't believe in it. When I'm not working in a picture or on the stage, I want to go around with any girl I please."

He is still inclined to panic when the feminine mob scene engulfs him. The amazon autograph hunters caught him at his stage door after a show in Boston recently. But for once it was he who intimidated them—although entirely by accident. Just as they made their dash for him, his foot slipped on the icy sidewalk. He skated—slam-bang!—right at them, his arms wildly waving and his face contorted by the frantic expression of a man trying hard not to fall down. Scared the poor gals half to death. They all ran away.

Ladies are not the cause of every woe in a film actor's life. While Gene was making an important picture, one of his wisdom teeth declared war, swelling up the left side of his face. He had to play on, working wholly with his right profile. Then some kind of insect bit him under the right eye, and *that* side of his face swelled up. Had to rush off to a hospital, get his eye lanced, rush back to the studio, back to work on the picture.

Now he's studying music. Because he wrote a song—entitled Will You?—which astonished him by hitting success to the tune of half a million copies.

"More trouble!" Gene laments. "Now I've got to learn music. I might want to write another song."

● A woman I know is both amused and a little vexed by a new problem that has come into her life. Without warning, her middle-aged husband has turned frisky, has developed a hitherto unrevealed appetite for flirting with the girls at parties. It isn't the flirting his wife minds. She knows *that* is harmless enough. What bothers her is trying to decide how she ought to behave about it.

"Should I look away and pretend not to see," she asks, "while my husband sits there across the room carrying on like a college Romeo with some other woman? Or should I make an open joke of it? So far I have treated it as a joke, but have a notion that my dear women friends think the joke is on me."

Go on treating it as a joke, say I, particularly with your *dear* women friends. It won't be their funeral if you fight with your husband.

● Found myself amid a company of ardent water drinkers one evening last week, and, mercy me, what a debate *they* waged! No gathering of wine connoisseurs could begin to be so fussy. My water fanciers divided themselves into half a dozen camps. Passionately they argued the comparative delights of spring water, well water drawn in an old bucket, water from wooden pumps, water from iron pumps, city water running cold from the faucet, water ripened in bottles.

They told water stories exactly as wine lovers tell wine stories. One gentleman recalled the township of Sevensprings, Wayne County, North Carolina, where, he said, seven distinct and different kinds of water bubble up out of the earth, each having a tang and flavor of its own, all within a radius of one hundred yards.

These water exquisites were interesting to me.

● Even growth can be tragic. I've been watching a little girl and a little boy of my neighborhood. They are twelve years old. Until lately they were inseparable.

Eighteen months ago she stood five feet and one inch tall; he about the same. This year she has grown to be five feet six, while he has only reached five feet four. She is two inches taller, now, than he. He resents it, so he avoids her. She adores him, is heartbroken. I heard her say to her mother, "Can't we do something to stop my growing?"

MARRIAGE LICENSE

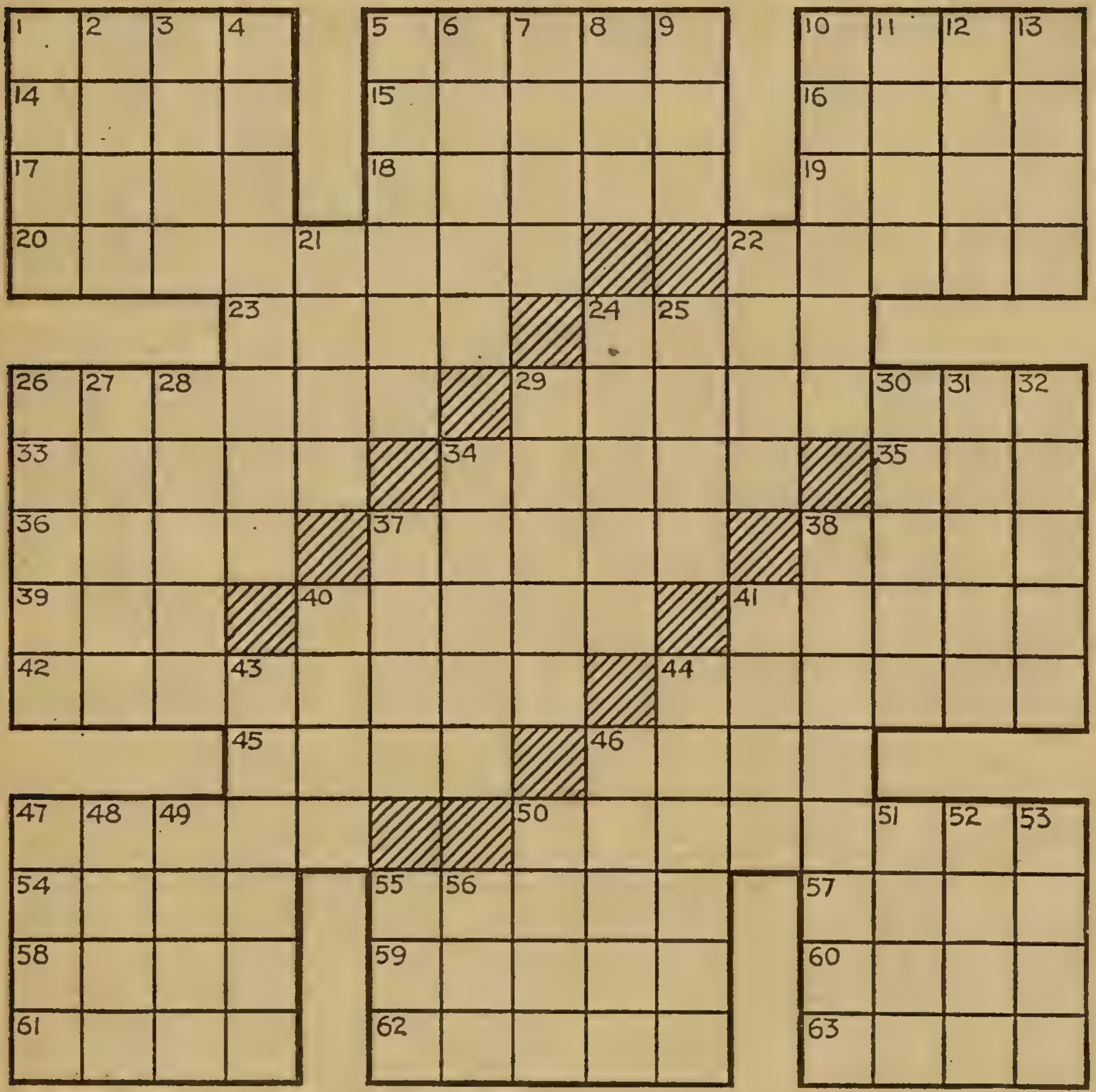
Poor little girl-woman!

● Curiosity is eating me alive once more. What happens to all the people who take out marriage licenses and then *do not get married?* Maybe you think such monkeyshines are rare. They aren't. A newspaper has just bedeviled me with the information that at Fresno, California, during the past thirteen years 1,008 couples who took out marriage licenses failed to go through with the weddings. Why? Was it the men who backed down, or did the girls change their minds? Does the same sort of thing go on elsewhere, or is it a local condition in California? Here is a phenomenon that ought to be thoroughly investigated.

● Among the best novels of our depression years, to my taste, is Thomas Rourke's new one, Haven for the Gallant. (Published by Alfred A. Knopf.)

● Wear *two* flowers with your tailored suit this spring—one on each lapel. (A nice innovation, I suppose, for girls who have two boy friends sending them flowers—but just an extra expense for the rest of us.) The new afternoon corsage, worn at the waist, presents artificial blossoms made of glittering sequins. Be on your guard against them! If you go places, remember that sequins can drop off and betray you worse than hairpins.

$2,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST!



CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 2

HORIZONTAL

1 Saucy
5 Something merely skin and bones
10 Hard central portion
14 Above
15 Amphitheater
16 Scent
17 Man's nickname
18 Savory
19 Political radicals
20 Writer of an analytical composition
22 A commencement; an assault
23 High pointed hill (plural)
24 Possessing a rational mind
26 To put out, as a batsman in baseball
29 Cap worn by some priests (plural)
33 Without company; quite by one's self
34 Takes a bait
35 Man's name shortened
36 A circle
37 Loads
38 Urge
39 Compass point
40 Fops
41 Elevate
42 Made restitution of
44 Placed or held in equilibrium
45 Part of a stove
46 Seed covering
47 A thin crimped material
50 A kind of nut candy (plural)
54 A fruit
55 Oriental game fowl
57 City in Alaska
58 Assert
59 Avoid
60 Broad smile showing the teeth
61 Lairs
62 General tendency or direction
63 Preserve in brine

VERTICAL

1 The head of a certain church
2 Evenings
3 Steeps or soaks
4 Ministering to
5 Trenchant wit
6 Gross
7 Repose
8 An insect
9 Cheerful
10 Wind instrument
11 Poems
12 Went horseback
13 Formerly
21 In old time
22 Cardinal number (plural)
24 Local position (plural)
25 A unit of measure (plural)
26 More unusual
27 Feminine name
28 Character of sound (plural)
29 Remained
30 Tapestry (hist.)
31 To mistreat
32 Cauterized (variant)
34 State in Germany
37 Entice
38 Act of beginning a voyage (plural)
40 A bird of the pigeon kind
41 Make turbid
43 Inebriates
44 Entreaty
46 Cultivated land (southwestern U. S.)
47 Clothed
48 Split apart
49 Word of ratification
50 A scheme or project
51 Feminine name
52 Man's name
53 Dispatched
55 Encountered
56 Hail!

CASH IN YOUR SKILL BEGIN AN ENTRY NOW

YOU can get right into this crossword game direct from this page.

Failure to start last week will not be penalized. Start now, get an entry under way, and then go back and pick up the lost ground in your spare time. Begin by reading the rules carefully. They are brief and simple and explain everything on how to win one of Liberty's cash awards.

Then solve the puzzle which appears on this page, and file it in a convenient place pending completion of your set. Also, please note that each entry, when it is finally submitted, must include a brief statement of preference. Rule 4 describes this.

Now, if you have mislaid or given away last week's issue and need the first puzzle in order to bring your set up to date, mail a request for a free reprint of the puzzle to the address given in Rule 7.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.
2. To compete, solve each puzzle as it appears, and save them all until you have a complete set of ten.
3. It is not necessary to clip the puzzle from the magazine. Tracing will be acceptable if accurate and legible.
4. When you have all ten solutions, send them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than seventy-five words on the subject, The Story, Article, or Feature in Liberty I Have Enjoyed Most During My Participation in This Contest, and Why.
5. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best and awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on that basis, prizes will be awarded to the next best 222 entries. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
6. Statements of preference will be rated on the basis of clarity and convincingness.
7. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORD EDITOR, LIBERTY MAGAZINE, P. O. BOX 556, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.
8. All entries must be received on or before Friday, June 12, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
9. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the editors of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.

Vox Pop

Mary Pickford for President

DETROIT, MICH.—How about a lady President? I think it is high time for the ladies of the land to take hold of government affairs.

Do I hear chuckling? Well, never mind. She who laughs last laughs best, and the hand that rocks the cradle may also rock the nation. And why not? The nation needs a good shake-up.

All a lady candidate would need is a fair amount of beauty, some brains, and a well modulated voice.

For President

I have three ladies in mind who I am sure could fill the job very admirably.

First of all, our own Sweetheart of America, the grand and lovely little lady, Mary Pickford. What a wonderful President she would be! The very first thing Mary would do would be to proclaim Christmas a holiday all the year round to capture the spirit of giving and kindness for all time. This would not only increase business but also diminish crime, and depression and war would naturally become things of the past. Here is really something to think about. Mary Pickford has always been my favorite in Hollywood, and we certainly need some one to remind us of God once in a while, lest we forget altogether.

Secondly, we have our own beloved first lady of song, beautiful Grace Moore. This talented lady of the opera could settle any kind of a strike with a single lullaby. Who could refuse a charming songstress like Grace a paltry few billions to balance the government budget?

And now, last but not least, the well known lady of the screen, stunning Mae West.

How Washington would sit up and take notice—I mean the city, of course. This glamorous lady has more pep in one of her little fingers than most of us have in all ten. With Mae in the White House, things would be humming from morning till night, to say nothing of the Senate and Congress.

Picture Mae swaggering up the aisle to deliver her message to Congress, winding up with the sly invitation to come up and see her sometime. And what a surprise some of them would get! Mae has a keen sense of right and wrong, and if there is such a thing as scrubbing black sheep white she would be the very one to do it. Being a fighter's daughter, Mae is a stickler for fairness.

So beware, politicians! The ladies are coming just as sure as day follows night. And no fooling!—*Aunt Tillie.*

ONE STRAD OR A THOUSAND?

BROOKLINE, MASS.—Even Liberty's Homer nods at times, to judge by inaccuracies in Twenty Questions. Liberty of February 15 states that Stradivarius (presumably Antonio, born *circa* 1650, died December 19, 1737) is said to have made four hundred violins of which all except one have been located.

Authorities have estimated that Stradivarius produced three thousand instruments during his long and busy life, and cutting this two thirds to be conservative, we still have one thousand.

Hill of London, who produced the best known biography of Stradivarius, is of the opinion that this number have come down to the present day; but aside from estimates, your figure of four hundred is shown to be wrong by the fact that Hill located five hundred and forty violins, twelve violas, and fifty violoncellos that were unquestionably of this famous luthier's manufacture.

Let it be said, however, that this comment is not made in a critical spirit. Slips like these are trifling when considering the vast number of accurate statements produced in the department under consideration.—*Violinophile.*

[Hosts of potential owners of this "one missing Stradivarius" wrote us claiming to have it, and said that it had been in the family for generations —that it had come from Germany, Italy, England, or France, and in one case that it had been in prison, the comfort of two inmates, for twenty-two years! Now, we cannot undertake to tell our correspondents which one or more may be genuine, which of them imitations; but if what Violinophile says is true, there may be a number of real Strads still to be discovered, and we wish all of our interested friends good luck in the possession of one.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

GOOD GIRLS ... SWELL FELLOWS

PEARBLOSSOM, CALIF.—Let's have more like Good Girls Need Something Else, by Alma Talley (February 15 Liberty). Have you no one to write about Swell Fellows? That would be a kick, and we could criticize these articles every week.—*Ann Riess.*

RACE TRACKS ... RACKET

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.—Oh, Liberty, I want to denounce the article written by Dayton Stoddart, in your issue of February 15, entitled Race Tracks: A Billion-Dollar Racket with Murder on the Side.

It does a great injustice to thousands of horsemen who make their living on the racing and breeding of horses. In all of his story there is only one thing that I agree with, and that is the comeback money, which the Racing Commission should prohibit in order to protect the odds at the track.

Such vitriolic utterances as the writer has filled his article with would lead people not familiar with racing to believe that the race track was one seething mob of gangsters.

I rode, trained, and owned famous horses for thirty years, and through all of my career found most of the blacklegs were outside the race track. It's regrettable that so great a sport as is horse racing, which gives so much enjoyment to millions of people, should be described by any writer as a gangsters' sport.—*C. Burlingame, ex-Jockey.*

WANTED: JUMPING BEANS

BOONVILLE, N. Y.—Vox Poppers, what has become of those strange, unexplainable busybodies, the Mexican jumping beans? Can some one of you furnish information about them? I'm really serious in this and will appreciate your help. I want to buy some more of them. —*A. Ellis Morgan.*

IS MR. CAIN WRONG?

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—In February 15 Liberty a story is begun entitled Double Indemnity, by James M. Cain. I was particularly attracted to this issue by the title of this story, being an insurance man and having specialized for years in accident and health insurance.

It appears that the author did not properly check his sources of information on the basis of which he made a statement in the second column of page 8 as follows:

"Dollar for dollar paid down, there's bigger face coverage on accident than any other kind. *And it's the one kind of insurance that can be taken out without the insured knowing a thing about it.*"

I wish to take exception to the sentence I have underlined. Perhaps Mr. Cain has ascertained some information regarding the writing of accident insurance that I have not as yet learned after twenty years in the accident-insurance business.—*William Blanksteen.*

AIN'T WE CRAZY?

BEEVILLE, TEX.—Politically speaking, we Americans are a queer lot. About a decade ago we were "keeping cool with Coolidge." A short time later we warmed up a bit and "whooped it up for Hoover." Then we followed "Roosevelt to ruin" (?). And now it is 1936 and we are at it again. Is it any wonder that our heads go round and around?

I'm asking you, ain't we crazy?—*J. M. Hicks.*

SLOGAN FOR 1936-1940

HOOSEGOW WEEK ENDS FOR SPEEDERS

(Vox Pop's Own Safety Campaign, No. 4)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Everybody is horrified and calling for something to be done about automobile slaughter, and nothing much is accomplished. Palliatives such as Safety Weeks and Safety Leagues are being formed everywhere appealing to motorists and pedestrians to try and be more careful.

To my mind, the day is now past to appeal to a motorist's good sense. What is wanted now is action, and strong action, on the part of our lawmakers, judges, and policemen. The law should be altered so that no suspended sentences, short terms of imprisonment, or monetary fines should be given to any one who commits minor infractions of the law. The penalty should be "week-end confinement" in prison.

These violators ought to be compelled to spend at least six week ends in prison for the first offense, the term to be increased for second and more offenses. This week-end confinement in prison would not take the violators away from their work or business. The violator should be made to pay for all the food taken while confined, and compelled to eat prison fare, and also to pay trial costs.

The driving license should be so printed as to have space on it for the judge to put an endorsement of the violations on it—these violations to be recorded by the driver on all licenses for five years. All persons arrested for traffic-law violations should be fingerprinted. If the privilege of week ends is taken away from violators they will be glad to respect the laws and drive their cars like rational beings.

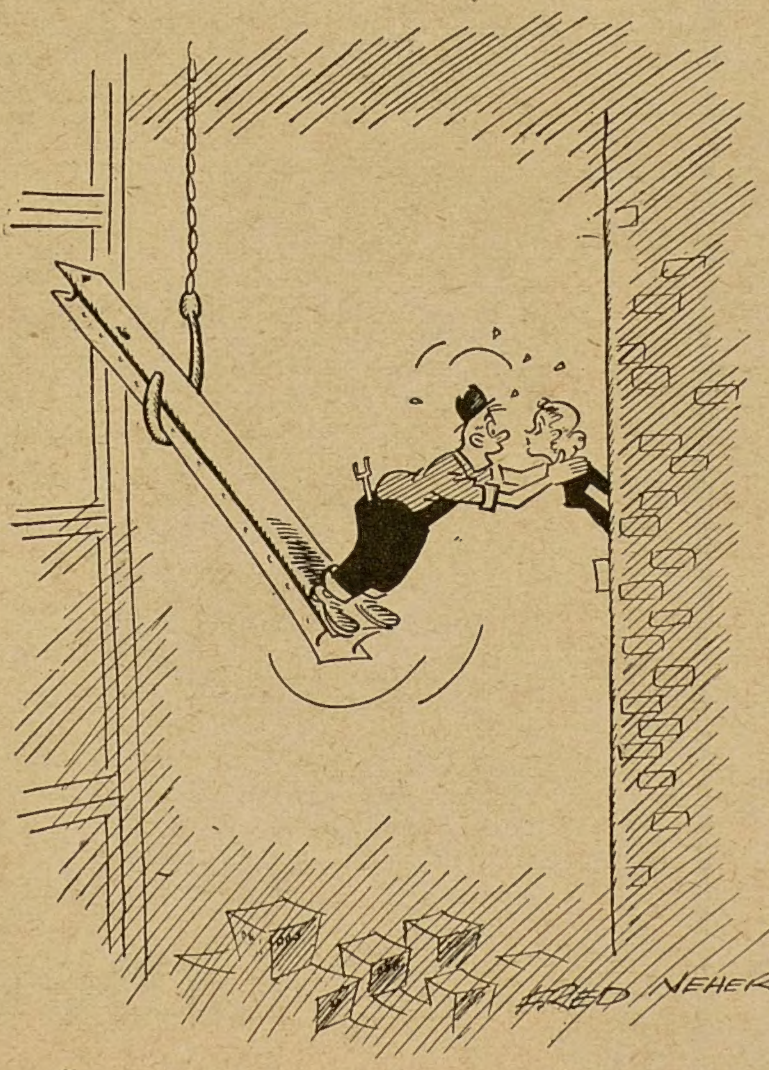
The law which allows drivers' licenses to be taken from them is of no use. This doesn't prevent drivers from going out in a careful driver's car and making this driver just as bad as themselves. The remedy is, take them off the roads. I think a few cases of this week-end treatment would serve better than Safety Weeks or Safety Leagues. If this were carried out every day relentlessly, the motorist would soon be brought to his senses and know that his car was for pleasure and not for killing other people.—*Monroe.*

"SACRED COWS"

LEONIA, N. J.—In his February 22 editorial, The United States Supreme Court—The People's Salvation, Mr. Bernarr Macfadden evidently thinks that the only hope of the people to stop this "appalling extravagance" is through the medium of that set of sacred cows known as the Supreme Court. If we are a democracy and not a kindergarten, the remedy is simple and easy—*viz.:* Elect a Congress that will stop spending.—*Walter Ball.*

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Congratulations on Mr. Macfadden's stand upon the administrative affairs in Washington and his clear-sightedness in presenting them to the public. Liberty is as fine a magazine as any I have ever read. Mr. Macfadden's editorials are clear, concise, and to the point, and any straight thinking person should be able to judge the situation clearly after reading such well stated facts.

It is true that a majority of the populace is either so narrow-minded and partisan that they shut their eyes to the facts or cannot reason things out as they see them. Liberty's editorials will do much to help point the way.—*Martha Barnes.*



"I guess this is good-by—tonight we finish this job."

PROOF BEFORE BURNING

BOISE, IDA.—As a citizen of the United States I protest the immediate execution of Bruno Hauptmann. With the Fifty Questions published in January 4 Liberty unanswered, he has not been proved guilty, or anything else.

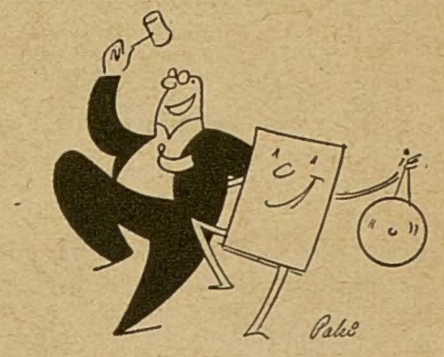
I do not ask clemency for Hauptmann. If he is guilty of the crime, or guilty of chiseling a frenzied father, let him be punished to the limit; but first, for the honor of the laws of the land, let him be proved guilty. Nothing must be allowed to unbalance the scales of American justice.—*C. E. Page.*

"SUCH WILD IDEAS!"

MONTEBELLO, CALIF.—James C. McCabe of Detroit (February 22 Vox Pop) has a pretty good idea, that of making a magazine of Vox Pop letters. Any one reading Liberty would want Vox Pop. Two in one—not so bad.

Well, why not? The more I think about it the more feasible it seems. Keep it as near the present vein as possible, with perhaps an added feature of amateur contributions. And by the way, what is to be done with Major Bowes's lucky winners in Liberty? They can't go on the "road" very well.

Oh, my, such wild ideas as Vox Poppers get! What do you do with these queer letters? Laugh, I guess—and laugh some more. —*Gertrude Clemmer.*



WE ARE A KNOCKOUT

BENZONIA, MICH.—No use counting sheep any more. Before turning out the bed lamp, pick up a Liberty and hold it in front of your nose. You'll go to sleep instantly. Liberty is better than chloroform. My dentist gets Liberty, and his patients never know he works on them until after the job is done. He hates to cheat his customers this way, but these are hard times and where else could he get so much gas for a nickel?—*August Anderson.*

ABOLISH PARDON BOARDS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—No one, not even the President of the United States, ought to have the authority to pardon a criminal. And the people in every state ought to insist that Pardon Boards be abolished. They do more harm than good.—*Common Sense.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

EVANSTON, ILL.—A WPA worker was haled into court for punching his foreman on the nose. The judge asked, "Why did you hit the foreman?"

"I wanted to quit work at three and he said I couldn't knock off till four thirty, the regular time," answered the prisoner.

"Why did you want to quit at three?"

"Because I had to run into Chicago and get my relief money before the office closed."

"You mean to say you're getting a salary from the government and collecting relief too?"

"Yes."

"Have you a family?"

"Only a twenty-six-year-old son."

"What does he do?"

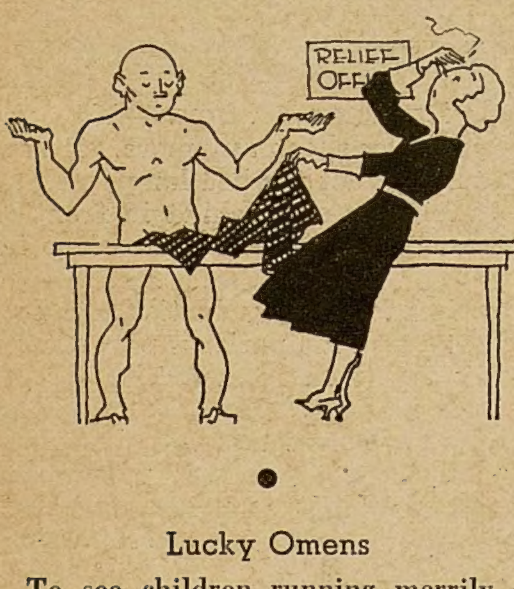
"He's a relief investigator."

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—The blind of San Diego, through the Braille Club, protested possible establishment of a nudists' colony at the reopening of the California Exposition.

WATERLOO, IA.—A burglar who entered a filling station stole a radio and a gallon of anti-freeze. For the owner he left a complaining note.

"Stock up on anti-freeze," it said. "I have to have about twenty-five gallons."

WARSAW, MICH.—An unemployed man asked for a suit of clothes from a relief office. Turned down flatly, he left the office, but returned a short time later—naked. A suit was hurriedly tossed across the counter to him.



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Lucky Omens

To see children running merrily at play is a good early-morning omen for business people. To see children frightened or quarreling is a warning to delay any important business matter until the morrow.

—Roy L. McCardell.

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NEW DEAL ALMANAC

While there is strife there is hope.

—Labor Agitators.

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COVER BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

CAN THE WOMEN OF THE PACIFIC PREVENT WAR?

They have tried and are trying, though the world hardly knows it — the story of a meeting pregnant with dramatic significance.

By EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

ALSO—WITHOUT WARNING by Major George Fielding Eliot and Edward Doherty—JAFSIE ANSWERS HAUPTMANN'S DEATH-CELL ACCUSATION—DELIGHTFUL SI-SI by Achmed Abdullah—WINGS OF STORM by Peter Paul O'Mara—RICH MAN'S SON by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.—FRED PERRY—CHAMP OR CHUMP? by Milton Holmes—and other interesting fact, fiction, and features.

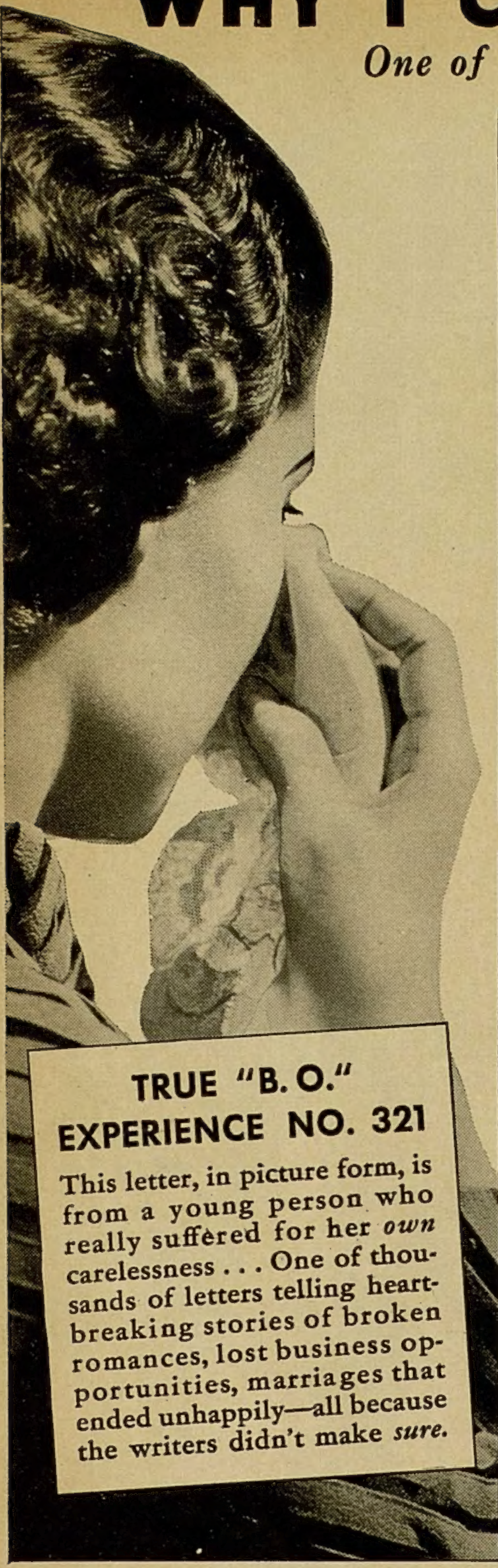
NEXT WEEK IN

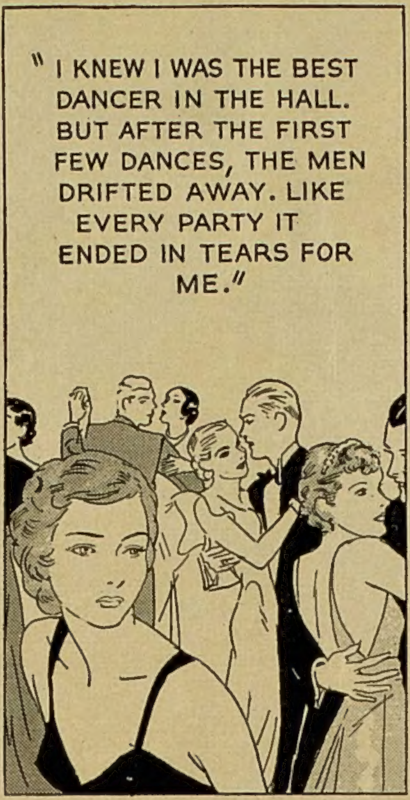
Liberty

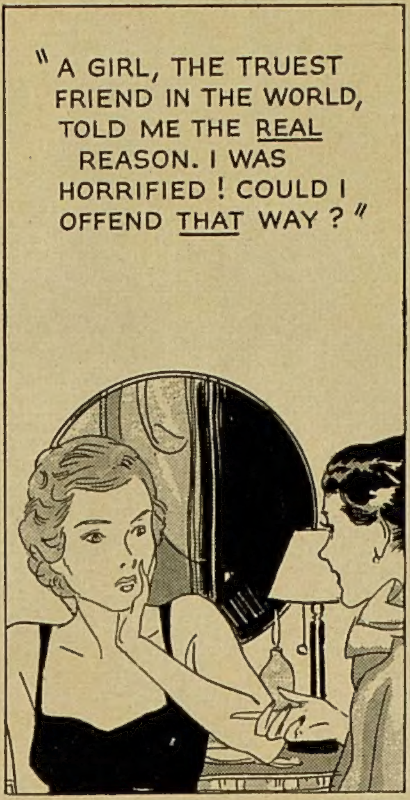
ON SALE WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1

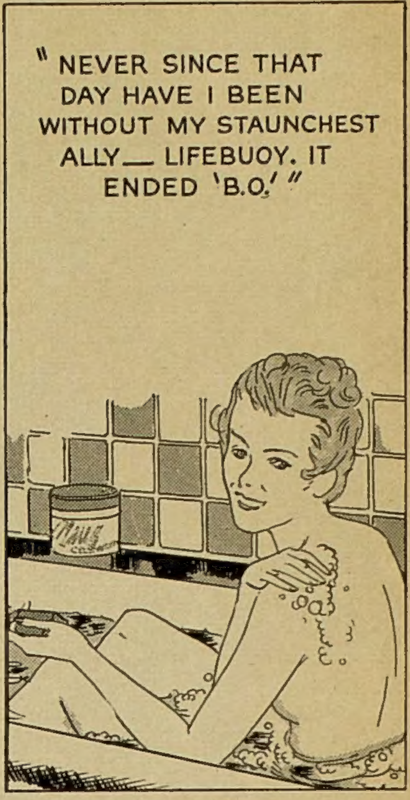
WHY I CRIED AFTER THE PARTY

One of the thousands of letters that come to the makers of Lifebuoy



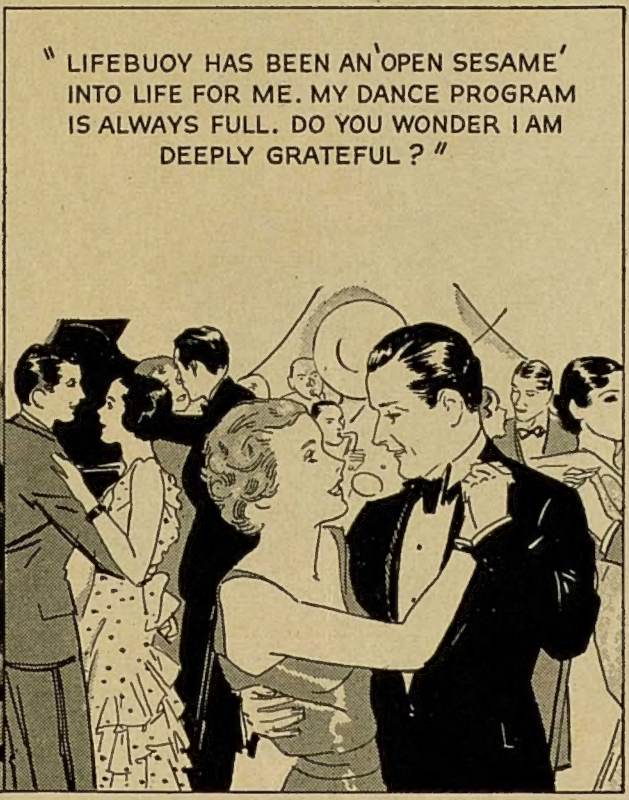

"I KNEW I WAS THE BEST DANCER IN THE HALL. BUT AFTER THE FIRST FEW DANCES, THE MEN DRIFTED AWAY. LIKE EVERY PARTY IT ENDED IN TEARS FOR ME."

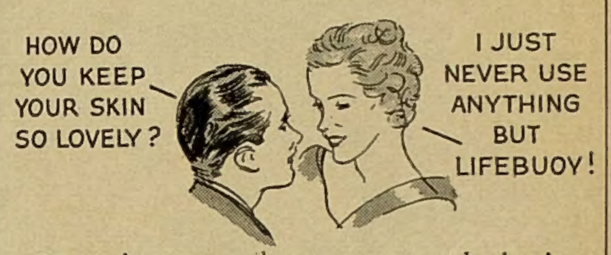

"A GIRL, THE TRUEST FRIEND IN THE WORLD, TOLD ME THE REAL REASON. I WAS HORRIFIED! COULD I OFFEND THAT WAY?"


"NEVER SINCE THAT DAY HAVE I BEEN WITHOUT MY STAUNCHEST ALLY — LIFEBUOY. IT ENDED 'B.O.'"

TRUE "B.O." EXPERIENCE NO. 321

This letter, in picture form, is from a young person who really suffered for her *own* carelessness . . . One of thousands of letters telling heartbreaking stories of broken romances, lost business opportunities, marriages that ended unhappily—all because the writers didn't make *sure.*

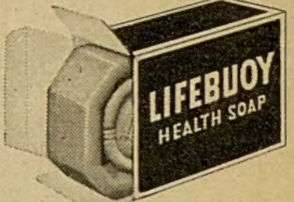

"LIFEBUOY HAS BEEN AN 'OPEN SESAME' INTO LIFE FOR ME. MY DANCE PROGRAM IS ALWAYS FULL. DO YOU WONDER I AM DEEPLY GRATEFUL?"


HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR SKIN SO LOVELY?
I JUST NEVER USE ANYTHING BUT LIFEBUOY!

DON'T *you* cry about your complexion! If it's dull, tired, Lifebuoy will revive it, help renew its loveliness! "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

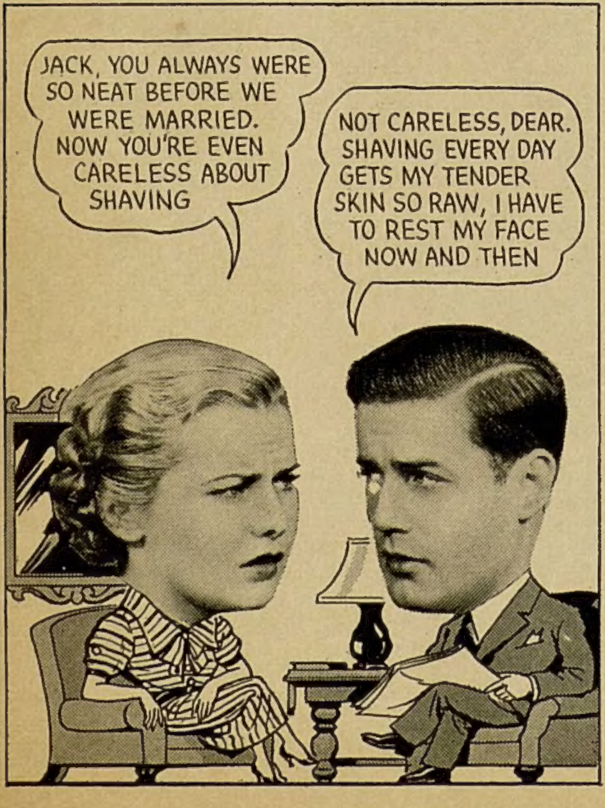
Take this warning to heart!

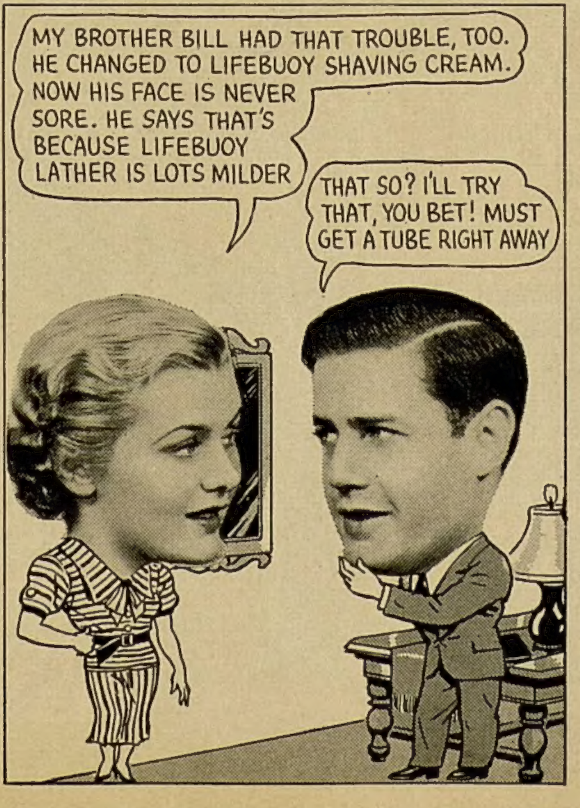
Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its abundant, deep-searching lather keeps you *fresh . . . safe,* stops "B.O." *(body odor)!* Its own clean scent rinses away.

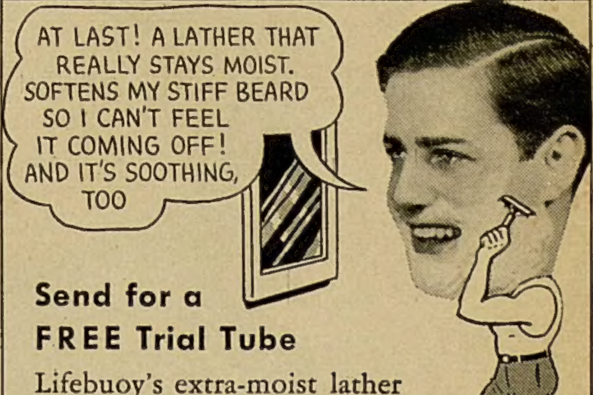

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

ITS 52% "MOISTER" LATHER SOAKS WHISKERS SOFT


JACK, YOU ALWAYS WERE SO NEAT BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED. NOW YOU'RE EVEN CARELESS ABOUT SHAVING
NOT CARELESS, DEAR. SHAVING EVERY DAY GETS MY TENDER SKIN SO RAW, I HAVE TO REST MY FACE NOW AND THEN

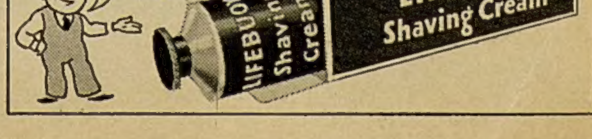

MY BROTHER BILL HAD THAT TROUBLE, TOO. HE CHANGED TO LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. NOW HIS FACE IS NEVER SORE. HE SAYS THAT'S BECAUSE LIFEBUOY LATHER IS LOTS MILDER
THAT SO? I'LL TRY THAT, YOU BET! MUST GET A TUBE RIGHT AWAY


AT LAST! A LATHER THAT REALLY STAYS MOIST. SOFTENS MY STIFF BEARD SO I CAN'T FEEL IT COMING OFF! AND IT'S SOOTHING, TOO

Send for a FREE Trial Tube

Lifebuoy's extra-moist lather assures a softer beard—an easier shave. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A124, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day tube.

(This offer good in U. S. only)


120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG FULL-SIZED TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

TWA
TWA
THE
LINDBERGH LINE
LUCKY
STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY
STRIKE
20
LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
Luckies – a light smoke
OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"

Luckies are less acid!

Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%

* RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS

Co[illegible]6, The American Tobacco Company